



THE  
SOUTH DEVON MONTHLY MUSEUM.  
VOLUME VII.

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THE  
SOUTH DEVON  
MONTHLY  
MUSEUM.

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JANUARY TO JUNE.

1836.

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PLYMOUTH:  
G. P. HEARDER.



BRITISH MUSEUM  
NATURAL HISTORY

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PIXIES' POOL,  
INA'S COOMBE, TAVISTOCK.

Drawn, for the "Museum," by Miss R. Evans.

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LOCAL SKETCHES, No. II.

QUEEN INA,

OR

THE LAST OF THE FAIRIES.

It happened, in days gone by, that a company of fairies fixed their haunts within the precincts of a shady dell. No rude sunshine intruded on the gleaming beauty of that leafy spot. No rough wind disturbed the quiet which reigned around. The perfection of repose dwelt there, until a light laugh from the elfin sprites awoke its sylvan echoes, and then died with unearthly sweetness down the moonlight glade. Flowers of pallid hues, primroses, and snow-drops, and violets dim, all that love the shade, sprang into loveliness beneath the protecting influence of the overhanging trees. A clear brook, after rippling and dancing through the mountain-land, here gathered together its waters, and formed a deep pool, reflecting every surrounding object of beauty. How the fairies discovered so pleasing a spot it is impossible to tell, but certain it is that tradition reports their dwelling there "a merrie companie," with Ina, a fairy of high degree, as their queen and head. She had fixed her court beneath the fantastic roots of an old oak, which for ages, with fostering care, had shaded the territory of her elfin race. Her palace, carpeted with delicate feather moss, and lit up with the shadowy light of a hundred glow-worms, excited



the wonder of all fairy land, and her dress of gossamer, gemmed with pearls of dew, no less won the admiration of her subjects. In truth, Ina was a perfect being, the loveliness of her mind corresponding with the outward splendour of her person. No fairy could compete with her in wisdom, none could excel her in ærial beauty. There was a mystery too about her birth and parentage, which threw additional attractions around her person. She dwelt in a hallowed sphere into which none dared intrude. Ages had rolled away without changing her beauty, or impairing the wondrous structure of her mind. Her subjects lived in peace and security beneath the gentle rule of their beloved queen. Each night she watched their gambols on the shelving banks of their favourite stream; each morn beheld their exit into the secret recesses of the oak.

Thus time passed on, until one unlucky evening a wandering fairy of doubtful character, named Report, intruded on their peaceful retreat. She informed them that in a cavern on the wild moor resided a tribe of pixies, a wicked and spiteful race, who were ever willing, and eager to commit mischief. Then she recounted some of their horrible deeds; how they were in league with some of the giants of old, who had turned a noble forest into a barren waste, and piled rocks upon rocks to mock the order of the universe; how they caused the herbs to fade and the trees to wither, and the waters to spread themselves, so that all was damp and unwholesome under their blighting influence; how they revelled in the storm, which drove the poor traveller to seek for shelter, because with flickering torches they might lead him astray. And how worse than all that very night, they had enticed a poor weak rustic from his home and friends to wander up and down and down and up, in pursuit of a light, which would only lead to his own destruction. Even now, continued the elfin gossip, they are close behind me, and I flew on the wings of the wind to warn you of

the approaching intruders. Terror filled the hearts of the surrounding audience, their sports were neglected; their merriment was over, and they hastened to seek counsel and advice from their queen, Ina. The fairy was reposing on a bed of violets, shaded by the canopy of a white convolvulus, which hung its graceful festoons over the royal couch. Roused by the busy hum of her subjects, she patiently listened to their story; then leading the way to the council hall, thus addressed them.—“I have long forseen that our peaceful region would be one day invaded; my preparations have been made accordingly, but in this case they are wholly useless: should the rustic advance to the neighbouring pool, he is lost for ever. Its waters must not be sullied by mortal touch; its sanctity must not be broken by the death of man. Follow me, my friends! my sceptre, Nina. We will now see if we cannot obviate this mighty evil.” Saying thus, queen Ina proceeded with her wondering train to the borders of the clear stream. Bending over the font, for one moment, she gazed musingly on its pellucid waters; then gathering together a portion of the liquid store, she flung it high into the air; the drops descending caught the rays of the pale moon, and formed a rainbow. “For ever, for ever,” repeated Ina, waving her sceptre over the glittering bow. Stopped in its course the falling moisture remained suspended in the air, touching on either side the shelving banks of the stream. Gradually it changed its form, stones of mighty size replaced the trembling drops, and with wonder and delight the fairies beheld—a bridge. Then arose a shout of joy from the elfin crew; they bounded on the object of their admiration; they decked it with moss and fern; they hid themselves in frolic beneath its spreading arch.

Scarcely had their vagaries ceased, when a sound, perceptible even at a distance to their delicate organs, scared them from the scene of their sports. From a secure hiding place they beheld a sprite approach,

hideous in form as evil in nature, waving above him that deceitful torch, fed by unwholesome vapours of the marsh, which invited onward an unfortunate victim to his treacherous wiles. The rustic followed with wearied and dejected mien, vainly attempting to approach the light, which ever flitted before him. "Unlucky Hobnail!" said he aloud, "never again will thy mother's fire warm thy shivering limbs, never again will her home-brewed ale refresh thy parched mouth! Oh," continued he, smacking his lips, as thoughts of former dainties crowded on his mind, "Oh, for a savoury pie, or a tasty pasty, or even a morsel of bread to satisfy my gnawing hunger." Saying thus, he would most probably have wandered thoughtlessly into the dangerous pool, had not the gentle Ina suggested an idea of the friendly bridge. "Good luck," cried Hobnail, as he safely passed over the arch "every thing favours me, there 's the light before, and the bridge and all; I shall reach my mother's house to night." The sound of his voice died away in the distance, and the fairies sprang from their hiding place, and with thoughtless glee began their games again. Not so queen Ina. She wandered away from her companions, and seating herself on a leafy spray, ruminated on the adventure of the night. "They will worry to death that poor rustic," said she, "but I will befriend him, the power of the wicked shall be laid low. I will haste to set him free." Following up her good design, she sprang from her resting place, and, collecting together the elfin tribe, directed them to prepare for a removal. Signs of discontent were of no avail, the rule of their sovereign was arbitrary, and the next evening saw them on the bosom of the rivulet, each in a tiny bark, ready to follow the golden shell which contained their queen. The sails of the royal vessel, formed of the filmy wing of the gad-fly, were quickly filled by a gentle breeze, which bore them onwards against the contrary power of the rushing current, to the very source of



their beloved stream. It welled out from beneath the grotto-like recesses of a high rock, and in this sheltered spot, Ina commanded her obedient subjects to remain in peace and safety. She however staid not with them, but hastened to prosecute her errand of mercy.

Gently spreading her silver pinions, she mounted into the air, and, gliding past fertile valleys and verdant lawns, directed her unerring flight to a vast, uncultured moor. Here the genius of desolation reigned without controul. Ina shuddered, as resting on the pinnacle of a stupendous tor, she surveyed the apparently interminable waste. As far as the eye could reach, the solitary track extended, broken only by those rugged masses of stone, piled, (as the fairy Report had before stated) in wild and motley confusion, by the gigantic efforts of the early ravagers of the place. Dense and sullen wreaths of fog marked the course of a hundred rivers which took their rise in the surrounding marshes. A solemn grandeur, unredeemed by any trace of beauty, reigned around. Ina shuddered:—She had heard of the frightful genii of the place, she knew her power was feeble in comparison with theirs, but strong in her work of kindness she rose to proceed. Once again her eyes wandered over the scene. The mist which had been slowly gathering, now rolled rapidly onward, magnifying every object into startling dimensions; onwards and onwards it came, alternately magnifying and then hiding every object on which it rested. Heavy clouds obscured the light of the friendly moon, and in its place lurid lightnings swept with fitful power across the sky. The rock to which Ina still clung, groaned, and heaved, and shook, mingling its hollow murmurings with the thunderings of heaven. On a whirlwind rode the genius of the storm, smiling with frightful delight at the havoc and destruction beneath. Again the rock to which Ina clung, trembled and shook. At length, with a mighty crash, it fell.

The sound re-echoed by all the neighbouring tors, was heard even above the roar of the elements. Forth from the foundations of the earth issued a shadowy form, increasing in stature as it ascended, until its head mingled with the clouds of heaven. Ina, standing on the fallen rock, surveyed with awe-struck wonder the gigantic spirit, dimly seen through the dusky fog, extending an arm, as if to reach the utmost boundaries of the waste. "I am," he said, "the genius of the moor; darest thou intrude on the solitude in which I dwell." "I dare," replied Ina, "the queen of the fairies has no fear." "The queen of the fairies,"—repeated the shadow with a sarcastic laugh, "knowest thou I could raise a thousand forms such as mine, which should quickly deprive thee of thy paltry honors?" "I know," replied Ina, "but I tremble not, there is a power to which even thine must bow, a power which presides over this beautiful earth, a power which protects me now; it is"—"What?" said the spirit, impatiently. "The power of Goodness." The shadow frowned. "Beware"—he cried, but Ina, heeding him not, secure in her good resolutions, glided on her way, like the dove of peace, regardless of the warring elements. A dull flickering glare, which ever and anon burst into brightness, and then faded into thin air, guided our fairy queen to the dark cavern of the pixies. She paused, at its entrance, to watch the ugly sprite who kept guard at the mouth of the cave. His form was misshapen and crooked, one leg shorter than the other accounted for the waving of the torch which he bore in his claw-shaped hand. This was Will of the Wisp, king of the pixies, and enemy of the human race. Awhile he danced and shouted a song of triumph over the victims of his deceit, or dipped his flambeau into the stagnant pool, whose pestilential vapours re-animated its dying flame.

As the unholy light glanced on the delicate fairy, a shout of delight broke from his leprous lips.

"Welcome, queen," he exclaimed, as springing forward with his skinny arm to detain her: quietly eluding his grasp, Ina veiled her charms in her golden halo, and, gliding past him, entered the cavern which contained the object of her benevolence. A dank odour arose from the dripping walls, which almost overpowered the fine senses of the fairy; reptiles and uncleanly insects crawled from the withered moss, and a croaking toad cast her venom on the passing fay. Extended on the damp earth lay the unfortunate rustic, groaning from beneath the labours of the wicked sprites, who were busily employed in throwing around him their cunning toils. In vain he writhed from side to side and endeavoured to cast off his chains; too firmly were they rivetted and at length he abandoned himself to a calm despair. Concealing herself in a dark recess, Ina watched the result of the pixies' proceedings. Waving his torch, and shrieking in dismay, the sentinel who had quickly pursued the gentle Ina, broke in upon the busy scene and dispersed his comrades in search of the fairy queen.

Trembling in her snug retreat, Ina beheld preparations for their investigation. Now they almost touched her, now they fled away in an opposite direction. At length, to her infinite joy, she watched their exit from the dismal cave. Then, emerging from her hiding place, she approached the prostrate rustic, and with pliant finger commenced her Herculean task. But vain were her endeavours to unravel the curious coil of the sprites: every effort only increased the difficulty: the knots slipped tighter even beneath her skilful hands, and, at length, despairing of success, she threw herself mournfully on the yielding soil. Her head sank on her breast, tears forced their way through her silken lashes, and sighs broke the silence of the dreary place. Collecting her dying energies, she arose from the ground, and, departing from the cavern, again wended her way across the dreary moor. Pausing near the fountain-head, she



gathered the trumpet-shaped flower of the honeysuckle, and through that small clarion, wound a mort, which, floating through the hollow grot, awoke from their rest the slumbering fays of her bright domain. Quick as thought the elfin sprites joyfully bounded towards their queen, and hailed her safe return. Forming themselves into a dance, they commenced an airy round, when Ina again restrained them. "My children," she said (and her tone was sad and melancholy), "our gaities are over, our joy is gone. No more will the sound of your light laugh break the silence of the woody glades. No more will your busy feet imprint the springy turf. The dominion of the fairies is over. I go to resign my crown." "Nay, nay," said one of the fairy tribe, "leave us not sweet Ina, thy domain is safe; thy frame is strong; we shall never be happy with another, leave us not sweet Ina, or if thou goest, we will go with thee." The fairy queen hung her head in silence, her hands were clasped on her heaving breast; her graceful form shook with emotion. Raising her head, she exclaimed, "alas my little ones, will you follow to the shades of death? will ye pass with me the vale of destruction?" "Art thou not every thing to us Ina? through all we are thine," replied the loving fays. Overpowered by their affection, Ina fled from the spot, and mingled sweet and bitter tears with the waters of the font. In a few moments she rejoined her comrades, and, in her silvery tones, thanked them, and bid them prepare to follow her. "Our journey is long," she said, "I would depart with the coming eve."

The last rays of the sun had faded, and the shadows of night fell before the fairies ventured to commence their aërial flight. The stars came out, one by one, and looked down with trembling radiance on the elfin train, as on rapid wing they wound their way amidst the golden spheres. Sometimes a wandering fay rested on her radiant wing, and held

sweet converse with a curious star, but direct as an arrow's flight, Ina glided on, never swerving from the line of her heavenly course, until they arrived at the *sacred road*, studded with myriads of stars, leading to their place of destination. Following its direction they reached a glorious throne, too dazzling even for their practised sight. Here surrounded by unnumbered votaries, Reason held her court. Arrayed in garments of light, with a countenance made beautiful by the splendour of Truth, she directed her hand-maidens, Faith and Hope, to unravel the fate of the past, and prepare for the inscrutable decrees of the future. In imitation of their queen, the fairies bent before the throne. Then the golden harps sounded, and Reason arose to demand the object of their visit. Still kneeling, Ina extended her sceptre to the presiding power. "Take," she said, "the symbol of a noble race. It has never been sullied by dishonour, it shall never be clouded by injustice. I resign it into your hands, secure in the knowledge of a resulting good." "But, your existence," said Reason. "I know," continued Ina, "our existence ends with our departing power. Springing from, and sustained by, the influence of superstition, I know that when thou hast usurped her place, the scene of our enjoyments and labours is over. But better, Oh, far better is it thus, than that the sway of Superstition should bind down the energy of the noble race of man. Go, Reason," continued the generous being, "set the captive free; rouse him from the lethargy of despair; loosen the toils of the wicked. I know the evil ones will fall; it is just; it is right. The good too will suffer," said she, tenderly regarding her kneeling companions, "perhaps that is well also: let the few be sacrificed for the many; let the fairies be lost for the good of men. Warn mortals from the region of fancy and they will be happy; teach them thy precepts and they will be good." Farewell, Reason! may thy reign be prosperous, may thy dominion be

everlasting. When the captive is set free ; when thy reign is begun, then will the race of Ina be seen no more." "No more, no more," murmured the elfin train, until their voices died away in solemn sweetness far from the heavenly throne.

In silent admiration, Reason watched their downward flight, then turned to execute the noble mandate of the fairy queen. When the crescent moon had gained her zenith, the fairies reached the grotto at the fountain head. They lingered not in this lovely retreat, but sought their tiny barks to visit once more their beloved home. "Home, home," sang the mournful voyagers, as each small vessel dropped gently down the stream. The zephyrs caught the sound as it fell, and mingled their sighs with the murmuring strain. Onwards and onwards floated those sailor fays. The flowers paid them homage as they passed ; the stream hushed its melody to listen to their song ; until the gallant fleet was safely moored in the still waters of the well-known pool. Ina revisited with her train all their favorite haunts. They viewed again and again their goodly palace ; they passed and repassed the magic bridge ; they wandered with unceasing regret through the moonlit glades ; they climbed once more the mossy hillock. Ina stood in the midst ; the golden halo encircled her form, the beauty of her mind was enshrined in glory ; she appeared, as she really was, an image of perfection. Her right arm was raised towards the blue sky, which faintly struggled through the gloom of the impending trees. Again the strain arose, swelling and falling with the fitful breeze. Suddenly it stopped. "A change came o'er the spirit of the dream." The clouds rolled back. A blaze of light covered the expanse of heaven, and visited the hidden recesses of the earth. Then arose the sound of a million voices, rejoicing in the glorious heavens. It was Man hailing the approach of Reason ; from her radiant throne the goddess descended, while the votaries of Superstition trembled



and fled before her mighty power. The giant of the desert disappeared. The affrighted pixies plunged into the lethal waters of the stagnant pool, and ever burns a lurid light over the scene of their unholy labours. The rustic awoke from his disgraceful lethargy, he shook off the toils of his persecutors: gazed on the enlightened world with wonder and joy, and, trampling beneath his feet the bonds of superstition, walked amongst his fellows, firm and erect. At the same moment, unheard, but not unnoticed, the spirits of Ina and her train were absorbed in the overpowering light. Reason bewailed the departing fays, the waters murmured a funeral strain to their memory; and the rustic, in grateful remembrance, called the valley after the elfin queen. Ages have past on, and, although the dominion of the fairies is extinct, yet the scene of their gaiety remains, and the mossy dell and magic bridge still mark the lovely retreat of Ina's combe.

R. P. E.

*Park Wood.*

## SUNRISE IN THE MOUNTAINS.

FROM AN UNPUBLISHED POEM, BY

SOPHIE DIXON.

THOU, eye of Heaven, immortal Sun! awake!

Yon eastern cloud the morning ruby dyes;

Lift up thy awful countenance, and take

Thy place of glory in those boundless skies:

God of a hundred nations! wherefore lies

Thy brow of beams beneath the hills afar?

Break off the bands of Night! Oh Sun! arise!

Who shall thy everlasting steps debar?

Who check thy endless race, or stay thy heavenly car?

Thou climbest o'er the mountains:—Lo! thy face

Looks from the cloud, in perfect beauty seen;

Darkness hath fled to his accustomed place,

And scant a wandering shadow comes between



Thy light of joy, and earth's rejoicing scene.

The Hills stand up exulting in thy course ;

Oh, Sun ! from far they hail thy brow serene ;

Ascend ! the world drinks in thy vital force,

As streams for ever flow from an eternal source.

Pale looks the horned Moon, as toward the west

She turns her face decrecent, and appears

Like one whom grief hath wasted ; and oppressed

By thy bright presence, darkens in the spheres.

But Morning looketh lovely ; and the tears

Of Night, like drops of thy own light are strown,

Enter thy courts in gladness ! for the fears

Of jealous Darkness fly before thy throne :

Oh Sun ! whose path of joy is trod by thee alone !

Thy rays shoot forth like arrows from the bow

Held by the mighty hand ; they fly, and pierce

The inert mass, till wakened by thy glow,

Order and brightness fill this Universe.

Thou dost for ever give, and wide disperse

Thy benefaction ;—yet no change is thine !

Decay hath touched thee not with mortal curse,

But, as thy spirit, were indeed divine,

Thou dost bestow and bless, yet still supply and shine.

The streams roll down before thee, like the feet

Of them who rush a Conqueror's car to hail ;

They lift their hands of foam, and hoarsely greet

Thy coming forth in glory o'er the vale.

The forest oaks wave all their leaves ; the gale

Shakes the white canna, as it murmurs by ;

Broad pinions o'er the winding waters sail ;

The laverock's lighter wing ascends on high,

And music's matin voice o'erflows the earth and sky.

Oh, Sun ! the bard hath too a voice of praise,

The song of grief flies darkened from his string,

And while his eye is brightening in thy rays

The strain of gladness to his lip shall spring ;

And from the ancient rocks re-echoing,

Wide o'er the desert's hundred hills resound :

Thou Sun, yon heaven's imperishable king !

Beauty and strength thy shining course surround,

With light thou art enrobed, and with dominion crowned !

## SUFFERINGS OF LIEUTENANT D. O'BRIEN, R. N.

*Continued from page 251, of Vol. VI.*

HE, and his companion, returned; and, as we expected, they had every single thing, together with the stock of a double-barelled pistol: he had made a very diligent search for the barrels, but without effect; we assured him we had thrown them away prior to our quitting Verdun, and that we took the stock and lock to use occasionally instead of a tinder box, which we had no possibility of providing. They began to search us separately; a few things were found upon my comrades: but, fortunately for me, they did not find another substitute for striking a light, which I had, and which was more complete than the other. The brigadier could be hardly convinced that my walking stick had not a small sword in it; he kept twirling and screwing it about, and was not satisfied after all but that it was a sword cane; he kept it for the night, and we were reconducted into our den. After the door was secured, and the jailer had departed, we began to discuss what had recently passed. Each of my friends congratulated me upon my success with respect to the tinder box, and after some minutes we endeavoured to take a little repose.

Awaking about midnight, I deliberated upon the consequence of having so complete a tinder box, with the necessary materials, in my possession; and having found a convenient place, I deposited a part of them, reserving the stock, &c. At day-light we were again en route, chained and hand-cuffed. The day was very rainy, and the roads prodigiously heavy, the march long and fatiguing. I cannot omit observing, that one of the party, having occasion to be unchained from his comrades, he could not obtain permission, before one of the guard had pinioned him with a strong cord, which the gend'armes carry for that purpose, and which the guard held during the time.

About six we arrived at Maubertfontaine, in a most miserable plight, covered with mud and dirt. We found a new dungeon in this village also, where we were very soon deposited. A boy, about sixteen years old, had been confined there six or seven days; he belonged to Lisle, not many leagues distant; his crime was, having no passport. He had nothing but black bread and water during his confinement, and informed us, that we had been expected to arrive two or three days before, that they were going to search us very strictly, &c. I contrived, with this boy's assistance, to place my tinder box in safety, just at the moment when a guard was entering to search us. We had nothing about us now but our money, which had hitherto been respected and left us: but these rapacious animals very quickly deprived us of it, promising to pay our expenses to Verdun, and deposit the remainder with General Werrion, at that depot; the reader may suppose how far this promise was adhered to; however, we got a kind of supper; some straw, blankets, and substitute for beds, in consequence of it, and they paid themselves. The poor boy felt himself perfectly happy at having something good (as he termed it) to eat. We gave him a share of every thing that was brought us, and the guards were astonished at our generosity.

I observed one fellow amongst them, who began to exclaim against the English nation and its subjects, with great vehemence. He wished it at the bottom of the sea: if he had his will, he would behead every British prisoner in France: he would never desire better employment than to stand executioner: with many more liberal remarks, too tedious to mention.

The excessive passion he appeared to be in during these exclamations, induced me to inquire from one of the set, the cause of so much inveteracy; when I was informed, that he had been only two days liberated from Me-

zieres jail, where he had been confined two months, by the sentence of a court martial, for allowing two English prisoners to escape; government supposing they had bribed him.

(October, 1807.) The guards visited us in our dungeon every hour during the night; yet, notwithstanding, I found an opportunity of making away with the remainder of the tinder box. At day-break, we were chained to a cart and hand-cuffed; the roads, from the late fall of rain, being too heavy to march on foot. In the evening we arrived at Mezieres jail, and were put into the yard, after being strictly searched. Nor could we procure even a dungeon, until we had agreed to a most exorbitant price, which the jailer charged for some refreshments, &c. he procured for us. He very laconically observed, "I know the *gensd'armes* have plenty of money, which they took from you. You may as well let me have part, as let them have all; you will not stand in need of any in a few days:" thus intimating, that we should be shot as spies, which was the general opinion every where.

Our treatment was pretty nearly the same throughout unto Verdun, where we arrived at the latter end of October. I was separated from my companions, being considered as the *chef du comptot*; and was thrown into a miserable dungeon, wherein there was another, supposed to have been a spy, and who expected to be brought to trial in a few days.

Being now separated from my brothers in adversity, it affected me much more than any punishment they could inflict. I was certain, that if only one of the party should suffer death, I should be the person; as the oldest is generally chosen ring-leader, agreeably to the French laws; and from the number of times it was hinted to me on the road, I expected it, and was perfectly resigned, being conscious of not having committed any crime that merited such punishment.

I passed a very unpleasant night. My fellow prisoner was very inquisitive, and anxious to know what I had been guilty of. I gratified him in some measure, but was not in a communicative mood.

At day-break, a guard came to conduct me to the place of examination. Here I found Lieutenant Demangeoit, of the *gensd'armes*, a scrivener, and Mr. Galliers, interpreter. My examination continued two or three hours; every question and answer was noted down. I was minutely cross-examined with respect to the pistol-stock found with us: interrogated particularly about where I had been on the day Buonaparte passed through Verdun: what company I was in; who I breakfasted with; in short, questions that entirely puzzled me to know their motives for asking them; however, they implied, I conceive, a good opinion of my address, and a wish, if possible, to implicate me. I was shewn my letters, but was informed they would be transmitted to Paris, for the minister of war's inspection. Upon remonstrating upon the cruelty of being parted from my comrades, I was conducted to their prison; they had previously been moved to the place of examination. We were not allowed to see each other, until each had been examined: however, our questions and answers were nearly the same. We amused ourselves all the ensuing night, in talking over the particulars of our different questions, answers, &c. The jailer supplied us with what nourishment we were allowed, having the remainder of our cash in his possession. We had neither fire nor candle-light. Some days had elapsed, when we were again conducted separately to be examined, myself first. The Lieutenant informed me, they were questions from Paris. They were certain we could not have gone so direct a course for Estaples, without guides, having no compass nor chart. I replied, that mariners always steered sufficiently correct by the stars; when we could see them, we were never at a loss. They wished to be informed if I knew anything of the coast of France? If I had ever been stationed off



there? I made answer, that every British naval officer was better acquainted with that coast, than with his own; we could hardly go up or down channel without acquiring a knowledge of the French coast: in short, I left no doubt on their minds with respect to our local knowledge of it. The questions were the same to all the others, and we were then again reconducted to prison.

In a week, we were ordered to prepare ourselves for a march to the fortress of Bitche, in Lorraine, a place well known to a number of our countrymen; a place in which many a valuable British subject has terminated his existence in all the agony that illness and despondency can create.

Here, in some wretched cell were we to remain during the war; nay, they even asserted, that it was Buonaparte's own decree. Lieutenant Pridham, 1st, of the late frigate *Hussar*, a worthy and humane officer, by some means obtained permission to visit us: he corroborated the information, and gave us General Werrion for his author. He expressed great sorrow for our hard fortunes, and justly observed, that death was preferable to such a sentence. We were resolved to make another effort at all risks, and if possible, regain our liberty: cash was wanting. I, however, procured a small supply through the interposition of a worthy friend, notwithstanding the strict guard that was kept over us.

The morning of our departure arrived; we joined eight other culprits at twilight, and were placed in a large waggon, under a very strong escort of gend'armerie, with a brigadier to command it. We were confined the first night in a most miserable dungeon, in a village called Muletour. It was so very small, and there were so many of us, we could scarcely breathe. Our allowance of straw, a pound and a half each, was given us to lie on, and the following night we were lodged in Mitz jail. We remained here several days: at last an order came for half of us to march towards our destination, two others being with us; four were accordingly ordered to prepare; we were now in hopes of having another chance of getting out of these scoundrels' clutches, but were much mistaken, our guard watched us so closely. We were so well secured with handcuffs, and with chains, that it was impossible to attempt it, and we were safely lodged in Sarre Louis jail. This is a depot for seamen, and one of punishment for officers who may transgress, but is many degrees superior to where we were ordered to. Several of our countrymen obtained permission to see us; from one I received a small map of Germany, torn out of an old geography, which I carefully stitched in the lining of my waistcoat. We were now joined by those left in Mitz prison, and were soon again on the march towards our destined habitation: the same precautions were taken for securing us, and but little or no hopes were now left of our escaping.

We arrived at Sarreguerriere, only six or seven leagues from Bitche, and were secured as usual in the jail; the next day we were expected to arrive at our horrible abode, at about four in the afternoon. In the morning our guards came with a large waggon, in which we were placed, and to my astonishment and delight were not chained: I considered this an opportunity that ought to be embraced, particularly as there could be no hopes of any other chance; indeed it appeared an interposition of Divine Providence in our favour. I communicated my intentions to my companions; and after we had got out of the town, we descended from the waggon, observing to the guards, that we preferred walking a little. Mr. Essel remained in the waggon. Messrs. Ashworth, Tuthill, and Baker, (of the merchant service) with myself, were walking a-head of the waggon. We had not gone more than two or three miles, when I discovered a wood about 150 yards from the road; our guards were about 50 yards behind us, they were on horseback, and although there were no leaves on the trees, we were certain they could not pursue us, but

with a great deal of difficulty, owing to the branches; and if they dismounted, we were well assured we could out-run them. The moment arrived! I gave my friends the word, and away we ran, the guard in full speed at our heels. The ground being very heavy, a kind of fallow, between the road and the wood, Mr. Baker fell down, and was instantly seized. We, were more fortunate; crossed each other frequently in the wood, quite out of breath; I observed to them, that they must be very cautious in keeping out of pistol shot of the guards, who were now riding in all directions through the trees, calling out, "arretez coquins!" They quitted me, and I, fortunately at this moment, I got a tree between me and them, and sat down; I observed the guards pursuing my companions; the moment I lost sight of them, I drew to the borders of the wood, (the opposite side to the direction which they had taken) perceived an extensive plain, and a wood, about a mile distant; without any more deliberation, I entered the plain, and was in a very few minutes in the next wood, without seeing or being seen by any body.

Having thus far providentially succeeded, I began to consider what step I had better next take, and, after a few minutes rest, being quite exhausted, I determined upon quitting this wood also; but at the opposite extremity from that where I supposed my pursuers were, being of opinion that they would visit that part, after they had diligently searched the other, which was now surrounded by the peasantry, men, women, and children; it being Sunday, and 50 livres, (£2. 1s. 8d.) sterling, reward being offered for each prisoner of war, brought a prodigious concourse of people, and left me but very little hope of remaining in safety any place, where they could suspect a man could be concealed. On quitting this place, I conjectured I was about three or four miles from where I at first escaped. Immense plains, stubble ground, &c., presented themselves to my view, with the river Sarre close to the southward of me, but extremely rapid, and no part fordable.

I observed several people at a distance, running towards the first wood. My case appeared desperate: and, to avoid suspicion, I thought the best method would be to walk deliberately across those plains, taking a different direction from every other person in them, without appearing to avoid any. I put a night-cap on, which I had carried in my pocket, instead of the cap I usually wore—this being a common dress with the peasantry of that country. I passed several at very short distances, stopping frequently, and walking very carelessly. At length, I found myself in a small vale, through which ran two small rivulets, which formed a little kind of island, that was covered with hawthorn-bush, briars, &c., sufficiently large to conceal one man. This I conceived admirably well calculated for a hiding place, as it was so excessively small and wet, I was of opinion nobody would think of searching it. I entered it, and was so completely covered, as to be scarcely able to discern the part at which I had first entered. I found it, in one sense, very uncomfortable, with respect to the mud, wet, and dirt, that I was obliged to wallow in, but otherwise it was a perfect paradise to me, and all I regretted was, not having my poor comrades with me, although I comforted myself, by being assured that they must all have escaped, even those who did not run in the beginning, as they were left with only the waggoner, the guards having pursued us.

(November, 1807). In this situation I lay, anxiously wishing for night to arrive, and dispel part of my apprehensions. I was obliged frequently to shift from one side to the other, the moisture becoming very disagreeable; by this time I was wet through in every part, and extremely chilly, having been in a great perspiration when I entered. I could distinctly hear the alarm bells ringing in the adjacent villages, and the whistling, howling, and shouting of the peasantry, in the direction I had just quitted; and frequently I heard voices close to

But now the much desired moment was approaching fast; the sun was setting, and, to my great mortification, with every appearance of bad weather. It already began to rain very hard, which obscured the moon, that was, about this time, eight or nine days old. Reflecting on my present state, I found it truly pitiable—with only the small old map, already mentioned, to direct my paths; without compass or guide, meat, drink, or companion, in the dreary month of November. The nearest friendly town to me was Salsburg, (in Austria,) between seven and eight hundred miles distant. Nevertheless, having escaped from the clutches of tyrants, and being my own master, more than compensated for a thousand times more hardships. I cut a stick out of the very bush I had lain all day concealed in, and picked a number of haws off it, which I put in my pocket, and swallowed, stones and all, occasionally. About half-past seven I ventured out, shook and cleaned myself as well I could, recommended myself to our Merciful Creator, and proceeded, with great precaution, towards the wood, in which I had separated from my companions, supposing that they would return there also, to meet me. I traversed the wood, about three or four miles in different directions, but to no purpose: now and then I whistled, which was a former signal established amongst us, but all without success. I, therefore, remained alone, cold, fatigued, and drenched with wet.

The moon being entirely hid in consequence of the inclemency of the weather, prevented my knowing to a certainty what course to take. The risk was too great to venture on the high road; I knew this from sad experience, and yet I was so nearly perished with cold and wet, that it was impossible to remain still, I therefore kept running and walking onwards during the night; frequently impeded by the course of the Sarre, which confused me greatly. At length, being very much fatigued, from the commons, deserts, &c., that I had gone through, and finding a convenient wood, though destitute of leaves, I got into it, and concealed myself in a tolerably good part, a little before day-light. I never recollect feeling or suffering so much from cold, it rained incessantly all that day. I swallowed a few of my haws, and endeavoured to comfort myself, by imagining that the ensuing night might be fine, and that I might possibly fall in with my comrades, which would, indeed, have been the greatest consolation. I also felicitated myself on not being much more than 15 leagues from the Rhine: that being the distance when I quitted my companions; admitting that I had been going the opposite direction all night, I could not have increased the distance much.

(November, 1807.) I was very much annoyed all this day by moles, rats, and other small animals, somewhat like squirrels; the rats approached often so near, as to lick my shoes. At the close of the evening, a swineherd was conducting his hogs by my hiding place: I saw him very distinctly. One of them took flight exactly towards me, he sent his dog in pursuit of it, which providentially turned the hog; otherwise it would have absolutely ran over me. I need not observe how much I was alarmed, especially as I could not have been far from the place I had escaped from.

About eight o' clock I quitted my retreat. The night was very inclement, it continued raining and blowing very hard. I was equally at a loss which direction to take, not being able to see either moon or stars. About nine o' clock I discovered a hut, and imagined this would be a good opportunity to endeavour to procure a morsel of food of some kind. I reconnoitred the place very attentively, and approached most cautiously the door; the struggle between the desire of procuring some sustenance, (which I so much wanted) and the dread of being arrested in the attempt, is easier conceived than described. After deliberating some length of time at the door, agitated alternately with different sensations, without coming to a determination, (so



powerfully did the fear of being again brought back operate): the want of sustenance at length preponderated, and I knocked at the door. It was opened by a woman. I asked for some bread, in German, which is the language spoken by the peasantry of Lorrain. She made signs for me to enter, which I did. There were three men and another woman in the house, one elderly man, who was the only person that could speak French, instantly told me that he was certain I was one of the Englishmen, who had escaped from the guards the preceding day, one of whom had just quitted the house, who had been on the look-out all day, and came, in his way home, to give them information. Pleasing intelligence!—I did not dispute who or what I was. He dwelt upon the 50 livres reward for arresting a prisoner of war. It was an object, he said, to poor people like them. I understood him perfectly; and observed that, although his government had promised that reward, he was not sure when it would be paid; besides, what honest man would prevent a poor prisoner of war, who had been guilty of no crime whatever, from visiting his wife and family, after an imprisonment of four or five years, for that paltry sum?

He explained what I said to the others—I found the women were advocates for me. Upon which, I addressed the old gentleman again, and said, “as you appear to me to be very worthy and honest people, accept of this trifle amongst you:” giving him a Louis d’or, and presenting the women with six livres, as a mark of my respect for them: which they received very graciously. I saw that matters now bore, a more favorable aspect, and accordingly, took an opportunity of observing, how sorry I was at not having more to present them with.

*To be continued.*

## COCK'S TOR, IN THE DARTMOORS;

OR

## SUN-SHINE BEFORE RAIN.

*Tremulo igne coruscans  
Galli crista spectabilis alta.*

YON hill, whose crest aspires to reach the sky,  
View'd through a lucid interval of air,  
Appears dilated and advancing nigh,  
In green attire, and crown'd with prospects rare.  
Divergent beams of light enchant the eye,  
And o'er the landscape fling a purple glare;  
Thus Hope allures, as through a glass to spy  
Her heav'nly visions in perspective fair.  
The sober tints of Age, “its twilight gray,”  
She burnishes with dawn's reviving hues,  
And while she soothes the ear with farewell lay,  
Exhilarates the heart with balmy dews,  
Bidding us soar aloft to realms of day,  
Where Love the bloom of Paradise renews.



## A FEW WORDS ON THE GENTLEMEN.

Dedicated, "with permission," to "Philombrotus."

THE last number of the *Museum* contains some severe observations and criticisms on my sex, in an article, entitled "A fashionable Lady's day;" now, although there is confessedly exaggeration, I must candidly acknowledge that a great deal of truth is contained in this sketch, pungent and sarcastic as it is; ashamed am I that we women can fairly be taxed with so much of the ridiculous and unintellectual,—however it, is not here my purpose to dilate on the errors of Ladies, but to show, if possible, that Gentlemen are not immaculate, or free from blame,—that even *they* have their follies and absurdities, and practise much that would be "honoured rather in the breach, than in the observance."

It is my opinion, and it has not been crudely or inconsiderately formed, that gentlemen,—once escaped from the anguish of the cane, the labour of the imposition, and the dread of the pedagogue, soon forget to follow out practically, that oft-repeated adage, "*Surgere diluculo saluberrimum est*"—that there are many of them still to be found in the arms of Morpheus, long after the time when "Phæbus has, o'er this wide and spacious earth, displayed the golden threads of his refulgent hair"—save and except when, some piscatory expedition to ensnare the "bright-eyed perch," or the yellow carp, lures them from their downy couch, or when "with all the thoughtless insolence of power," they purpose a rural ramble in hopes of slaughtering the feathery tenants of the air.

And now let us imagine a gentleman at breakfast, in all the exquisiteness of his Cashmere dressing gown, a newspaper is before him—regardless of the eloquence and vigor of the speeches of Brougham, Peel, or O'Connell, he ravenously darts at the last express from Newmarket or Ascot, and revels in the deeds of Ibrahim or Plenipo; there is no glance for science or literature,—no admiration for the rail-road or the canal!

The time is arrived for a stroll, or a lounge,—he struts through the streets, with an inimitable air of nonchalance, or an insufferable hauteur, or he dandles along with a spiritless, lack-a-daisical, straggle; he cuts Delancy, and encounters Melville, recounts the "stale, flat, unprofitable" witticisms of the previous soirée, titters at the ludicrous affair between A. and B., or complains, with a sad tale and woeful visage, of his horrid bore of a headache, and the pernicious influence of blue devils.

He drops in at the hair dresser's, obtains satisfactory and accurate information as to the state of the weather, hears of a route, to which, to his infinite surprise, and, peradventure, to his great mortification, he has not been invited,—and purchases “Dupuytren's Tamrukeyhu,” which, in an advertisement, (unreservedly credited by him) promises to cure “sallowness, and wanness; to beautify the countenance, and purify the skin.”

O, ye balms, ye oils, and ye creams, ineffable are the benefits ye confer, indescribably enchanting the beauties ye create!

O, for the pencil of an Irving, to picture the unilateral curl of our gentlemen, in all its beauty; what cultivation, what vegetation, what luxuriance! how can I give a correct idea of the delicate tenuity of his walking cane, its peculiar swing, and the versatile toss of its silken tassel.

Perhaps the pastry cook's is the favorite lounge; here, at least, our hero is sure to meet some “*particular friend*,” or some “capital fellow;” and the inventive and ingenious powers of Scandal, the casual election of a churchwarden, or an alderman; a marriage, or a wrestling match, furnish an inexhaustible source wherefrom to draw an antidote which will accelerate the tardy progress of time, or banish the melancholy tædium of ennui.

Here the devourer of buns, and the consumer of jellies, the profitable customer, and the servile lounge, hold their constant and unenviable matinées.

I shall not, as “Philombrotus,” go through the regular routine of a day; I leave the gentleman to enjoy his dinner, and his wine, to sip his coffee, and then be off to a rout; I will not descant on his saltant powers at the ball, or attempt to describe the waltz, the galopade, or the quadrille,—savoury as he may be made, by the innumerable essences of the Parisian perfumer, or the oppressive fætidness of Arabian musk;—but will merely offer a few remarks as they occur to me, on his habits and his taste.

Let us take the theatre,—I boldly ask, if many do not exist, who, though they would deem it a great affront to be told that they were not *Gentlemen*, yet, who, by their vulgar conduct, and their boisterous and unnecessary disturbances, in a great measure debar numbers of respectable, and well-disposed females, from the truly delightful and rational amusement which the drama can afford? are *these* too, the identical persons who would cry up the unconscionable ravings of Mrs. Trollope, as pure effusions from the crystal rill of truth?

Let John Bull have a careful eye to his *own* faults, ere he launch forth his bitter and unceasing anathemas and accusations against his Trans-Atlantic brethren.

I fear, alas, that many *nominal* gentlemen take an active, and a too frequent part in that wanton destruction of property which so often exhibit to the public eye such an incomprehensible depravity, such a want of good feeling and good sense.

With what intents and dispositions do many of these individuals visit an Horticultural exhibition? is it for the purpose of examining and considering the countless varieties of geranium, the rose, or the dahlia, the choice exotics, and the beautiful fruits; or, is the place of resort a mere show-room for puppies to exhibit themselves, and to quiz and ridicule others,—to dandle a cane, which, if haplessly it should elude their grasp, they could scarce bend their bodies to pick up! how grievous is it to see a cluster of human beings dead and insensible to the manifold and wonderful productions of Nature, even when they need not traverse the field, the moor, or the forest to discover them, but are presented with her choicest favourites collected in abundance and arranged with elegance.

I would, moreover, strongly denounce and condemn that unwarrantable haughtiness and malignant spirit which is sometimes to be recognised among our gentlemen; but such instances, are, I trust, fast seceding from the range of probability; *this* is neither the age nor the soil for the growth of pride, there is a mighty genius abroad, whose beneficial influence will crush vanity, arouse sloth, and annihilate indolence. Away with the paltry and antiquated distinctions of a section, or a party! away with those imaginary and absurd barriers which create discord, and preclude harmony,—let the world be our dwelling-place, its inhabitants our fellow-citizens!

To resume—What sort of society do many young men seek after? do they really search for the woman of intellect, do they admire the unsophisticated charms of modesty, and good temper? or, is there a demand for females of trifling minds, insatiable desires, and vitiated appetites? indeed, indeed, the latter are the marketable commodity; and—the supply greatly exceeds the demand.

I have neither the power nor the opportunity to enter into the philosophy of Fashion; to analyse her influence and investigate her mysteries; to consider the fickleness of her disposition, or the tyrannical domination of her government; I assume not to

myself the capacity or right to offer any judgment on the proper cut of a coat, the nice tie of a cravat, the essentially particular shape of a hat,—the momentous nature of a glove,—the substance of which it is formed, and its accurate colour, varying as it does from the delicate tint of the violet to the crimson glare of the poppy, nor to expound the orthodox arrangement of the watch-guard, the eye-glass, and the broach;—since, to accomplish this end, desirable as it may be deemed, would require a purity of taste, and a delicacy of perception, which I cannot command; and a power of uniting precision with apparent carelessness, and of attaining beauty with a plausible unconsciousness of study, which the humble writer of this paper can in no degree pretend to.

But I have tired the reader's patience (if he or she has reached thus far), and have confused his comprehension; I come, therefore, at once, to "the finish."

I am well aware, that it is the practice of many ladies to foster and encourage the excessive flattery and superfluous verbiage with which some gentlemen are wont to load them,—to pander to their wishes, and to praise their follies,—for my part—

" Je ne hais rien tant que les contorsions  
De tous ces grands faiseurs de protestations,  
Ces affables donneurs d'embrassades frivoles,  
Ces obligeant diseurs d'inutiles paroles ! "

I am not to be allured and deceived by the dangle of a sword, the glitter of an epaulette, or the capillary attraction of a fertile head, I scorn those

" who wear upon their chins  
The beards of Hercules and frowning Mars,  
But inward searched have livers white as milk."

I detest and disown at once the fop, the exclusive, and the fool !

Here, that I may not be misunderstood, I beg leave to observe, that it has not been intended, in this paper, to ridicule moderation and decency, but to condemn excess and abuse.

With respect to my own sex, I have lately met with a passage in Mrs. Butler's "America," of such sterling good sense and sound judgment, and which is so much in accordance with my own sentiments, that I am induced to give an extract :—

" If our capacities are inferior to those of men, which I believe, as much as I believe our bodies to be inferior to theirs in strength, swiftness, and endurance,—let us not be overwhelmed with all the additional shackles that foolish and vain bringing-up can add : let us at least be made as strong in body, and as wise in mind as we can, instead of being devoted to spiritual mental, and physical weakness, far beyond that which we inherit from nature."



Finally, there are no words which both sexes should so deeply impress on their minds, as the admirable language of Sir J. Herschel, let all prosecute those subjects of enquiry, "which keep the faculties in constant exercise, and the thoughts perpetually on the wing, so that lassitude may be excluded from our life, and that craving after artificial excitement and dissipation of mind which, leads so many into frivolous, unworthy, and destructive pursuits, may be altogether eradicated from our bosoms."

ELIZABETH.

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### PLEASURES AND ADVANTAGES OF THE STUDY OF NATURE.

*Concluded from page 280, of Vol. VI.*

It is thus, then, we contend, that by the unsophisticated, and subsequently, by the scientific exertions of "naturalists," the civilized portion of our species enjoy those numerous and highly refined luxuries of our table, our dress, our habitations, and our pursuits, and I cannot think that the truth is exceeded by saying, that, as the intricacies and improvements in machinery were derived from the calculations of artists, so were the majority of these same refinements, these great attainments in civilization, derived from the researches of enterprising natural philosophers. We have now been speaking of those objects in Natural History, which have contributed and do contribute to our physical wants, having barely hinted that there are some which minister only to our mental enjoyment, but this is not underrating them, for, while some persons will assert, that, as there are certain parts of nature, or certain natural bodies, which have no evident use to which we can apply them, which cannot be made available to the purposes of life; these should be neglected; we, on the other hand, reply, that the human faculties were destined to be exercised on the whole range of creation; that they were made commensurate with such employment; moreover, that we do not know

for certain, that uses will not be assigned to such things as now appear unprofitable ; that constant improvements are being made in the arts by the aid of knowledge, which, but a short time before, was thought to have been unavailable to such ends ; that the knowledge of these things abstracted from their applicability to our purposes in life, cannot but furnish an innocent and agreeable relaxation, and that it must of necessity be a satisfaction to trace out those links in nature which have been yet neglected.

For my part, I cannot but think it is quite as commendable to employ the mind in learning the habits and economies of our native birds, or in searching for the minute but beautiful shells which lay hidden in the moss of our hedges, and in tracing out their varieties, and gradual progression in size ; as in adorning our gardens with rich exotic plants, in laying out our pleasure grounds tastefully, or in stocking fish ponds, and dog kennels ; and surely no one will affirm that a person, even if he were a madman, seated with a microscope, poring for a whole day over the beauties of the little *Helix aculeata*, is not more innocently and better occupied than the fashionist, the scandal-bearer, or the tippler.

Natural History, if more diffused in the world, would necessarily protect many animals which are now consigned to destruction for imaginary faults, and for imaginary interference with our designs. It is not cruelty which puts to death the poor toad, and innocuous snake—but ignorance : it is not cruelty which accuses the squirrel and hedgehog of crimes which they are not able to commit, and condemns them to the same fate ;—the owl, the woodpecker and tomtit, are murdered with relentless hand ; they fall the victims of guilty ignorance. Natural History is of use in gardening, it brings us acquainted with rare and beautiful plants ; we learn how to dissipate qualities in vegetables, which otherwise would prevent their being employed



for food ; we know the soil adapted for particular sorts ; nor is it less applicable in agriculture, where so much risk, and frequently so much loss might be obviated, by the farmer being aware of the unsuitableness of the soil to some particular crop ; where, too, so many improvements are called for, and which can only be effected, through the instrumentality of natural science. If Natural History were more cultivated, we should, I doubt not, soon become acquainted with very many animals, and plants, both native and foreign, which have been hitherto disregarded, and which will be found well worthy of cultivation, and domestication, in addition to, or in preference to, others. Finally, Natural History confers benefits upon all classes ; its importance to the different professions must be generally acknowledged, connected as it is with every branch of philosophy, with the arts, and with human affairs generally ; its importance to the different trades must be likewise allowed, when we reflect that these too, are more or less connected with natural productions, and with a knowledge of natural laws ; wherefore if it be true that by this knowledge our diseases may be cured, justice more certainly distributed, the quality of our food, clothing, and habitations improved ; and if by it is afforded to our teachers, or ourselves, the means of improving our intellects, and elevating our minds, should its advocates, and votaries be deemed fanatics ? or rather does it not seem strange, that in our schools, and colleges, means are not devised for the promotion of this species of learning, and for the instillation of a desire in youth to become acquainted with the forms and properties of bodies, and to equal their elders in exertions for the cause of science ? and now, let us see the influence which this study exerts on the individual mind ; we firmly believe there is no study so well calculated to call forth the powers of the mind, in their separate energies, or in their collective comprehensive force ; it gives the love of order or system, the love of truth,

it imparts the habit of patient observation, and research, it renders the mind quick, discriminating, and energetic, yet contemplative and profound; it displaces mischief and error, dissipates the bias of unruly propensities, and gives place to correct actions, and the ascendancy of the higher faculties of our nature. To the naturalist, all seasons are acceptable; in each he perceives new beauties and objects worthy of attention; he does not lament over the gloom of winter or the fatiguing heat of summer, in each he can be occupied pleasantly and profitably with their respective productions, and phenomena: but it is time that we conclude these remarks, which indeed might be extended to a disproportion to the value of the science we are advocating, whilst, however, we are far from thinking, that we have availed ourselves of every argument which deserves to be adduced in its support, and are far from flattering ourselves that we have done proper justice to the subject, in the eyes of those who can criticise. Naturalists, like myself, feel an intense desire to add to the number of admirers of the beauties of nature; we earnestly wish, for the welfare of mankind, and believe that it may be promoted by the advancement of knowledge; as we proceed on our way through life, we look with surprise on the actions of those men who accumulate wealth as if the object of their existence, as if it would purchase happiness in this, and in the next world; we believe they have forgotten that this is a transitory state, and that our present life is but a passport to the next; we wonder that they should perceive too late, that all beyond a sufficiency is worthless, and that they might have substituted with advantage and effect the consoling studies originally destined for the human mind, for those cares and stratagems, which can end only in disappointment and regret.

Until the present era of science, natural history had not assumed its most engaging appearance; before now, theory was too much indulged in; the

properties and uses of bodies were too much neglected; but now the most modestly disposed will meet no offence, the most sceptical will be convinced of the utility of the study, and every one will perceive with satisfaction that the knowledge acquired has directly or indirectly benefitted himself and the world; that multitudes of natural bodies have uses and qualities of the highest interest, and that the prospects and expectations of science should be hailed as the earnest of universal happiness. Let no man be thought mad or void of proper feeling because he occupies himself in studying abstruse parts of nature, because he investigates the forms and habits of minute animals, and ponders over phenomena, the nature and uses of which have not yet been determined; be it remembered, that these things may contribute hereafter to our wants or pleasures, and that he is actuated by the desire to establish the connections and differences between these things and others; the knowledge of the uses of certain highly endowed and highly finished organs in the lower animals, induces a knowledge of the functions of the same organs, less developed, in the human frame; this latter knowledge again, points out the kind of remedy likely to remove disease in them, and the direction which it should take to be efficient. Are not many improvements in medicine derived from dissections of the different nerves in their highest states of developement in the lower animals? and have not the lives of men been protracted by surgical operations, which could not have been attempted but for experiments effected on the brute creation? Upon the same principle of deduction, does the inspection of minute and neglected bodies lead to a knowledge of others, and to conclusions sometimes the most fortunate and important. Nor are these occupations, on obscure and minute bodies, without their influence on the mind: equally with him who studies the structure and qualities of the most palpable of nature's works, the man thus



engaged perceives constantly new beauties, and benevolent designs; he happily indulges in the hope of adding to the knowledge, and thus to the happiness of the human race; and when the correctness of his views is questioned, he says, with the falsely accused prisoner of the Inquisition—"If there were nothing else in nature, to convince me of the existence of a Deity, this straw would be sufficient." Thus then he believes, that in this world, no better occupation could be allotted him; he surveys with admiration and wonder, the manifold productions and intricate operations of his Creator's hands, and confides in the hope that he is destined for a better world, when his body shall have become an inmate of the tranquil grave, and when the sun of this probationary state shall be set beneath the horizon of of his earthly views.

PHILOSOPHICUS.

Devonport.

## PLYMOUTH INSTITUTION.

### PROCEEDINGS IN THE ATHENÆUM.

OCTOBER 29TH.—REV. S. ROWE'S Lecture on *Utilitarianism*.

THE Lecture commenced with some observations on a recent work, entitled a "Catechism of Utilitarianism," which professes to be exclusively founded on the theory of moral philosophy, advocated in the system of the late Jeremy Bentham. The lecturer proceeded to question the position laid down by the author in his preface,—viz., that the Greatest Happiness Principle should be considered as one of the most eminent discoveries of modern times. From a consideration of the opinions of the Greek and Roman philosophers, the investigator of this subject would be led, in the opinion of the lecturer, to a far different conclusion. The substance of the alledged discovery appears to have been well known to the ancients. The Chrestomathec school have only vamped up afresh some of the obsolete opinions of antiquity. In adopting a plan of parallelism, it would be remarkable to observe how nearly the language of Cicero, in his celebrated treatise "De Finibus Bonorum et Malorum." corresponds with that of



modern Utilitarians. "We enquire therefore," says Tully, in his ninth book, "what is the extreme, the ultimate of good; because, in the opinion of all the philosophers, it ought to be such, that all things should be referred to it.— \* \* \* This Epicurus places in pleasure, which he will have to be the greatest good—(Summum Bonum,) and pain the greatest evil. These, his institutes, he thus teaches—That every animal, as soon as it is born, desires pleasure, and delights in it, as the greatest good—spurns pain as the greatest evil, and wards it off from itself by every means in its power. This it does while yet unsophisticated, with only nature itself, unbribed and unbiassed, to form a judgment, and therefore he affirms that there is no need either of reasoning or of disputation to show why pleasure should be sought—pain should be avoided; but considers that this is to be *felt* as that fire is hot, that snow is white, and that honey is sweet; which it is not necessary to prove by subtle reasonings." Clearly not; but thus is the most illustrious Tully evidently a Benthamite by anticipation; since the modern Utilitarian affirms that "Happiness consists in the enjoyment of pleasure and security from pains, and this happiness is the object of every living sentient being, what conduct will secure that happiness is the first object of all enquiry." This is a free translation of Cicero's language, and thus in one highly important point, are the so-called *discoveries* of Bentham shown to be identical with the dogmas of Epicurus.

From a consideration of another branch of the Utilitarian system which advocates the necessity of calculating consequences in the pursuit of happiness, the lecturer showed that this much vaunted discovery, when stripped of its technical garniture, and reduced to its native proportions, is no more than the good old homely proverb, which every peasant has at his fingers' ends, "Honesty is the best policy." But whether with peasant or philosopher, however excellent the theory, the results are found to be the same, when it comes to be reduced to practice. Both find the difficulty of the application; the one of his adage, the other of his system to the actual condition, and every-day practise of mankind. Countervailing checks continually step in, in the shape of present advantage or enjoyment, and the firmest resolutions, before the fire of passion,

"Like fancy's fairy frost-work melt away."

The mind may be thoroughly convinced of the propriety of a particular course of conduct, but the passions are not so easily held in abeyance. The confession of Medea is the motto of man,

operated by no force more powerful than that of philosophical theories,—

“Aliudque cupido  
Mens alia suadet. Video meliora, proboque  
Deteriora sequor.”

In truth, the world is just where it was before, the desiderate is not the *knowledge* of the great truth, than an uniform course of virtuous conduct is, “in the long run,” as the Utilitarian affirms, the surest, as well as the most direct road to happiness: but the means of *applying* that knowledge, of bringing it into daily practice, is the difficulty. Philosophers, legislators, moralists, philanthropists, and divines, have been for ages struggling with this ever recurring obstacle. *Naturam expellas furca*. It was not reserved for Hume, or Helvetius, or Hartley, or Priestley, or Bentham, to discover that the ways of piety and virtue, will, in the end, prove to be the paths of the only real pleasure. It was upon this truth, that even Epicurus based his system, (perverted, as it afterwards undoubtedly was) according to the testimony of Cicero, “Non posse jucunde vivi, nisi sapienter, honeste, justeque vivater; nec sapienter honeste, juste, nisi jucunde.”

The lecturer thus concluded the first part of his lecture, which he confined to *philosophical* Utilitarianism. “The greatest happiness principle, so much vaunted, is, in reality, nothing more than the summum bonum of the ancients, under a somewhat mystified title; and the system of Utilitarianism, in so far as it is practically valuable, has been for ages the theme and praise of moralists and philosophers. But beyond this, I am at a loss to discover a single claim to public estimation or regard. The grand difficulty remains untouched. The Gordian knot is still untied, for while it conceitedly pretends to take from religion its legitimate and proper office of enforcing moral duties, it utterly fails to supply any substitute in its stead, which the experience of ages has not over and over again proved to be inapplicable, futile, and delusive. It would throw Society back from the sunny vantage ground to which Christianity has raised upon the wild, cold, and mazy flats of ancient philosophy.”

“Defend me therefore, common sense, say I,  
From reveries so airy, from the toil  
Of dropping buckets into empty wells  
And growing old, in drawing nothing up.”

COWPER.

The second part treated of the opinions which the lecturer designated as those of vulgar Utilitarianism, of the school whose

motto is *cui bono*,—what use is it? Art, science, literature, are all estimated *ad valorem*. They pique themselves on having nothing about them that is not *useful*—and look down with dignified contempt on all who do not judge of utility by their principles: the things which the vulgar, (i. e. the rich vulgar, as well as the poor) call useful, are, for the most part, those which have respect to the wants, the comforts, and enjoyments of the body, and are appreciated just in proportion as their influence upon them is more or less direct. But the mind has claims to be satisfied, just as imperative, if rightly understood, as the body. Mental food is as necessary for the well-being of our intellectual part, as material aliment is for our corporeal frame. Painters, sculptors, poets, and other cultivators of the imaginative arts, who contribute to our mental sustenance, must be classed as productive labourers of the greatest importance to society, when they refuse to prostitute their illustrious arts to the evil propensities of our nature.

The lecturer expressed his satisfaction, that in the midst of much misapprehension on the subject of real utility, a more enlightened opinion was evidently begining to prevail. Ancient buildings, which a few years since would have been demolished for the paltry value of the materials, were now carefully preserved and renovated, as in the instances of Crosby Hall, St. Alban's Abbey, &c., and picturesque and beautiful trees by the road side, which twenty years ago would have been condemned to the saw-pit, without hope or reprieve, were now suffered to stand secure and unmolested. In all this, the real Utilitarian acts upon the most comprehensive views of the mysterious sympathies of our two-fold nature, whilst the economical visionary who must make up his debtor and creditor account, on the *ad valorem* plan, and deals with mankind as he would with puppets, finds, after all his panopticans and parallelograms, that his calculations have been entirely at fault, and that the much vaunted system, which was to regenerate the world, and to adorn the age, has just stood long enough to become a witness of the folly of the designer, and then has dissolved, like the over-blown bubble of the school-boy, into "thin air"—and all for neglect of that most sound and sage maxim,

There are worse things in Heaven and Earth,  
Than are dreamt of in our philosophy.

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NOVEMBER 12TH,---MR. SWAIN'S Lecture on *Circulation*.

MR. Swain first spoke of the support of organic creatures by the circulation of vital fluids, and mentioned some curious facts respecting the circulation in certain plants : he produced a diagram, showing the uninterrupted circle formed by the passages of the fluids of the stone-wort, &c.

He next shortly adverted to the diffusion of fluids through insects, in which, he said, it was generally supposed that there was no positive circulation, though of late the discovery of structures in their vessels, resembling valves, had thrown some doubt on the correctness of the opinion.

Mr. Swain then described the heart and vessels of the frog and of fishes generally ; and proceeded with the apparatus found in a man and the mammalia in general, for the diffusion of their vital fluids.

Mr. Swain spoke of the constitution of the human blood ;—and stated that in a certain sense it was to be considered as possessed of 'vitality'. It had been regarded by some, as endowed by a distinct and separate existence, but this was not the case. It only possessed life in common with the general system of the animal in which it circulated ; when withdrawn from that animal, it still retained for a time a degree of vitality, in consequence of which, its coagulation took place. The end answered by the coagulation of the blood was, the filling up the openings of the divided blood-vessels ; thus preventing a hemorrhage that would destroy life.

Mr. S. then adverted to the exciting cause of the circulation, he said that it chiefly depended on the muscularities of the heart, and its innate power of contraction ; the propulsion of the blood was however aided by the pressure of the atmosphere on the surface, driving the blood into the temporary vacuum produced by each dilation of the cavities of the heart.

Mr. S. concluded his lecture by observing, that matter was never at rest in our bodies, that old particles were displaced, and new ones substituted. We were perpetually the subjects of change, and, while identity of form remained, the substance of our bodies was never stationary. It was by the agency of circulation, that these changes were principally effected, and they might continue without disturbance, for four-score years, when the machine, by which they were directed became worn out and feeble, and at length fell a prey to the chemical influences of the universe, which vitality alone could counteract.



NOVEMBER 19TH—MR. SWAIN'S Lecture on *Respiration*.

IN this lecture, Mr. Swain reminded the Society of the constitution of the atmospheric air, and observed that its oxygen was the active ingredient, nitrogen being a mere diluent. He spoke of the imperfection of our analytical investigations of air, since we were unable to detect any difference between the atmosphere of an infected hospital, and that taken from the summit of Mount Blanc.

He divided his remarks into two sections:—the first related to the changes effected on the air by respiration; and the second, to the changes produced by the air upon the blood. Mr. S. then described, by a reference to his diagrams, the lungs and wind-pipe, with the whole economy of the two functions, circulation and respiration, exhibiting the connection which exists between the two.

He then by experiment proved, that carbonic acid gas was expired from the lungs; and stated, that it was computed, that eleven ounces of pure charcoal or carbon was evolved every twenty-four hours of our existence: this carbon was derived from the blood sent into the lungs, to be divested of its superabundant quantity. The blood sent into the lungs, was nearly black; having been acted upon by the air, it assumed a brilliant scarlet color, and became again fit to circulate through the body.

Opinions were divided, as to whether the changes effected on the air and on the blood, took place, simply in the lungs, or whether they were effected during the course of the circulation. The weight of evidence seemed to prove, that the atmospheric air was actually absorbed by the blood in the lungs, and that it was replaced by air containing carbonic acid gas; that, during the circulation through the body, the changes produced were effected, thus rendering the function infinitely beyond a mere chemical operation, and endowing it with all the importance of vitality.

During the lecture, Mr. S. performed experiments, to show that carbon was actually evolved from the lungs. He said that the principal difficulty felt by the uninitiated was, in conceiving how solid charcoal could be dissolved in gas. There were some striking analogical experiments which would show the possibility of the fact; several clear liquids when united were shown to contain a vast quantity of solid matter; and a portion of charcoal

weighing more than a drachm, on being ignited, was completely dissolved in a jar of oxygen, without in the slightest degree destroying its transparency. The union of the two, formed carbonic acid gas, which produced in lime water the same changes as those induced by the expired air.

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## OBSERVATIONS

ON THE MAGNETISM TO WHICH THE IRON IN A SHIP IS LIABLE,  
BY INDUCTION, FROM TERRESTRIAL MAGNETISM; AND  
HOW FAR ITS INFLUENCE ON THE COMPASSES  
MAY BE CORRECTED BY PROFESSOR  
BARLOW'S PLATE.

THE subject of this paper is an enquiry, whether Professor Barlow's plate for correcting the deviation of the compass-needle, on ship-board, will actually do so under all circumstances: and, in order to arrive at a conclusion, it is necessary to explain the principles on which Mr. Barlow grounds his investigations.

He supposes, that magnetic phenomena are due to the existence of two fluids, in a greater or less degree of combination, (Page 151) and such that the particles of the same fluid repel, and those of an opposite nature attract each other, and that these fluids exist in iron in a state of combination, until their state is disturbed by some exciting cause: that, in bodies already magnetical, these fluids are in a state of separation; that, when a piece of metal, containing the concentrated fluid, is brought near to another piece containing the latent fluids, the concentrated action of each fluid, in the magnetised body, will act on the latent fluids, in the quiescent body, by repelling those of the same, and attracting those of a contrary nature, and thus impress a magnetic force or action, which will remain only while the two bodies maintain their respective situations. (Page 152)

The author concludes, that in all iron bodies or system of bodies, a centre of attraction exists, from which he deduces all the effects of local attraction in a ship, likely to affect the compasses and the guns, ballast, and metallic fastenings in a ship, preserving their relative situations with respect to the steering compasses; he conceives that the Correcting Plate may be so fixed, as to counteract all the effects of the iron on board.

It is evident that Mr. Barlow thinks that iron bodies, not permanently magnetical, do not act as *magnets* on the compasses; he mentions an experiment made with some fine iron filings strewed on the surface of water, (at the suggestion of a philosopher of eminence), which were not acted upon by the lower part of an iron sphere, and he rests the fate of his theory on the issue of this experiment. (See article 190, page 182, of Mr. Barlow's work.)

A hundred years ago, a Mr. Servington Savery, presented a paper to the Royal Society, detailing the result of his experiments and observations on magnetism: the following being an abstract of some of his conclusions, 1st., that the poles of magnets attract most vigorously, and that the middle does not attract at all. 2nd, that he could not discover any difference between the force of attraction and that of repulsion in the same pole of any loadstone or magnet, unless when a small one approached so near to a large one as to have its polarity diminished. 3rd, that these properties *convinced* him, that there is no such thing in nature as magnetic attraction without polarity, *which is made up of attraction and repulsion*. 4th, that of a soft iron bar, void of fixed polarity, as soon as it is in an erect position, the higher part, from the middle upwards, becomes a south pole in north magnetic latitude, and the lower part from the middle downwards, becomes a north pole in north magnetic latitude, and a south pole in south magnetic latitude, but that, as soon as the bar is inverted, the polarity is inverted in it, the end before being a north, is now a south pole: he states, that the case is the same when the iron bar is suspended, or placed horizontally, in the direction of the magnetic needle; and he thinks that this magnetic virtue is communicated to the iron, "by the earth's central magnet."

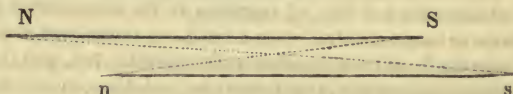
The above abstract from Mr. Savery's paper, is sufficient to show, that he differs in opinion from Mr. Barlow; Mr. Barlow denying the polarity of soft iron, and Mr. Savery affirming, "that there is no such thing in nature as magnetic attraction without polarity."

In the course of my professional services, being charged with the navigation of ships, and having served in both hemispheres, it became necessary that I should make myself acquainted with magnetism, so far as it applied to masses of iron likely to affect the steering compasses, and, in order to form a judgment of the action of masses of iron on the magnetic needle, I was in the



habit of carrying a delicate pocket compass, which I applied occasionally to the guns, staunchions, iron bolts, shot, &c., and I invariably found a north and south pole in each separate article of iron, whatever its form might be; I found that in our hemisphere the upper part of a gun, shot, or pig of ballast, attracted the north point of the compass, and repelled the south point, the lower part of the iron attracting the south point of the compass-needle, and repelling the north point; I also found, that the *reverse* of this happened in places south of the magnetic equator, and, being aware of these circumstances, I was in the habit of making allowances in steering a course.

It is a generally received opinion, that the force of attraction between the opposite poles of two magnets, is inversely as the square of the distance between them:



That is to say, if two magnets, situated with respect to bearing, thus, that N, n, shall not be east and west from each other, but that the distance N, s, is greater than N, S, then will the attraction n, S, be greater than that between N, s, because the force of attraction, between opposite poles, is inversely as the square of the distance between them, and consequently where the distance is least, the force of attraction is greatest.

If this principle be applied to the experiment made by Mr. Barlow with the iron filings on the surface of the water, and admitting that the sphere, and filings were magnetical, *by position*, and having north and south poles, these poles, in the separate particles of the iron filings, must have been so very near to each other, that their attractive and repulsive forces, (with regard to the iron sphere) would mutually destroy each other, and if we consider the adhesive nature of the fluid which supported the iron on its surface, and that the line, joining the poles of a particle of the iron, and the iron sphere, must have been a vertical line, we need not be astonished that no motion was observed.

To satisfy myself whether soft iron became magnetic by position, with respect to the earth's axis, and by induction from terrestrial magnetism, I procured two bars of soft iron, each an inch square and eighteen inches long, I knew that they would act on a compass as magnets, agreeable to Mr. Savery's theory,



but my object was to ascertain whether they would act *on each other*, with this view, I suspended one of the bars by a long and slender thread, the bar being inclined to the horizon to about  $80^{\circ}$ , was allowed to settle at rest, I then applied the lower end of the bar I held in my hand, to the upper end of the one suspended by the thread, and I found that an attractive force existed between them; I then applied the upper end of the bar held in the hand, to the upper end of the suspended bar, when a *repulsion* took place: by changing the bars in every possible way, I found that I could put 18 cubic inches of iron in motion, either by *attraction* or *repulsion*, to the right or left, and that these two bars of soft iron had all the properties of real magnets, by induction from terrestrial magnetism. I suspended the bars *nearly* in an horizontal position, when they invariably rested, either in the direction of the magnetic needle, or else *very near it*.

Now the *attractions* found as above cannot be classed with that force which holds the component parts of our earth together, and by which all its parts gravitate as to a common centre, but must be regarded as magnetic attraction as well as repulsion, and consequently polarity, so clearly developed in these experiments. Any person may satisfy himself of the truth of my assertion by making similar experiments on soft iron.

Soft iron is therefore magnetical and polarized with respect to position, with the earth's axis, and will either attract or repel the compass needle, according to the distance and position of the respective poles, and since ships are steered by a rudder fixed at the stern, it is necessary that the compass should be near the stern also, and on the upper deck, so that the compass is necessarily placed *abaft*, and *above* the greatest part of the iron in a ship: and, since the upper part of each particle of soft iron is a south pole, (in north magnetic latitude) and attracts the north point of the compass needle: while the lower part of each article of iron attracts the south point of the compass, and repels the north point, it follows that the compass being above and abaft the greatest part of the iron on board, its north point is nearest the upper part (south poles) of all the iron before it, and the force of magnetic attraction, being inversely as the square of the distance, the north point of the compass will be drawn forward by the local attraction of the guns, tanks, anchors, iron knees, ballast, &c., so that, in north magnetic latitude, a ship is liable to be to the southward of the course indicated by the compass, whether her course be towards the east or west.

Every seaman must have noticed the vibrations of his compass when running before the wind, or when the ship rolls heavily from side to side. I have seen the angle of vibration as much as  $45^{\circ}$ ; that is two points on each side of the course. This vibratory motion of the compass case is caused by the inversion of the polarity of the guns and other cast and wrought iron articles on board. To illustrate my meaning, let us suppose that there is a gun on each side of the bittacle, on the quarter-deck; when the ship rolls, or is inclined to the starboard, the breech of the lee gun becomes *elevated* and attracts the north point of the compass towards the lee side of the ship, while the breech of the weather gun becomes depressed, and attracts the south point of the compass towards the weather side. When the inclination or roll of the ship is changed, the polarity of the guns is inverted, so that the vibratory motion of the compass continues as long as the ship continues to roll; now all this may be proved by experiment, and is, beyond a doubt, true.

If a ship's head be north by compass, when perfectly upright, and there be an object right a-head of her, should she become inclined, say to starboard, without changing the direction of her keel, the object right a-head will no longer bear north by compass, but to the westward of it, in consequence of the north point of the compass being drawn to leeward. If the inclination of the ship be to *port*, the object right a-head would bear by compass to the eastward of north. From this it is evident, that, in north magnetic latitude, the north point of the compass will, by the inclination of the ship, be drawn towards the lee-side of the ship. If the ship's course be towards the north, she will be found to *leeward of her reckoning*. If steering towards the south, she is liable to be to windward of her reckoning, because the south point of the compass is drawn towards the weather-side, thereby indicating a course more to leeward than that actually steered.

The local attraction, due to the guns only, from the change of polarity in them, occasioned by the inclination of the ship, may be easily ascertained on board of any of our guard ships at their moorings. Suppose the ship's head is north; if all the starboard guns be depressed  $10^{\circ}$ , and all the larboard guns elevated 10 degrees, then the compass would indicate the deviation due to the *guns only*, when the ship is on the larboard tack, and steering north, under an inclination of ten degrees. Now this is an experiment so very easily performed, that it ought to be made in a ship of each class.

I am of opinion, that all the experiments made by Mr. Barlow, *tend to prove* what I have advanced, although he has drawn very different conclusions from *me*: he suggested the *correcting* plate, to counteract the effects of the iron *before* and *below* the compass. The position of the plate is ascertained, and the quantity of local attraction found, by warping the ship's head round the compass when she is upright, and I have no doubt that if the plate be properly fixed, it will correct the course so long as the ship sails *on an even keel*; but ships are generally inclined by the force of the wind on their sails, and by the *inclination*, every gun, bolt, &c., will have its polarity changed, and the correcting plate will no longer correct the course.

It has already been noticed, that long pieces of iron being placed horizontally, and in the direction of the magnetic needle, become polarized: this polarity is, however, very weak. Since iron is actually magnetical by induction from the earth, and each separate article in a ship is liable to have its polarity changed by a change in its position, it becomes a duty of the utmost importance, for seamen to guard against the dangerous consequences of placing articles of iron in a vertical position, near the steering compasses. Large pieces of metal are frequently carried coastwise, and may be stowed athwart-ships; iron cylinders, or working beams of steam engines, being thus stowed, would have their polarity changed every tack, and might occasion serious accidents by acting on the compass, and cause it to indicate a wrong course. I have known an iron pillar, placed in a vertical position under the quarter-deck of a frigate, cause a compass to deviate five points from the true bearing. When the upper end of the pillar happened to be in an east and west direction with the compass, a very small piece of iron placed near the needle might act more powerfully upon, than all the other metals in the ship. Seamen, therefore, ought to study this important part of their duty, as navigators; and, in taking in cargo's of iron, whether in a rough or manufactured state, they should stow the hold in such a manner as to lessen the risk arising from local attraction, and prepare themselves to guard against errors in the course, or the melancholy results of a shipwreck.

SINBAD.



## ANECDOTE OF SIR THOMAS PICTON.

AN accusation has been brought against Sir Thomas Picton with much injustice and acrimony, of having neglected the interest of his officers, by not reporting their services to the commander of the forces. When considering this accusation, the unbending disposition of Sir Thomas Picton must be borne in mind, for we know that the opinion entertained by nearly all the officers of the third division, who served under General Picton, is decidedly in opposition to this assertion. It was in fact generally believed that Sir Thomas Picton had every inclination to reward the services of his officers, and to advance their interests. It was also known that he made frequent representations to the commander of the forces in favour of his officers; but these were seldom successful; and this circumstance, it is said, produced so unfavorable an effect upon his proud spirit, that at length he ceased any longer to apply in that quarter, and in future addressed his applications solely to the commander-in-chief.

We are enabled to offer one, and that a striking proof, that General Picton did not neglect nor forget the interests of those who served under his command. Colonel Macpherson was at the close of the war, in 1814, still a lieutenant! A noble independence prevented him from soliciting promotion, and he thought that his services ought to ensure him some unasked reward. He was unknown to Sir Thomas Picton in any other way than as a deserving soldier: upon three separate occasions he had been thrown in the path of his general, fresh from some daring achievement, and Picton never allowed early merit to pass unnoticed, nor, if he could help it, unrewarded. He had made repeated applications for his promotion, but without success.

The last occasion upon which Macpherson had seen Sir Thomas Picton was at Bordeaux, when he was suffering severely from a wound received at the



battle of Orthes. Picton invited him to dinner, when, although much debilitated, he accepted the general's invitation. He was taken ill whilst at table, and was compelled to retire; Picton would not, however, allow him to leave the house, but insisted upon his taking up his quarters in his own apartment, and sent at once for his baggage. In a few days after this, Sir Thomas Picton embarked for England, but before he departed he recommended Macpherson to the care of Lord Dalhousie, who was then commanding the British troops in the town.

Macpherson neither saw nor heard anything more of General Picton for some time. He applied to the War Office for a company, supporting his application by a memorial, which recorded a list of services that equalled those of any officer of his years, and surpassed those of many a veteran; and upon this he depended for success; but a cold official reply was the only notice taken of either his letter or memorial.

The young soldier felt acutely this neglect, and, in consequence, actually contemplated retiring from the army. About this period, as he was walking one day along Pall Mall, he saw Sir Thomas Picton coming towards him, with several other officers. This was some months after his departure from Bordeaux. Macpherson hesitated to address his general: he thought, to use his own words, "that now Sir Thomas Picton was in London, surrounded by so many men of equal rank, he would wish to avoid a humble lieutenant." Accordingly, as the general approached, he made no attempt to stop him. Picton had not apparently seen him, for he was deeply engaged in conversation; and Macpherson was passing him, as he thought, unnoticed. But Picton seized his arm, and in his sharp though friendly manner, exclaimed, "D——e, sir! are you going to cut me?" The lieutenant was startled; but immediately collecting himself, bowed and observed,

"No, sir ; any officer who served under Sir Thomas Picton's command would be proud in the honour of being recognized by him, but I thought," added the lieutenant, "you might have forgotten me,"—"Forgotten you !" repeated Picton : "No ! no ! sir, I have not forgotten you. But come along, Sir," and he took his arm ; "come home, home with me, I have got something I want you to copy." Macpherson accordingly walked to the Grosvenor Coffee-house with the general, who, upon entering his room, bade him be seated, when he presently put in his hands a paper for his perusal. This was a memorial of Lieutenant Macpherson's services, drawn up with much care, and dictated by a tenacious memory. In fact, every incident of the intrepid career of the young soldier was there set forth in the most forcible language.

Macpherson was greatly surprised at this marked instance of friendly consideration, and expressed his acknowledgments in the most grateful terms. But Picton did not want thanks, neither would he have them ; but, stopping him short, he desired that he would without delay transcribe that paper into a more legible text, that he might at once send it to the Horse Guards. A few days after this, Lieutenant Macpherson called upon Sir Thomas, at his desire, to know the result of his application. He found the general foaming with rage, with the letter crumpled violently in his hand. "There, sir, read that !" he said, at the same time giving Macpherson the mutilated letter to peruse ; "there is an answer to my application." It did not take long to read. The lieutenant knew it by heart ; it being, in fact, a secretary's circular. "No vacancy," but "shall be appointed to the first vacancy. Your obedient, humble servant," &c.

Picton thought, and justly, that he deserved something more than this ; his proud spirit could not submit to repeat his applications to the commander of the forces, sufficiently often to render

them successful; for certain it is, that very few of those for whom he applied received any reward through his intercession. His application was now, however, made where he had a right to expect something more than a formal reply, which would be deemed to a subaltern. Dissatisfied and annoyed, he told Macpherson to accompany him to the Horse Guards, when, as it was levee-day, he was readily admitted into the Duke of York's presence: the substance of his remarks during this interview are not known, for Macpherson was not present. The result was, however, soon apparent; for, within a week from that day, the lieutenant was gazetted as a captain, and received instructions to repair to Chatham to raise a company, there being actually at the time, no *vacancy*. The well-known sense of justice and consideration for merit, which distinguished that zealous public servant the late Duke of York, doubtless operated powerfully in behalf of Macpherson, and rendered Sir Thomas Picton's application successful.

ROBINSON.

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### LITERARY NOTICES, No. VIII.

“THE SACRED GARLAND,” BEING HYMNS AND RELIGIOUS POEMS, ADAPTED FOR CHILDREN AND YOUNG PERSONS; BY THE AUTHORESS OF “POEMS FOR CHILDREN,” &c. &c. p.p. 80. Plymouth: G. P. Hearder.

AN elegant little volume, under the above title, has just issued from the press. It is from the pen of Miss Dixon, the talented authoress of “Castalian Hours,” and other poetical works. It is a collection of poems, written in language adapted to the capacity of children, for whose use it has been especially written. The design of the writer has been “to promote in young minds a knowledge and love of God, and a spirit of true benevolence, according



to the sacred rule of Christianity." She has certainly effected this purpose with much success; for, though the ideas conveyed, and the imagery used, have been carefully brought down to the level of a young mind's comprehension, by the use of very simple language; there can be found in no instance the slightest approach to that doggrel diction, which has been too often employed for similar purposes.

A vein of unaffected piety pervades the whole of these poems, and many excellent moral lessons will be found in them, which are worthy the attention of children of larger growth. We select the following, as specimens of Miss Dixon's "Sacred Garland:"—

#### GOD EVERY WHERE.

WHEN Spring, with all her gentle beams,  
Bids the dark clouds to distance fly;  
When Summer lights the woods and streams;  
Then God is nigh.

When Autumn's fields with harvest wave;  
When Wintry storms are rolling by;  
While the dark billows rise and rave;  
Then God is nigh!

When Noon's full sunshine o'er the earth  
Brings life and gladness from the sky;  
When twilight's softest shades come forth;  
Then God is nigh!

When the fair Moon and Stars of Even',  
In all their beauty walk on high;  
Mid the calm majesty of Heaven,  
Our God is nigh!

All time, all change, below, above;  
All forms that meet our gazing eye;  
Light, darkness, sky and earth, shall prove  
That God is nigh!



A HYMN IN SPRING.

Lo! where the living breath of God  
 Clothes the dull earth with opening flowers;  
 And o'er each cold forsaken clod  
 Sends down reviving showers!  
 Lovely the time of Spring;—when He  
 Bids verdure crown each blighted tree.

His beauty o'er the vale, and hills  
 Comes down like a bright gift from heaven;  
 A sound of joy the forest fills,—  
 To him that voice is given:  
 The gentle winds, the bird's sweet song,  
 They all unto their God belong.

The murmuring waters as they flow,  
 Pour forth the tribute to His praise;  
 All things His glorious presence show,  
 And one great Anthem raise.  
 Season of joy! when each dark thing  
 Sends out the loveliness of Spring.

Joyful my heart with these shall yield  
 Praise to the Holy One above;  
 And 'mid the vale, the wood, the field,  
 Speak His Almighty love;  
 Who from the frosty wilds calls forth  
 Beauty and fragrance o'er the earth.

Oh never let me heedless gaze  
 On the least thing ordained by Thee!  
 But a new song of gladness raise  
 From all I hear or see;  
 And, while Thy wonders round me shine,  
 Adore their Maker's hand divine.

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IN A BEAUTIFUL SUMMER DAY.

How lovely look the flowery fields,  
 How fresh the waving groves!  
 Summer's bright noon the prospect gilds  
 Where'er my footstep roves.

Sweet breezes float along the air,  
Gay creatures soar and play ;  
And shall my heart this sunshine share  
Less joyfully than they ?

No ! for my soul can learn and know  
Of great and glorious things ;  
Of God, who reigns o'er all, and how  
From Him all pleasure springs.

He made the sun to shine by day,  
In summer glory bright ;  
He gave the moon's more gentle ray  
To cheer the quiet night.

He formed each little flower that blows  
Along the meadows fair ;  
There 's not an herb, a leaf that grows,  
But He ordained it there.

The smallest fly, the feeblest worm,  
That hides amid the sod,  
His hand endowed with breath and form,  
The work alone of God.

On least as greatest He bestowed  
The means of life and bliss ;  
Yet made me to be wise and good,  
For greater happiness.

The bird flies on from tree to tree,  
The bee from flower to flower ;  
But knows not either bird or bee  
God's majesty and power.

But if I can his greatness learn,  
His goodness round me view ;  
My soul can all His love discern,  
And Oh ! can love Him too.

Glorious this gift which God hath given,  
To know His holy name !  
My joyful thoughts can rise to Heaven  
And His just praise proclaim !

Then while His wonders round me shine  
Let me His love record ;  
And with my heart's whole strength incline  
To glorify the Lord.

## CHARACTER OF SIR THOMAS PICTON.

IN private life Sir Thomas Picton was kind and generous, warm in his friendships, but strong in his enmities. He had a strict sense of honour, which would not admit of the slightest misconstruction or prevarication; it was to him one straight line, from which he never swerved, even in thought. The artificial forms of society were in many instances too nearly allied to deception to meet his approbation; and this made his manners too unstudied and natural to be polite in the modern acceptation of the term. In him, there was no sacrifice of opinion, or tacit acquiescence for the sake of obtaining favor. He was generous almost to a fault, and his purse was open to all who came with a tale of distress. A gentleman who knew Sir Thomas Picton intimately, and who does not hesitate in acknowledging that he was himself an object of his munificence, observes, that "he was the most generous of men; the warmth of his heart or the extent of his liberality knew no bounds;" but this only appeared to those beneath him, together with the poor and miserable—to these he was ever kind and considerate; while in rank and presumption he was unbending and uncompromising. But perhaps the extraordinary degree of feeling possessed by Sir Thomas Picton, cannot be better illustrated than by the following anecdote, which came under my own observation.

I was one day riding with him on horseback a short distance out of town, when an Irish beggar-woman, with a child in her arms, came by the side of his horse, and commenced asking alms in the usual dolorous tone of this class of mendicants. Our horses were walking, and we were deeply engaged in conversation. I happened to know this woman's face, and had always strongly suspected that she was an impostor; so, seeing the general fix his eyes upon her with some degree of attention, I imagined that he was about to relieve her, and

therefore expressed to him my suspicions; upon which he desired her in rather a severe tone to be gone, and turning his head we continued our conversation. The woman, however, with national perseverance, still trudged on by the general's side, looking piteously up in his face, and pouring forth a strain of natural eloquence, depicting in strong colours a long train of miseries. I suspected my companion's attention was gradually leaving the subject of our discourse, as his replies lost much of their usual force, and he seemed absent. The woman (doubtless a better judge of the effect produced upon the object of her solicitation) opened a fresh battery, held up her babe, said she had four more at home unable to crawl from disease and starvation; that her husband was dying on the floor, without a morsel of food or a soul to give him a drink of water, while she came out half-mad to rob, or beg a few halfpence to make his last moments comfortable. God knows, this tale might have been true; it made me relent, and forget my suspicions; but General Picton did more: the woman added something to what she had already said,—I think, that her husband had been a soldier. The general had not uttered a word for nearly two minutes; and as she continued heightening the picture of her woes, I could perceive the blood rushing to his face, until no longer able to bear the contention of his feelings, and unwilling to believe all he had heard, he cried out in a most singular tone, as if almost stifled by the fulness of his breast, "*You lie!*" threw her a piece of gold, and then, without any notice to me, put spurs to his horse, and it was some time before I could overtake him.







WRECK OF THE DUTTON, UNDER PLYMOUTH CITADEL.

C. P. HEARDE, S.

# THE SOUTH DEVON MONTHLY MUSEUM.

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## THE WRECK OF THE DUTTON.

ON the 26th of January, 1796, when the Indefatigable was lying in Hamoaze, after having been docked, the Dutton, a large East Indiaman, employed in the transport service, on her way to the West Indies, with part of the 2nd, or Queen's regiment, was driven into Plymouth by stress of weather. She had been out seven weeks, and had many sick on board. The gale increasing in the afternoon, it was determined to run for greater safety to Catwater; but the buoy, at the extremity of the reef off Mount Batten, having broke adrift, of which the pilots were not aware, she touched on the shoal, and carried away her rudder. Thus rendered unmanageable, she fell off, and grounded under the Citadel, where, beating round, she lay rolling heavily with her broadside to the waves. At the second roll, she threw all her masts overboard together.

Sir Edward and Lady Pellew were engaged to dine on that day, with Dr. Hawker, the excellent vicar of Charles, who had become acquainted with Mr. Pellew, when they were serving together at Plymouth, as surgeons to the marines, and continued through life the intimate and valued friend of all the brothers. Sir Edward noticed the crowds running to the Hoe, and having learned the cause, he sprang out of his carriage, and ran off with the rest. Arrived at the beach, he saw at once that the loss of



nearly all on board, between five and six hundred, was inevitable, without some one to direct them. The principal officers of the ship had abandoned their charge, and got on shore, just as he arrived on the beach. Having urged them, but without success, to return to their duty, and vainly offered rewards to pilots, and others belonging to the port to board the wreck, for all thought it too hazardous to be attempted, he exclaimed, "then I will go myself!" A single rope, by which the officers and a few others had landed, formed the only communication with the ship; and by this he was hauled on board, through the surf. The danger was greatly increased by the wreck of the masts, which had fallen towards the shore; and he received an injury on the back, which confined him to his bed for a week, in consequence of being dragged under the main-mast. But disregarding this at the time, he reached the deck, declared himself, and assumed the command. He assured the people that every one would be saved, if they quietly obeyed his orders; that he would himself be the last to quit the wreck, but that he would run any one through who disobeyed him. His well known name, with the calmness and energy he displayed, gave confidence to the despairing multitude. He was received with three hearty cheers, which were echoed by the multitude on shore; and his promptitude at resource soon enabled him to find and apply the means by which all might be safely landed. His officers in the meantime, though not knowing that he was on board, were exerting themselves to bring assistance from the Indefatigable. Mr. Pellowe, first lieutenant, left the ship in the barge, and Mr. Thompson, acting master, in the launch; but the boats could not be brought alongside the wreck, and were obliged to run for the Barbican. A small boat, belonging to a merchant vessel, was more fortunate. Mr. Edsell, signal midshipman to the port admiral, and Mr. Coghlan, mate of the vessel, succeeded, at the risk of their



lives, in bringing her alongside. The ends of two additional hawsers were got on shore, and Sir Edward contrived cradles to be slung upon them, with travelling ropes to pass forward and backward between the ship and the beach. Each hawser was held on shore by a number of men, who watched the rolling of the wreck, and kept the ropes tight and steady. Meantime a cutter had with great difficulty worked out of Plymouth pool, and two large boats arrived from the Dock-yard, under the directions of Mr. Hemmings, the master-attendant, by whose caution and judgment they were enabled to approach the wreck, and receive the more helpless of the passengers, who were carried to the cutter. Sir Edward, with his sword drawn, directed the proceedings, and preserved order, a task the more difficult, as the soldiers had got at the spirits before he came on board, and many were drunk. The children, the women, and the sick were the first landed. One of them was only three weeks old, and nothing in the whole transaction impressed Sir Edward more strongly, than the struggle of the mother's feelings before she would entrust her infant to his care, or afforded him more pleasure than the success of his attempt to save it. Next the soldiers were got on shore; then the ship's company; and finally, Sir Edward himself, who was one of the last to leave her. Every one was saved, and presently after the wreck went to pieces.

Nothing could equal the lustre of such an action, except the modesty of him who was the hero of it. Indeed, upon all occasions, forward as he was to eulogise the merits of his followers, Sir Edward was reserved almost to a fault upon every thing connected with his own services. The only notice taken of the Dutton, in the journal of the Indefatigable, is a short sentence:—"Sent two boats to the assistance of a ship on shore in the Sound;" and in his letter to Vice Admiral Onslow, who had hoisted his flag at Plymouth a day or two before, he throws himself

almost out of sight, and ascribes the chief merit to the officer who directed the boats :—

“DEAR SIR—I hope it happened to me this afternoon, to be serviceable to the unhappy sufferers on board the Dutton ; and I have much satisfaction in saying, that every soul in her was taken out before I left her, except the first mate, boatswain, and third mate, who attended the hauling ropes to the shore, and they eased me on shore by the hawser. It is not possible to refrain speaking in raptures of the handsome conduct of Mr. Hemmings, the master-attendant, who, at the imminent risk of his life, saved hundreds. If I had not hurt my leg, and been otherwise much bruised, I would have waited on you ; but hope this will be a passable excuse.

I am, with respect,

Sir,

Your most obedient, humble servant,

ED. PELLEW.

Thursday evening.”

Services performed in the sight of thousands could not thus be concealed. Praise was lavished upon him from every quarter. The corporation of Plymouth voted him the freedom of the town. The merchants of Liverpool presented him with a valuable service of plate. On the 5th of March following, he was created a baronet, as Sir Edward Pellew, of Trevery, and received for an honourable augmentation of his arms, a civic wreath, a stranded ship for a crest, and the motto, “Deo adjuvante Fortuna sequatur.” This motto, so modest, and not less expressive of his own habitual feeling, was chosen by himself, in preference to one proposed, which was more personally complimentary.

Appreciating Mr. Coghlan’s services, and delighted with the judgment and gallantry he had displayed, Sir Edward offered to place him on his own quarter-deck. It is unnecessary to add that the career of this distinguished officer has been worthy of his introduction into the navy.

## SUFFERINGS OF LIEUTENANT D. O'BRIEN, R. N.

*Continued from page 18.*

I now begged they would supply me with a little bread, but they had none baked. I then requested they would show me the nearest way to Bitche, as I had friends there who would find means of supplying me with a little cash, to enable me to proceed on my long journey. After a long discussion in German, during which I perfectly discovered their uneasiness at not receiving more than 30 livres: the old man observed—"As there is but one of them, it is of no great consequence; but if they were all here, it would have been well worth while." Meaning the other eleven of my companions. I again repeated my wish to be directed towards Bitche. I knew there was a direct road from thence to the Rhine; which was my motive to go that way. The women again pleaded in my favour, and the two young men offered their services. They accordingly equipped themselves, informed me they were ready, and I took a most joyful leave of the women and old man, and followed my guides, inexpressibly rejoiced at getting out of this danger; although I did not consider myself particularly in safety, whilst I remained with these fellows.

They conducted me through very intricate ways, deserts, and commons; they were generally behind me, and whispering to one another. I had no great opinion of them; so feigned occasion to remain behind a little; which time I occupied in concealing my watch, &c., which hitherto had been in the pocket of my pantaloons. I then again advanced, but never went before them. The inclemency of the night, the melancholy state of my mind, with the awful aspect of the mountains and forests I passed through, together with the discordant screaming of the screech-owl, filled my very soul with horror. My white thorn club was my only weapon; I regarded it with secret comfort, and was determined to use it, should I have occasion, to the utmost of my nearly exhausted strength. Yet, perhaps, my opinion of these fellows was ill founded. About midnight they left me, on a pathway to the road to Bitche, and took their leave. I felt much pleased at so happy a deliverance, and continued this direction until about three o' clock; when, supposing myself near enough to that unhappy mansion, (Bitche) I directed my course (as I thought) towards the Rhine. Sometime before daylight it ceased raining a little, the stars shewed themselves, and I had the mortification of discovering, that I had been going diametrically opposite to my proper direction; and, what added to my misery was, having no wood nor place in sight, to cover me for the ensuing day.

In this unhappy dilemma, I still kept advancing, being confident I had no secure place near in my rear; when, at length, some time after day-light, I discovered a very thin wood, on the side of a hill, which I immediately betook myself to; and there I remained until night. There was a drizzling rain the whole of the day; the cold was extreme. I did not feel hungry, but excessively weak. During the night I had taken several draughts of water, which in some measure satisfied my appetite. The only annoyance I had this day, was a man, who was cutting wood beneath me in the valley. I could see every motion of his; but I do n't think it was possible he could see me, in consequence of my breaking small branches, and sticking them close round me.

At night, about the usual time, I commenced my march, and took the direction back that I had followed the preceding morning. About eleven, felt very much harrassed from crossing fields, morasses, &c., and falling upon a high road, I resolved to follow it for some time, especially as I thought it led



my way, but could not be certain, the moon and stars being still obscured and I supposed it was too late for travellers to interrupt me.

After quitting a wood on the side of the road, I had to crawl up a sort of gravel pit to get on it. Imagine my astonishment!—I no sooner stepped on the road than I was challenged, "*qui vive*," in an audible voice, by a *gend'arme* on horseback. I need not point out how ready I was to quit the highway at that moment; I shall only say, that I made but one jump down the gravel pit, crawled from thence back into the wood, where I remained for some time to gather strength, being quite exhausted. I then proceeded along the skirts of the wood, without having any idea of where I was going, the night being very wet and inclement. I fortunately fell in with a cabbage garden, close to a cottage near the wood, and eat plentifully of them, and laid in a good supply in my pockets for the ensuing day. Afterwards I re-entered the wood in which I remained all day. At night I recommenced my journey, still embarrassed, in consequence of the weather, to know which way to go; this was the most severe night (if possible) I had experienced; the roads, pathways, &c. were so deep and heavy from the constant rains, rivulets became dangerous rivers, I had to wade through several. I had an opportunity again this night of feasting upon cabbage stalks, leaves, &c., and stored my pockets also. At about eleven o' clock, when marching along the skirts of a wood, I observed two men walking very fast, in a different direction to me. I immediately supposed they were some of my comrades, and they, I thought, were going into Holland, which accounted (admitting I was going right) for the course they were taking. I stood up close to a tree, and whistled an English tune; they on that quickened their pace from me. I then whistled our usual signal, they instantly ran as hard as ever they could. I felt very unhappy, as I still imagined they were my old companions: I even regretted that I did not call to them, but the sequel will inform the reader how wrong I should have been.

November, 1807. My feet now began to get blistered, and very sore; I was also getting excessively weak, it being my fifth day living upon cabbage leaves, and stalks. About half past two in the morning, I perceived a lonely house on the side of a wood. I imagined I might approach it, and thus endeavour to procure some refreshment; being of opinion, that after so long a ramble (even allowing for the traverse I must unavoidably have made) I was still a great distance from the place where I had escaped: I was therefore tempted to try; accordingly made towards it: saw a light in the window, got close to the door, peeped through the key-hole, and then the window alternately; at last I saw a woman spinning by a rousing fire! how anxiously did I wish to be seated by it! Twice had I the knocker of the door in my hand, and as often did I drop it; so great were my apprehensions and fears of approaching any dwelling place; my last rencontre had greatly heightened them, and not having plenty of cash to purchase myself off, was another powerful reason for alarm. Notwithstanding all my fears, and all the embarrassments I laboured under, I at last seized the knocker the third time, and rapped; the door was opened by a man, who surveyed me from top to toe. I was covered all over with mud and dirt, and dripping wet; he could clearly perceive from my appearance and miserable aspect, that I had been secluded for some time from my own species, and had been doomed to associate, or rather herd with the animals that inhabit the forests; indeed the voice of the screech-owls, during my night wanderings, was the only one I had heard for some time, which had become quite habitual to me. While this fellow remained with his eyes rivetted on me, I assured him in French that I was very thirsty, and asked him if he would have the goodness to give me something to drink? He could not speak French, but made me under-



stand he had nothing. I discovered a pail of water, and pointed to it; upon which he brought me a ladle-full. I took the liberty of sitting by the fire, though this inhospitable boor never asked me. I did not much like the appearance of the place, nor did it appear I had any thing to expect that could be to me of the smallest service. I asked him the road to Strasbourgh, it was close by. I was about to quit the fire side, when a tailor arrived to work for the family, he also began to survey me very close. I heard him whisper to the man of the house, and mention very distinctly the words Englander, and Bitche. He then addressed me, and asked if I were authorized to travel, whether I had a passport, and several impertinent questions. I replied, that he must be a very impudent fellow to ask such curious improper questions and that I should not gratify a rascal of his description; and that I wished to know by what authority he could presume to interrogate any stranger in so unhandsome a manner. The scoundrel smiled. I observed to the landlord, that the inclemency of the morning was what occasioned my stopping at his house, particularly as I had seen no village or public house contiguous; but as there were no hopes of the weather becoming fair, I should continue my road to Strasbourgh, which was twelve leagues off; and Bitche, I was given to understand, was only three leagues, which mortified me greatly, to find what little progress I had made in so many days. But to return;—they sat down, tailor and family, to breakfast, without asking the unfortunate stranger to partake; so he of course took his leave and departed.

*To be continued.*

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THE ANTIQUARIAN, No. I.  
SOME ACCOUNT OF THE CIVIL WAR IN DEVON  
A. D. 1549.

EPITOMIZED FROM HOOKER, &c.

THE reformation made by Henry VIII., in the religion of this country, was more pretended than real: it was not until the reign of his successor, Edward VI., that the talents and virtues of Somerset, the protector, and Archbishop Cranmer were engaged in completing that great work. Their first step was to obtain a general visitation of the churches; in the course of which, many abuses, almost held sacred by prescription, were reformed:—the necessity of confession was removed, all images were taken out of the churches, and other salutary alterations made in the offices of public worship. But these reforms, although evidently calculated for the benefit of the subject, were by no means received with universal satisfaction. The following

is a succinct account of one among the many insurrections to which it gave rise ; and which broke out at Sampford Courtenay, in this county, on Whit Monday, in the year 1549.

The ninth of June had been appointed by act of parliament, for first reading the reformed liturgy ; and although, in some parts of the kingdom, the people seemed to acquiesce in the change, if not cheerfully, yet in silence, in others and especially the western counties, it was promptly and openly resisted. On the day succeeding that of the innovation, the peasantry of Sampford Courtenay, headed by one Underhill, a tailor, and others, “declared that they would keep to the religious profession of their forefathers.” Allëdging at the same time, that the alteration had been precipitated, and was contrary to the last will of King Henry VIII., of blessed memory. The minister, although at first he made a shew of opposing them, soon gave way ; and resuming his attire as a popish priest, celebrated mass, together with the rest of the Roman Catholic service. Popular exultation, and the spread of similar disturbances soon drew the interference of the neighbouring justices, who, with Sir Hugh Pollard as their foreman, sought to confer with the rioters. But, as some of these gentlemen were thought to be themselves ill-affected towards the change, a suspicion their want of energy at the outset tended to confirm, the meeting rather promoted the commotion than otherwise.

As the state of affairs with Scotland, at that time, occupied the attention of government, Sir Peter and Sir Gawen Carew, knights, were dispatched into Devonshire, to aid the weal authorities ; a commission in which the Lord Privy Seal Russel was soon after associated. On the arrival of the former, and Sir Piers Courtenay, who was then sheriff, informing them that the populace, headed by those of Sampford, were in force at Crediton, it was determined again to attempt gentle means in order to

quiet them. The attempt however had no better fortune than before: the rioters barricadoed the entrance to the town, and although they at first made a shew of conference, the gentlemen were denied admission, which was only affected by burning a barn, in which some of the malcontents had posted themselves. After this, the magistrates returned to Exeter, leaving the people still more exasperated than hitherto. Their excitement was, in the main, fostered and kept alive by artifices of the Romish priests, who had been expelled their monasteries, or were deprived of their benefices on refusing to conform to the new state of things; yet some reports of temporal grievances also contributed to fan the flame: among these was one not altogether so terrific in our day, "that the people would be compelled to pay an excise for whatever they ate or drank." Nor can it be denied, but that the lower orders at that time endured many oppressions, and some of no ordinary severity; which Somerset, although his inclination lay with them, was without the power to relieve.

Soon after the affair at Crediton, disturbances broke out in a fresh quarter. A gentleman, named Walter Raleigh, had attempted to remonstrate with a woman of St. Mary Clyst, near Exeter, whom he met on the highway, carrying a rosary of beads in her hand. The devotee took this so ill—as to publish what he had urged on her with so many unwarranted additions, that the people flew to arming themselves, and put their village in a posture of defence. Mr. Raleigh narrowly escaped an attack made on him; and being assisted by a few sailors in his train, found sanctuary in a chapel: he was subsequently taken prisoner, and kept some time in rigid confinement in the tower of St. Sidwell's Church.

Sir Peter Carew, who headed a deputation from the justices at Exeter, to these misguided men, succeeded, not without a musket being levelled at him,



in the attempt, in establishing a parley with them. Accordingly three gentlemen were admitted within the hamlet, and continued their efforts to appease the popular discontent until night-fall. At last the alarm of their friends without had well nigh threatened their safety, by a party attempting to rescue them; when they were suffered to return, having gained nothing beyond a promise of tranquility on the part of the populace, provided the reformation were deferred until the king came of age. The ill success of this conference, caused much dissention among the magistrates, some of whom openly reproved their brethren of insincerity in the reformed cause. On the other hand, the malcontents were not slow to profit by such a state of things; and Sir Peter Carew had hardly time to join Lord Russel at George Henton, in Somersetshire, when they advanced to lay siege to Exeter, under the conduct of Humphrey Arundel, Esq., Governor of St. Michael's Mount; and among his associates, many of them from the lowest grades of society. The names of eight priests have been preserved by cotemporary chroniclers, but whether these appeared in army, or only abetted the revolt in council, we are not informed; one of them will find notice hereafter.

On the 2nd of July, Exeter was closely invested by the rebel army, and soon reduced to great extremities. Hooker says that the bread soon failed, and the citizens were compelled to resort to *puffing*, and bran baked in cloths in order to keep it together; afterwards they were reduced to feed on horse flesh, and soon had to regret the scanty supply of even this unsavoury diet. What held out longest we are told, was rice, salt fish, prunes, raisins, and wine. It does not however fall within the scope of this paper to relate all that occurred during a close blockade of five weeks; or the cabals which distracted the city, in which were many not well inclined to the royal cause. A successful sally, in which the citizens had captured and brought in some of the



rebel ordnance, as bases and slings, gave rise to a quarrel among the most zealous. In this, as we are informed by the cotemporary writer above mentioned, the daughter of one master Barnard Duffeld, a person in the service of Lord Russel, "not only uttered many unseemly and disrespectful speeches, but struck the mayor in the face." It appears that this virago was disappointed in obtaining the release of her father, imprisoned among other causes, for using ill language also to his worship the same mayor.

The conduct of a Flemish haquebutter in one of these sallies is too much in Falstaff's style to be omitted: in order to escape the blow of a bill-hook which threatened him, this valiant soldier fell down as if dead, then shot the bill-man as he passed him by, and, adds old Hooker, "took his spoile."

The rebels had by this time, after much dissention among themselves in drawing them up, resolved on forwarding to the king certain articles:—these went chiefly to uphold the doctrine of trans-substantiation; to maintain the use of the catholic liturgy, and not, as they quaintly characterized the reformed office, "God's service to be sett foorth as a Christmasse plaie:" they further insisted on the celibacy of the clergy, and the observance of the six articles of the late king. It was plain that a resort to arms must now decide the controversy; yet the crown not only issued a general proclamation to the rebels, offering pardon to such as within three days submitted themselves, but also a message in express reference to their stipulations:—of this last we notice that it has, both in manner and expression, a remarkable accordance with the book of Homilies, first published in that reign.

From George Henton, Sir Peter Carew repaired to London, and there reported before the council whatever had occurred. When he spoke of the houses burned in Crediton, the lord protector greatly blamed that proceeding; and although the commissioner produced his authority for any such step in

the king's own hand, Rich, the chancellor, replied, that the warrant was insufficient, as not having the broad seal attached to it. In the end, however, Sir Peter was dispatched once more into the west, to join Lord Russel, whom he found at Honiton, with few attendants, and those of doubtful fealty. Indeed so critical had grown his position, in absence of all aid from court, that he thought at one time of retreating into Dorsetshire; but a timely loan, raised for him by three wealthy merchants of Exeter, followed by reinforcements from the king, put him at length in a condition to meet the rebels, who had advanced to meet him as far as Fennington Bridge. This was soon forced, not, however, without some loss, and although the royal troops received a partial check, being attacked by a fresh body of Cornish insurgents, while engaged in stripping the slain, the rebels were at length put to flight: Lord Russel deterred from advancing at once on Exeter by a false alarm, *raised by one Joll, his fool*, returned to Honiton to await further reinforcements. These presently joined him, consisting of a body of horse under the command of Lord Grey of Wilton, and others, and three hundred foreign musqueteers, commanded by Baptiste Spinola, a noble Genoese.

On the 3rd of August, the royal camp then lying at Woodbury was attacked, but without success, by the rebels of Clyst: it does, however, argue much for the triumph of the king's troops in this skirmish, in which a windmill, belonging to the loyalist owner of Woodbury, was destroyed,—that a thanksgiving sermon on the occasion, preached by Lord Russel's chaplain, the celebrated Miles Coverdale, afterwards bishop of this diocese, was interrupted by the report of a renewed attack. Indeed, the reckless valor of the insurgents, while it drew forth its meed of well-deserved applause from the veteran Lord Grey, kept the royal forces in continued apprehension; what they wanted in discipline, they strove to supply by the suddenness of their onslaught. But when

this failed, we find the rebels invariably retreated in disorder, of which a single instance will suffice to show the extent. An important position at a bridge near Clyst had been left with no other defence than a solitary arquebuss, and although the rebel succeeded in killing the first who attempted the pass, he was slain in the act of reloading his piece by a bill-man, who stole on him unperceived from behind.

Next morning the army was marching in three divisions to attack the rebels, who had entrenched themselves in the village of Clyst St. Mary, when Sir Thomas Pomeroy, knight, a captain in the insurgent forces, executed a stratagem which succeeded in throwing the royalists into disorder. Concealing himself and a drummer in the line of march, he beat an onset in their rear, on which Lord Russel, thinking he had been surrounded, immediately gave orders for retreating; this was done in such haste, that a train of waggons, laden with ammunition and treasure, was suffered to fall into the hands of the rebels, by whom these things were much wanted. The troops rallied however, and advanced again towards the town, during which service they lost Sir William Francis, a gentleman of Somerset, who commanded the first division; he was killed in a hollow-way enfiladed by the enemy, who crushed his helmet into his head, by throwing heavy stones on him. The resistance was so obstinate, that no advantage could be gained over them, until the king's troops had fired the village, when the insurgents made a precipitate retreat, having lost, in slain, burnt in the houses, or drowned in attempting to cross the river, about a thousand men. In the evening, as they lay at Clyst-heath, Lord Grey rode to a hill to reconnoitre the enemy, and observed, as he thought, a strong body of men marching towards the king's camp from Woodbury: the mistake was attended with fatal consequences to those taken or who had surrendered themselves at the wind-mill, and in Clyst, who, as a matter of



precaution, were immediately put to death, "each man dispatching his prisoners."

The following night was employed by the rebels, who in part broke up from before Exeter, in fortifying a position on Clyst heath; in which they made such progress, masking their ordnance and taking other precautions, that it became necessary to use circumspection in the attempt to force them from it. Accordingly a body of pioneers was detached to level the fences of the inclosed grounds near them; and on this being accomplished, the insurgents found themselves assaulted in flank and rear: a short but desperate conflict, which few or none of these misguided men survived, decided the triumph of the King's cause, and raised the siege of Exeter. Lord Russel was now reinforced by a thousand Welsh troops, under Sir William Herbert, master of the horse; "they came too late," Hooker observes, "to have any share in the fray, but were very industrious in pillaging the country."

But while the commissioner was following up the stern consequences of the insurrection, attaining or executing such of the ringleaders as had fallen into his hands, and rewarding his followers from the produce of the confiscations, his presence became requisite on the original site of the rebellion. The disorders of this warfare seem to have been violent rather than numerous, but popular frenzy raged highest at Sampford: this, the following instances may help to evince. The reformed religion, the King's proceedings as it was then called, had found a zealous friend in William Hellions, a gentleman of that place; his exertions and remonstrances excited so much the indignation of the insurgents, that he was seized and confined in the church house there. While in this place the prisoner's loyalty induced him to make a last appeal to them, in which his spirit seems to have led him beyond the bounds of prudence. The error cost him his life; the malcontents became exasperated to that degree, that as



he attempted to withdraw on Gith bridge, they struck him behind with a bill-hook ; in short, notwithstanding his cries for mercy, they cleft him in pieces, and in burying the dismembered fragments, laid them north and south, as being the body of a confirmed heretic.

The royal army, now swelled by the Welch and other reinforcements to eight thousand strong, marched to attack a line of intrenchments, which had been thrown up at Sampford, Sir William Herbert being in command of the advance. The ground before the village, though contested with spirit, was presently carried with trivial loss on the part of the crown ; but a Welch captain, named Ap Owen, and some others were slain in assaulting a rampart erected at the entrance of the village. After this, the dispirited remains of the insurgents effected a retreat into Somersetshire, where they were attacked and routed at King's Weston, by Sir Hugh Paulet, the knight marshall, one of their chief captains, a gentleman named Coffin being taken prisoner ; he was subsequently executed with Arundel Winslade and other leaders in London.

The character and fate of Welsh, the priest, must be given nearly in old Hooker's own words. This man had many good things in him : he was of no great stature, but well set and mighty compact ; he was a very good wrestler, shot well both in the long and cross bow, handled his firelock well, was a good woodman, and hardy, and such a one as would not give his head for the polling, nor his beard for the washing. He was hung in chains, on the steeple of St. Thomas' Church, of which he was vicar ; he made a confession, but took his death very patiently, and some few in respect of his good qualifications lamented his case.

Sir William Francis and Ap Owen were both of them buried with military honors, in Exeter Cathedral.

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## ADVENTURE WITH A LION.—MIRACULOUS ESCAPE.

IN the month of July, 1831, two fine lions made their appearance in a jungle, some twenty miles distant from the cantonment of Rajcote, in the East Indies, where Captain Woodhouse, and his two friends, Lieutenants Delamain and Lang, were stationed. An elephant was dispatched to the place in the evening on which the information arrived; and on the morrow, at the break of day, the three gentlemen set off on horseback, full of glee, and elated with the hope of a speedy engagement. On arriving at the edge of the jungle, people were ordered to ascend the neighbouring trees, that they might be able to trace the route of the lions, in case they left the cover. After beating about in the jungle for some time, the hunters started the two lordly strangers. The officers fired immediately, and one of the lions fell to rise no more. His companion broke cover, and took off across the country. The officers now pursued him on horseback, as fast as the nature of the ground would allow, until they learned from the men who were stationed in the trees, and who held up flags by way of signal, that the lion had gone back into the thicket. Upon this, the three officers returned to the edge of the jungle, and having dismounted from their horses, they got upon the elephant; Captain Woodhouse placing himself in the hindermost seat. They now proceeded towards the heart of the jungle, in the expectation of rousing the royal fugitive a second time. They found him standing under a large bush, with his face directly towards them. The lion allowed them to approach within range of his spring, and then he made a sudden dart at the elephant, clung on his trunk with a tremendous roar, and wounded him just above the eye. While he was in the act of doing this, the two lieutenants fired at him, but without success. The elephant now shook him off; but the fierce and sudden attack on the part of the lion seemed to have thrown him into the greatest consternation. This was the first time he had ever come in contact with so formidable an animal; and much exertion was used before his riders succeeded in urging him on again in quest of the lion. At last, he became somewhat more tractable; but, as he was advancing through the jungle, all of a sudden, the lion, which had lain concealed in the high grass, made at him with redoubled fury. The officers now lost all hopes of keeping their elephant in order. He turned round abruptly, and was going away quite ungovernable, when

the lion again sprang at him, seized his hinder parts with his teeth, and hung on them, until the affrighted animal managed to shake him off by incessant kicking.

The lion retreated farther into the thicket; Captain Woodhouse in the mean time, firing a random shot at him, which proved of no avail; as the jolting of the elephant, and the uproar of the moment, prevented him from taking a steady aim. No exertions on the part of the officers could now force the terrified elephant to face his fierce foe, and they found themselves reduced to the necessity of dismounting. Determined, however, to come to still closer quarters with the formidable king of quadrupeds, Captain Woodhouse took the desperate resolution to proceed on foot in quest of him; and, after searching about for some time, he saw the lion indistinctly through the bushes, and discharged his rifle at him; but he was pretty well convinced that he had not hit him; for he saw the lion retire, with the utmost composure, into the thicker parts of the brake. The two lieutenants, who had remained at the outside of the jungle, joined their companion, on hearing the report of his gun.

The weather was intolerably sultry. After vainly spending a considerable time in creeping through the grass and bushes, with the hope of discovering the place of the lion's retreat, they concluded that he had passed quite through the jungle, and gone off in an opposite direction. Resolved not to let their game escape, the lieutenants returned to the elephant, and immediately proceeded round the jungle, expecting to discover the route which they conjectured the lion had taken. Captain Woodhouse, however, remained in the thicket, and, as he could discern the print of the animal's feet on the ground, he boldly resolved to follow up the track, at all hazards. The Indian gamefinder, who continued with his commander, at last espied the lion in the cover, and pointed him out to the captain, who fired, but unfortunately missed his mark. There was now no alternative left but to retreat and to load his rifle. Having retired to a distance, he was joined by Lieutenant Delamain, who had dismounted from his elephant on hearing the report of the gun. This unexpected meeting increased the captain's hopes of ultimate success. He lost no time in pointing out to the lieutenant the place where he would probably find the lion, and said he would be up with him in a moment or two.

Lieutenant Delamain, on going eight or ten paces down a sheep track, got a sight of the lion, and instantly discharged his rifle at



him. This irritated the mighty lord of the woods, and he rushed towards him, breaking through the bushes (to use the captain's own words) "in most magnificent style." Captain Woodhouse now found himself placed in an awkward situation. He was aware that if he retraced his steps, in order to put himself in a better position for attack, he would just get to the point from which the lieutenant had fired, and to which the lion was making : wherefore, he instantly resolved to stand still, in the hopes that the lion would pass by, at a distance of four yards or so, without perceiving him, as the intervening cover was thick and strong. In this, however, he was most unfortunately deceived ; for the enraged lion saw him in passing, and flew at him with a dreadful roar. In an instant, as though it had been done by a stroke of lightning, the rifle was broken and thrown out of the captain's hand, his left arm, at the same moment, being seized by the claws, and his right by the teeth of his desperate antagonist. While these two brave and sturdy combatants, " whose courage none could stain," were yet standing in mortal conflict, Lieutenant Delamain ran up, and discharged his piece full at the lion. This caused the lion and the captain to come to the ground together, while Lieutenant Delamain hastened out of the jungle to reload his gun. The lion now began to craunch the captain's arm ; but as the brave fellow, notwithstanding the pain which this horrid process caused, had the cool determined resolution to lie still, the lordly savage let the arm drop out of his mouth, and quietly placed himself in a couching position, with both his paws upon the thigh of his fallen foe. While things were in this untoward situation, the captain, unthinkingly, raised his hand to support his head, which had got placed ill at ease in the fall. No sooner, however, had he moved it, than the lion seized the lacerated arm a second time ; craunched it, as before, and fractured the bone still higher up. This additional *memento mori* from the lion was not lost upon Captain Woodhouse ; it immediately put him in mind that he had committed an act of imprudence in stirring. The motionless state in which he persevered after this broad hint showed that he had learned to profit by the painful lesson.

He now lay bleeding and disabled, under the foot of a mighty and an irritated enemy. Death was close upon him, armed with every terror calculated to appal the heart of a prostrate and defenceless man. Just as this world, with all its flitting honours was on the point of vanishing for ever, he heard two faint reports of a gun, which he thought sounded from a distance ; but he was



totally at a loss to account for them. He learned, after the affair was over, that the reports were caused by his friend at the outside of the jungle, who had flashed off some powder, in order to be quite sure that the nipples of his rifle were clean.

The two lieutenants were now hastening to his assistance, and he heard the welcome sound of feet approaching ; but, unfortunately, they were in a wrong direction, as the lion was betwixt them and him. Aware that, if his friends fired, the balls would hit him, after they had passed through the lion's body, Captain Woodhouse quietly pronounced, in a low and subdued tone, "to the other side ! to the other side !" Hearing the voice, they looked in the direction from whence it proceeded, and to their horror saw their brave comrade in the utmost need. Having made a circuit they cautiously came up on the other side, and Lieutenant Delamain, whose coolness in encounters with wild beasts had always been conspicuous, from a distance of about a dozen yards, fired at the lion over the person of the prostrate warrior.

The lion merely quivered ; his head dropped upon the ground, and in an instant he lay dead on his side, close to his intended victim. The lieutenant's aim was so good and true, that it puts one in mind of what happened at Chevy Chase :

" Against Sir Hugh Montgomery  
So right the shaft was set,  
The grey goose wing that was thereon  
In his heart's blood was wet ! "

Thus ended this ever-memorable homoleonine encounter. From what has been related, a proof may be drawn of the utility of lying quite still, when we have the misfortune to be struck to the ground by an animal of the cat tribe.

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## PLYMOUTH INSTITUTION.

## PROCEEDINGS IN THE ATHENÆUM.

NOVEMBER 26TH.—Mr. S. PURDON's *Sketch of the History of Ireland*.

THE Lecturer in stating *facts*, found himself obliged to expose circumstances, which condemned the conduct both of English Governors and English *Adventurers*.

It is evident from the authority of history, that, from the first invasion of Ireland, by the English, in the reign of Henry the second, England never has, down to the present day, entirely or completely established a fair moral and conclusive dominion over the people.

The native Irish were treated with a contempt the most offensive, and even the first English settlers in Ireland were soon treated with similar contempt, though there was a vast political distinction made between the purely Irish, and the Anglo-Irish, in respect to laws and privileges.

The pride of the Irish was wounded by such treatment, and their natural generosity revolted against their oppressors.

The mutual repulsion which has existed between the two islands, has been *erroneously* attributed to a modern cause, the difference of religion. But the discord grew up long before such difference existed; neither could the original disagreement be attributed to a superstitious principle; for when the Britons invaded the country, Ireland had not submitted to the papal domination, but *England was then, and for ages before, the superstitious vassal of the Romish hierarchy*. And it is well authenticated by Archbishop Usher, and by others, that the precepts taught in Ireland, in the first centuries of the Christian æra, as well as those taught there by saint Patrick, were all free from the erroneous novelties which had corrupted the Romish church.

From the authorities of Lord Coke, Sir John Davies, Baron Finglus, and a variety of other illustrious names; we have great reason to believe the moral disposition of the REAL IRISH were most excellent.

And when we compare the dispositions of the present inhabitants of the island, and trace their *different descents*, we find that those who are of the aboriginal stock, are of natures far more pure and generous, than are those who are of a foreign or a mixed stock.

On the *western* shore, where dwell an almost *unmixed* descent of aboriginal Irish ; the people differ widely from their countrymen in the east ; they are less turbulent, more patient, and easy to be led. Here we have found the *heart* and genius of an Oliver Goldsmith ; men who possess the elements of untutored genius, imagination, feeling, thoughtfulness, and kindness of heart. But in that part of the island, where there is a *mingled* population, we experience something of ferocity of character—an unquiet spirit.

And the poet Spenser, who held an estate in Ireland, and resided there, expressly says, “ the chiefest abuses which are now in the realm of Ireland, are grown from the English settlers ; and the English are more difficult to govern than the Irish.”

The Irish were remarkable in early times, for their skill in music, according to the simple science of those early ages ; in the accounts and praises of Cambrensis, of Polydon Virgil, of Galilæi, and even of Handel.

#### LEARNING.

Ireland is known to have excelled all the other countries of Europe in literature, for four successive centuries, and to have been the school of learning during all that time. The venerable Bede bears testimony to the truth of this assertion. And so much esteemed was learning in that country, that the most indulgent privileges were yielded to the literati : their persons, lives, and properties were held sacred and inviolable in the turmoil of contending and hostile warfare ; and a remnant of this reverence for the superior cultivation of the human intellect prevailed, in three of the provinces, to the reign of Charles the first ; nor is this love of literature yet entirely obliterated : we find very many of the *lowest peasantry* of Munster, and of Corinaught, *classically informed*, and speak latin, and can translate the classics with fluency and grammatical precision. Sir James Ware, in his “Antiquities of Ireland,” has given a long and numerous detail of authors of the first class.

Only a few memorials of this literature can now be easily found, because the Danes, in their barbarous pillage, destroyed or took away all the monuments of learning, which fell within their grasp ; and, afterwards the Norman invaders from England, in a spirit of evil policy, completely plundered her documents, and destroyed, as far as they could, every trace and vestige of antiquity and ancient fame. Literary documents of Irish genius are scattered about in libraries of Denmark, France, Italy, and private repositories, but closed up in disregarded obscurity.

Although the princes of Ireland had been frequently tributaries, yet they *never acknowledged subjection to the Crown of England, until the beginning of the seventeenth century.* Henry II. left the princes and chieftains in full possession of their original powers; the Crown of England did not, from the beginning, give laws to the Irish, but left them to themselves, and even refused them the benefit of English jurisdiction, when they requested to have it granted, and even tendered a large pecuniary reward for the boon.

The secret was this,—the great English lords, settlers, found it more for their selfish purposes, that the English Constitution should not extend to, or protect, the Milesian Irish, that so a free course might be left for their own oppressions, and, that they, whose lands they coveted, might be considered as aliens, and their own violence and plunder freed from the terrors of a just and impartial tribunal.

In short, the native Irish were out of the protection of the law, so much so, that every Englishman might oppress, spoil, and murder an Irishman with impunity; or, if put upon his trial, he need but plead, that the murdered person was "*purus Hibernicus*," i. e., a mere Irishman, which, if true, acquitted the party offending. Sir John Davies quotes records to prove this.

Even after the English laws were bestowed upon Ireland, it is a well known fact, that the policy was to govern Ireland, not with a view to the happiness of the people, but only to prevent her from falling into the hands of foreign and hostile nations; and, especially to prevent her from using her energies to become a powerful or prosperous country, lest she might become a dangerous rival to the commercial greatness of England. Arguments were used to prove that it was the interest of England to weaken Ireland, by misgovernment, and to distract her by factious disorders. The principle of Machiavel—"divide et impera" was the order of the day.

The grand reformation which took place in England, about the twentieth year of Henry VIII., was unfavorably received in Ireland; (*that country which had, before the arrival of the English, refused, and repudiated the authority of the Pope for centuries:*) for Ireland, in the reign of Henry VIII., was in a most refractory and distracted state, owing to many untoward and criminal causes of neglect and malgovernment; at that time, her state was, surely, the most uncongenial and ill-adapted for the speculation and inquiry requisite to prepare an entire people



for a change so important. It was not possible, or at least, not very likely, that a people, so harassed by a continual succession of petty wars and political convulsion, constantly distracted by the alarm and violence of invasion, could be prepared with mind, for the consideration of subjects so sedate, and, to them, difficult and abstruse, and, to complete the misfortune, **FATUITY** itself was called to aid the anomalous state of things; by broaching that reformation, in a language which the aboriginal Irish did not understand, nor speak in general.

Much pains were taken to make the people think that Ireland was a fief of the Roman Pontificate, and, therefore, it was considered rebellious, and a greater offence to deny the authority of the Pope.

And further, to excite Romish opposition, and to stimulate the Irish chieftains; a letter was written by a foreign bishop, in the name of the Roman Cardinals, to the O'Neil, informing him of an ancient prophecy, which declared that "the power of the church of Rome shall surely fall, whenever the power of the Pope shall perish in Ireland. That whenever the influence of Rome shall fail in Ireland, the See of Rome is fated to destruction." Therefore, O'Neil and his adherents were urged to be the more zealous and determined.

But still the opposition to the reformation was not the cause of the distractions of Ireland, whatever use may have been made of it as a pretence. The cause and causes had existed long before this event.

There appears to be a special Providence watching over the connection between England and Ireland, which no provocation offered to the Irish, no spoliation inflicted upon them, no resentment on their parts, could at any time avail to dissolve; neither could the blindness, nor the impotence, nor the imprudence on the part of Britain prevail to sever that union.

The knowledge of past events, and the failures of an evil policy, are now beginning to be considered; and the interesting history of the country altogether proves, to the most careless observer, that the Moral of Ireland is to be purchased by good government only.

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DECEMBER 2RD.—REV. MR. SMITH'S Lecture on *Geology*.

THE Lecturer commenced his paper, by adverting to the advantages proposed by geological research; descanted briefly on the bearing of local and practical geology, on the useful purposes of life, as agriculture, and mining, the construction of roads and canals; and met some objections which have been raised against theoretic geology. He then endeavoured to fix the exact province of its investigation, distinguishing the science from physical geography, and mineralogy, and proving that it ought not to be identified necessarily with cosmogony. A brief notice of the various theories of the earth was then submitted to the society, which embraced an examination of the schemes of Woodward and Hutton, Halley and Barnet, Kepler and Descartes. The lecturer concluded this notice by observing, "these theories will be received for as much as they are worth; some of them are consigned, by general consent, to the tombs of all the Capulets, and it is not needful to exhume their remains, for the purpose of exhibiting their folly." He then presented a sketch of the rise and progress of geological science, observing that few traces of its existence are found in the Greek or Roman classics; that it made little progress during the decline of the Roman empire, was somewhat advanced by the Saracens, and that subsequent to the revival of letters in Europe, it alternately progressed by diligent observation, and was retarded by religious bigotry till the present century, since which the principles of the science have assumed a settled character. An epitome of its present state and discoveries, led the lecturer to speak of formations, which he noticed in the ascending order, and afterward classified and descanted upon the vegetable and animal fossil remains. He then proceeded to deduce certain conclusions from the examined facts, as to the changes which have passed on the surface of the globe. The lecturer contended, that it is in the highest degree probable, that the strata forming the exterior crust of the earth, have been deposited at different periods, and at vast intervals, and supported the view by the construction and superposition of rocks, and by the distribution of organic remains. He showed the compatability of such a conclusion, with the Biblical record of the Creation, and protested against the temerity of Bugg, Pen, and other writers of that school, who have opposed the Mosaic and mineral geologies to each other, and contended that the sacred record was never intended for such competition. He examined the theory of Lyall, who holds, that all changes on the earth's surface may be

accounted for by existing causes, and showed that they were inadequate to produce certain effects, some of which he accounted for by a universal deluge, answering to that narrated in the Pentateuch. He concluded the paper by pointing out several features of subserviency to final causes, observing, "in all these particulars, we find such undeniable proofs of a nicely balanced adaptation of means to an end, of benevolent prescience, and infinite power, that the mind of that man must be fearfully degenerated, who refuses to recognize in them proofs of the most exalted attributes of the Creator.

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## THE BATTLE OF ALGIERS.

THE fleet continued beating against a head wind until midnight, on the 24th, when the wind shifted to south-west. On Monday, the 26th, at noon, they made Cape Cazzina, the northern point of the bay of Algiers, and about twenty miles from the town. Next morning at day-break, Algiers itself was in sight. As the ships lay nearly becalmed, Lord Exmouth sent away Lieutenant Burgess in one of the Queen Charlotte's boats, under a flag of truce, with the terms dictated by the Prince Regent, and a demand for the immediate liberation of the consul, and the people of the Prometheus. The Severn was directed to tow the boat, but as she made very little way, the boat was ordered by signal to cast off, and proceed alone to the shore. At eleven o'clock, she was met outside the Mole by the captain of the port, who received the communication, and promised an answer in two hours. In the meantime, a breeze springing up from the sea, the fleet stood into the bay, and lay to about a mile from the town.

At two o'clock the boat was seen returning, with the signal that no answer had been given. The Queen Charlotte immediately telegraphed to the fleet, "are you ready?" Immediately the affirmative was displayed from every ship, and the whole bore up to their appointed stations.



The Queen Charlotte led to the attack. It was Lord Exmouth's intention not to reply to the enemy's fire in bearing down, unless it should become galling. In that case, the middle and main-deck guns, thirty long 24-pounders, were to have opened; keeping the upper deck for shortening sail, and the lower for working the cables. The guns on these decks were not primed until the ship had anchored. But the Algerines reserved their fire, confident in the strength of their defences, and expecting to carry the flag-ship by boarding her from the gun-boats, which were all filled with men. Steered by the master of the fleet, Mr. Gaze, who had sailed with Lord Exmouth in every ship he commanded from the beginning of the war, the Queen Charlotte proceeded silently to her position. At half-past two, she anchored by the stern, just half a cable's length from the Mole-head, and was lashed by a hawser to the mainmast of an Algerine brig, which lay at the entrance of the harbour. Her starboard broadside flanked all the batteries from the Mole-head to the Light-house. The Mole was crowded with troops, many of whom got upon the parapet to look at the ship; and Lord Exmouth, observing them as he stood upon the poop, waved to them to move away. As soon as the ship was fairly placed, and her cables stoppered, the crew gave three hearty cheers, such as Englishmen only can give. Scarcely had the sound of the last died away, when a gun was fired from the upper tier of the eastern battery; and a second, and a third followed in quick succession. One of the shots struck the Superb. At the first flash, Lord Exmouth gave the order, "Stand by!" at the second, "Fire!" The report of the third gun was drowned in the thunder of the Queen Charlotte's broadside.

The enemy now opened from all their batteries. None of the ships, except the Queen Charlotte and Leander, had yet reached their stations. Preparations had been previously made in all, to avoid the



necessity of exposing the men aloft when shortening sail. Following the flag-ship, the *Superb* anchored about two hundred and fifty yards astern of her, and the *Minden* at about her own length from the *Superb*. The *Albion* came to astern of the *Minden*, which passed her stream cable out of the larboard gun-room port to the *Albion's* bow, and brought the two ships together. The *Impregnable* was anchored astern of the *Albion*.

The large frigates, and the Dutch squadron, particularly the *Melampus*, their flag-ship, went into action under a very heavy fire, and with a gallantry that never was surpassed. The *Leander* had placed herself on the *Queen Charlotte's* larboard bow, at the entrance of the harbour; her starboard broadside bearing upon the Algerine gun-boats with the after guns, and upon the Fish-market battery with the others. The *Severn* lay a-head of the *Leander*, with all her starboard broadside bearing upon the Fish-market battery. Beyond her, the *Glasgow* fired upon the town batteries with her larboard guns. The Dutch squadron took the assigned position, before the works to the southward of the town. It was their Admiral's intention to place the *Melampus* in the centre; but his second a-head, the *Diana*, having anchored too far to the southward to allow this, he pushed the *Melampus* past her, and anchored close astern of the *Glasgow*.

The two smaller frigates, the *Hebrus* and *Granicus*, were left to take part in the battle wherever they might find an opening. Eager to gain a position in the line, the *Hebrus* pressed forward to place herself next the flag-ship, till, becalmed by the cannonade, she was obliged to anchor on the *Queen Charlotte's* larboard quarter. Captain Wise, of the *Granicus*, waited until all the ships had taken their stations. Then, setting topgallant-sails and courses, he steered for where Lord Exmouth's flag was seen towering above the smoke; and, with a seamanship equalled only by his intrepidity, anchored in the open space

between the Queen Charlotte and Superb; thus, with a small-class frigate, taking a position, of which, said Lord Exmouth, a three-decker might be justly proud.

Eastward of the Light-house, at the distance of two thousand yards, were placed the bomb-vessels; whose shells were thrown with admirable precision by the Marine Artillery. The smaller vessels, except the Mutine, which anchored, continued under sail, firing occasionally wherever they saw opportunity. The flotilla of gun, rocket, and mortar boats, directed by Captain Michell, were distributed at the openings between the line-of-battle ships, and at the entrance to the Mole.

Thus the ships commanded the strongest of the enemy's defences, while they were exposed to the weakest part of his fire. The officers and men felt new confidence when they saw the power derived from the admirable disposition of their force. All behaved most nobly; and it was not long before the state of the Algerine batteries gave proof that their courage was fully equalled by their skill.

In a few minutes, indeed before the battle had become general, the Queen Charlotte had ruined the fortifications on the Mole-head. She then sprang her broadside towards the northward, to bear upon the batteries over the gate which leads to the Mole, and upon the upper works of the Light-house. Her shot struck with the most fatal accuracy, crumbling the tower of the Light-house to ruins, and bringing down gun after gun from the batteries. The last of these guns was dismounted just as the artillerymen were in the act of discharging it; when an Algerine chief was seen to spring upon the ruins of the parapet, and with impotent rage, to shake his scimitar against the ship. Her men proved themselves as expert amidst the realities of war, as they had before shown themselves in exercise; and some of them were detected amusing themselves, in the wantonness of their skill, by firing at the Algerine flag-staffs.

Soon after the battle began, the enemy's flotilla of gun-boats advanced, with a daring which deserved a better fate, to board the *Queen Charlotte* and *Leander*. The smoke covered them at first, but as soon as they were seen, a few guns, chiefly from the *Leander*, sent thirty-three out of thirty-seven to the bottom.

At four o'clock, when a general and heavy fire had been maintained for more than an hour without producing any appearance of submission, Lord Exmouth determined to destroy the Algerine ships. Accordingly, the *Leander* having first been ordered to cease firing, the flag-ship's barge, directed by Lieutenant Peter Richards, with Major Gossett, of the miners, Lieutenant Wolridge, of the marines, and Mr. M'Clintock, a midshipman, boarded the nearest frigate, and fired her so effectually with the laboratory torches, and a carcass-shell placed on the main-deck, that she was completely in flames almost before the barge's crew were over her side. The crew of a rocket-boat belonging to the *Hebrus* were prompted by a natural, but unfortunate ardour, to follow the barge, though forbidden; but the boat pulling heavily, she became exposed to a fire of musquetry, which killed an officer and three men, and wounded several others. Lord Exmouth stood watching the barge from the gangway, delighted with the promptitude with which his orders were executed. When the frigate burst into a flame, he telegraphed to the fleet the animating signal, "Infallible!" and, as the barge was returning, he ordered those around him to welcome her alongside with three cheers.

It was hoped that the flames would communicate from this frigate to the rest of the Algerine shipping; but she burnt from her moorings, and, passing clear of her consorts, drifted along the broadsides of the *Queen Charlotte* and *Leander*, and grounded a-head of the latter, under the wall of the town. The gun-boats, and the *Queen Charlotte's* launch, then opened with carcass-shells upon the largest frigate,



which was moored in the centre of the other ships, too far within the Mole to be attempted safely by boarding. They soon set her on fire, and notwithstanding the exertions of the Algerines, she was completely in flames by six o' clock. From her the fire communicated, first to all the other vessels in the port, except a brig, and a schooner, moored in the upper part of it; and afterwards to the store-houses and arsenal. At a little past seven, she came drifting out of the harbour, and passed so close to the flag-ship, as nearly to involve her in the same destruction.

About sunset, a message was received from Rear-Admiral Milne, requesting that a frigate might be sent to divert from the Impregnable some of the fire under which she was suffering. She had anchored more to the northward than was intended, and consequently became exposed to all the heaviest batteries. The Glasgow weighed immediately, but the wind had been driven away by the cannonade, and she was only able, after three-quarters of an hour's exertion, to reach a new position between the Severn and Leander; a better for annoying the enemy, but where she was herself more exposed, and suffered in proportion. As it was found impossible to assist the Impregnable, Lord Exmouth sent on board Mr. Triscott, one of his aide-de-camps, with permission to haul off. The Impregnable was then dreadfully cut up; 150 men had been already killed and wounded, a full third of them by an explosion, and the shot were still coming in fast; but her brave crew, guided and encouraged by the Rear-Admiral and Captain Brace, two of the most distinguished and successful officers in the service, would not allow her to go thus out of battle; and she kept her station, maintaining an animated fire to the last. To relieve her in some degree, an ordnance sloop, which had been fitted at Gibraltar as an explosion-vessel, with 143 barrels of powder, was placed at the disposal of the Rear-Admiral. She had been intended for the destruction



of the Algerine fleet ; but this service had already been effected by other means. Conducted by Lieutenant Fleming, who had been commanding a gun-boat near the Queen Charlotte, with Major Reed, of the engineers, and Captain Herbert Powell, a volunteer on board the Impregnable, the explosion-vessel was run on shore under the battery north of the Light-house ; where, at nine o' clock, she blew up.

The fleet slackened their fire towards night, as the guns of the enemy became silenced, and also as the ships began to feel the necessity for husbanding their ammunition. Their expenditure had been beyond all parallel. They fired nearly 118 tons of powder, and 50,000 shot, weighing more than 500 tons of iron ; besides 960 thirteen and ten-inch shells thrown by the bomb-vessels, and the shells and rockets from the flotilla. Such a fire, close, concentrated, and well-directed as it was, nothing could resist ; and the sea-defences of Algiers, with great part of the town itself, were shattered, and crumbled to ruins.

At a little before ten, the objects of the attack having been effected, the Queen Charlotte's bower cable was cut, and her head hauled round to seaward. She continued however to engage with all the guns abaft the mainmast, sometimes on both sides. Warps were run out to gain an offing, but many of them were cut by shot from the batteries southward of the town, which had been very partially engaged ; and also from forts on the hills out of reach of the ship's guns. A very light air was felt about half-past ten, and sail was made ; but the ship, after cutting from her remaining warps and anchors, was manageable only by the aid of her boats towing ; and then the only point gained was keeping her head from the land. At eleven, she began to draw out from the batteries, and at twenty-five minutes past, she ceased to fire. The breeze freshened ; and a tremendous storm of thunder and lightning came on, with torrents of rain ; while the

flaming ships and storehouses illuminated all the ruins, and increased the grandeur of the scene. In about three hours, the storm subsided; and as soon as the ship was made snug, Lord Exmouth assembled in his cabin all the wounded who could be moved with safety, that they might unite with him and his officers in offering thanksgiving to God for their victory and preservation.

The two Admirals came on board the *Queen Charlotte* as soon as they could leave their ships, and spoke their feelings of admiration and gratitude to Lord Exmouth, with all the warmth of language and expression. The Dutch Admiral, who, with his squadron, had most nobly emulated the conduct of his British allies, declared himself in terms of the highest eulogy of the *Queen Charlotte*, which, he said, by her commanding position and the effect of her fire, had saved five hundred men to the fleet. Perhaps there was no exaggeration in the praise; for the destruction occasioned by her first broadside, as she lay flanking the Mole, must have contributed much to protect the ships which had not yet reached their stations; and the havoc she inflicted by a cannonade of nine hours must have been great indeed, since her fire could destroy the fortifications on the Mole-head in a few minutes.

In no former general action had the casualties been so great in proportion to the force employed. One hundred and twenty-eight were killed, and six hundred and ninety wounded, in the British ships; and thirteen killed, and fifty-two wounded, in the Dutch squadron. Yet, except the *Impregnable*, which had fifty men killed, no ship suffered so much as is usual in a severe engagement. Generally in fleet actions, the brunt of the battle, and the chief amount of loss, fall upon a few; but here, every ship had her allotted duty, and was closely engaged throughout. After the *Impregnable*, the frigates suffered the most, particularly the *Granicus*, which took a line-of-battle ship's station; and the *Leander*,

which was much cut up by the Fish-market, and other batteries, and as late as seven o'clock, was obliged to carry out a hawser to the Severn, to enable her to bear her broadside upon one which annoyed her. The loss in the other line-of-battle ships was remarkably small. They had together but twenty-six killed, including the casualties in their respective boats.

Lord Exmouth escaped most narrowly. He was struck in three places ; and a cannon-shot tore away the skirts of his coat. A button was afterwards found in the signal locker ; and the shot broke one of the glasses, and bulged the rim of the spectacles in his pocket. He gave the spectacles to his valued friend, the late gallant Sir Richard Keats ; who caused their history to be engraven on them, and directed, that, when he died, they should be restored to Lord Exmouth's family, to be kept as a memorial of his extraordinary preservation.

On the 28th, at daylight, Lieutenant Burgess was sent on shore with a flag of truce, and the demands of the preceding morning ; the bomb-vessels at the same time resuming their positions. The captain of one of the destroyed frigates met the boat, and declared that an answer had been sent on the day before, but that no boat was at hand to receive it. Shortly after, the captain of the port came off, accompanied by the Swedish consul, and informed Lord Exmouth that all his demands would be submitted to. On the morning of the 29th, the captain of the port came off again, being now accompanied by the British consul ; upon which Captain Brisbane, of the flag-ship, went on shore, and had a conference with the Dey. Sir Charles Penrose, whom the Admiral had expected to the last, arrived this day in the *Ister* frigate, from Malta, where he had waited for his expected orders, until he heard that Lord Exmouth was in the Mediterranean. Lord Exmouth committed to him the management of the negotiations, the only compliment he could now offer,



Where nothing remained but submission for the vanquished, the arrangements were soon concluded, and next day the final result was officially communicated to the fleet.

“ Queen Charlotte, Algiers Bay, August 30. 1816.

“ General Memorandum.

“ The Commander-in-chief is happy to inform the fleet of the final termination of their strenuous exertions, by the signature of peace, confirmed under a salute of twenty-one guns, on the following conditions, dictated by his Royal Highness the Prince Regent of England.

“ I. The abolition of Christian slavery for ever.

“ II. The delivery to my flag of all slaves in the dominions of the Dey, to whatever nation they may belong, at noon to-morrow

“ III. To deliver also to my flag, all money received by him for the redemption of slaves since the commencement of this year—at noon also to-morrow.

“ IV. Reparation has been made to the British consul for all losses he has sustained in consequence of his confinement.

“ V. The Dey has made a public apology, in presence of his ministers and officers, and begged pardon of the consul, in terms dictated by the captain of the Queen Charlotte.

“ The Commander-in-chief takes this opportunity of again returning his public thanks to the Admirals, Captains, Officers, Seamen, Marines, Royal Sappers and Miners, Royal Marine Artillery, and the Royal Rocket Corps, for the noble support he has received from them throughout the whole of this arduous service; and he is pleased to direct that on Sunday next a public thanksgiving shall be offered up to Almighty God, for the signal interposition of his Divine Providence during the conflict which took place on the 27th, between his Majesty's fleet, and the ferocious enemies of mankind.

“ It is requested that this memorandum may be read to the ship's company.

“ To the Admirals, Captains, Officers, Seamen, Marines, Royal Sappers and Miners, Royal Marine Artillery, and the Royal Rocket Corps.”

About twelve hundred slaves were embarked on the 31st, making, with those liberated a few weeks



before, more than three thousand, whom, by address or force, Lord Exmouth had delivered from slavery. Having sent them to their respective countries, and leaving a ship to receive a few who had yet to come up from the interior, he sailed on the 3rd of September for England.

OSLER.

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## GEOGRAPHY OF ANIMALS IN SOUTH DEVON.

*Quæ minimo quidem naturalia in spatio inveniuntur terrarum, ea omnia ad pernoscenda, hujusmodi rerum indagatorum perscrutantium summi et non-intermissi conatus vere postulantur.*

It might at first thought be supposed, that, by the expression "Geography of Animals," it is intended to imply a knowledge of the names of those creatures found in any given situation, and of the limits within which only they are observed: but it must be recollected, that the most trivial acquaintance with any animal, almost necessarily suggests an inquiry as to its native country, or the locality from whence it is obtained; and further, as the general curiosity of the world has been of late greatly directed towards information in Natural History; we have become imperceptibly aware of a great variety of facts, illustrating the boundaries observed in the diffusion of many species. It would not, therefore, be a thankful task to set about an enumeration of the countries, which the best known animals inhabit, or of the probable habitats of those, which have come but partially under the notice of naturalists, although, even here, perhaps more remains to be accomplished than has yet been done. We may consider this expression as including an enumeration of the countries comprised in the range of every species; or if an animal be confined to one country, of the localities or districts to which it equally or unequally resorts; as defining the exact causes of these limits; as pointing out to

our notice certain differences in form, colour, &c., observed in some species, and which appear to be wisely ordered for accordance with certain differences in surrounding circumstances, which may be expected to exist in localities which are far apart ; as comprehending an inquiry into the economies of animals, whereby arrangements are made to fit them for temperatures, and other agents widely different, and yet remain if not unaltered, in reality and specifically the same ; as investigating the qualities and kinds of food, appointed for the support of animals, and comparing them in different situations of their range ; as contributing to elucidate the laws of dependance in nature, one species on another, on certain vegetables and minerals, as disclosing to us something of the great scheme of an equilibrium in the universe, whereby all things continue to fulfil those destinies to which they were appointed from the first, and whereby all things continue to maintain that relation and proportion, the one to the other, so necessary to the exact preservation of the whole, and which has been interfered with only by the operations of mankind, and by those apparent deviations from uniformity, instituted by nature, which ultimately subserve the same decree.

Viewed in this way, our subject becomes one of extreme interest, and as it is connected with very many of the laws which influence animal life ; and with Natural History in general, one also of extreme utility. They who write on the Natural History of a district or a county, are called on, more than they who pen works on Natural History as a whole, to direct their talents and attention towards a subject so replete with importance and interest. He who takes a bird's-eye view of the operations of nature, has, necessarily, an horizon to his prospect, which forms a barrier to his investigations ; whilst they who grovel on the earth within narrow limits, and follow with untired assiduity the intricate paths and complex actions of animals, cannot fail to arrive at las

at the wished-for goal, and at many useful deductions. The combined observations of such naturalists as these, shall constitute finally a mass of knowledge, bearing no proportion in the extent to the lists of Animals now published, no comparison in importance to the physiology of the present day, and perhaps no relation to the systematic arrangements now extant. Topical is therefore far more important than general Zoological Geography, and, in proportion to its importance, do we feel the task to surpass our capabilities: the subject, however, is always open to the additions and corrections of other naturalists.

The laws, which we stated in a former paper regulate the distribution of animals over the whole earth, will be found to apply within our present compass more or less obviously, and with greater or less effect. Animals are placed in circumstances adapted to their respective necessities and conformations; migrations being those changes in situation caused by the revolutions of the seasons, which induce for the most part an uncongenial temperature, a deficiency of food, &c., or by other circumstances not yet clearly defined, in the instances of stragglers or irregular visitors. The geographical ranges of some animals are confined to an island, or some small space, and occasionally it is found that the entire Fauna of such spot is peculiar to it. Corresponding latitudes of the world exhibit creatures alike in their endowments and organization, and consequently in rank in the scale of beings. Mountainous regions, inasmuch as they differ in climate and vegetation, in proportion as we ascend, produce also various kinds of animal existence. Certain animals are endowed with constitutions, which can support different, and even extreme, circumstances of temperature; and occasionally we find instances where animals have a very extensive distribution, and are observed to inhabit countries far apart. Such are the laws which we ventured to ascribe to this subject, and we now pro-



pose to apply them within limits of which we have some knowledge ; in doing which we must in limine survey the circumstances existing in them ; the physical conditions of the country ; these are climate, food, geographical situation, and arrangement of land and water, melioration, cultivation, and planting ; whilst, lastly, a most important influence on the limits, and existence of animals, will be found in the hostile efforts of man. In no country perhaps are these influences on the Geography of Animals, more amply illustrated than in this : and certainly the importance of attending to them must be correspondingly increased.

By the term climate, we shall here understand, the temperature of the seasons, the winds usually prevalent in them, the dryness, or humidity of the atmosphere experienced in each, the occurrence of rains, drought, continued cold, or heat, and indeed every other phenomenon of "weather," the result of meteorological, astronomical, or geological causes. If temperature depended solely on proximity to, or distance from, the equator, we could readily calculate upon the occurrence of animals of a certain organization, by comparison with other countries ; but we find that other causes are in operation, such as the adjacency of the ocean, rivers, hills, &c., the state of vegetation, and so forth. From the circumstance of our latitude, it might be concluded that our winters would be severe : yet such is not the case generally ; and it has been clearly shewn that situations even nearer to the equator, provided they are not bordering on the sea, have a winter colder by several degrees than ours : neighbourhood to the sea must then be accounted the cause of the usual mildness of winters in this island and especially in its south ; the temperature of the ocean, indeed, varies little compared with that of the land, and thus it is that, being influenced by the temperature wafted to us, we experience less decided changes in the seasons throughout the year than inland localities. Prox-



imity to the sea, however, must not universally imply mildness and equability of climate, for as the eastern shore of the old world experiences very inclement winters, it appears that those winds which arrive from the face of the Atlantic, to the western shores of Europe, and which indeed are prevalent in those situations, impart to them the character of climate we have just mentioned : it is certainly a common observation with us, that our climate is variable ; but this variation is remarked only from day to day, and may thus indeed appear greater, while our integral climate is doubtless pretty uniform. Equality of temperature, and humidity, seem to be its characteristic features ; great heat, or cold, drought, or rains, placidity and storms, its variety and uncertain products. Such being the case, let us now see to what extent animals are affected by these conditions. If these conditions do not approximate to extremes, we are led to conclude, that a variety in the animal kingdom would appear in our list ; and such is absolutely the fact. We can easily imagine, that, although our summers are not so hot as those of France, Italy, or Holland, we should yet perceive some traces in our fauna of animals, found principally in such climates ; which may be either our transient visitors for a season, or else be indigenous, though few, on the principal of their geographical limits, or range. We can also easily comprehend, that although our winters are milder than certain countries to our north, yet we should participate in the fauna of cold regions, on the same principle ; and this brings us to speak of migration, as a consequence of climate or temperature. We have already said, that there are other causes of change in situation besides this, and these must be noticed hereafter, yet, as this appears to be the chief impulse to it, we shall here mention it more fully. Migrations may be stated to be of two kinds ; that which takes place between any given countries, and that which occurs within the limits of any certain coun-

try, or district. The former may be divided into the vernal, or equatorial migration, the autumnal or polar migration, and the straggling or irregular migration; whilst the latter comprises those internal shiftings of abode, performed by certain animals, chiefly of the higher classes. This division is quite arbitrary, for the motives appear to be similar in each case, that is to say, the obviating of inconveniences of climate, the obtaining of food, the choosing of proper situations for nestling, spawning, &c., instanced chiefly among birds, in their above-named periodical movements, and in quadrupeds, birds, fishes, and some other animals of a lower order, in the case of internal migrations. Besides these, there appear to be other motives of which naturalists do not understand the nature, causing the appearance of stragglers or irregular visitors. I say climate is certainly the most decided and most universal impulse to the migration of animals, else how is it that their arrivals and departures are adjusted in exact accordance to the weather, and temperature, and these not only as to time, but in some instances as to numbers, and this statement applies to each kind of migration, the straggling or uncertain migration even not being perhaps excepted. Climate also in its most extended sense influences greatly other subjects of our fauna, besides the migratory tribes: the continuance of a wind from either of the channels, or from the Atlantic, or still more a storm, is sure to bring with it certain of the pelagic birds and fishes, molluscous and radiated animals, and indeed specimens in almost every division of the animal kingdom, driven off the coasts of other lands, or from the bosom and recesses of the disturbed ocean. In severe winters, our ornithological fauna receives considerable augmentation, not only as to numbers of individuals of a species, as above intimated but as to number of species; on such occasions, we participate largely in an Arctic ornithology; sportsmen of every sort, amateur and scientific ornithologists are abroad, and speci-

mens of the rarest birds are exhibited in triumph. On the other hand, some few examples might be mentioned of our fauna being increased by the influence of an unusually hot or fine summer: these chiefly occur in the lower classes, though it is not unlikely that those birds—straggling visitants, which come to us only in summer from other countries—are actuated by the same cause. Altogether, the subject of the migration of animals resident in, or connected otherwise with, this neighbourhood is very important: every natural law, and every accidental cause of it, is here instanced; whether it be the periodical and annual visits of the feathered tribes from other nations, the periodical movements of certain resident species, or the irregular visitations of some exotic kinds. The consideration also of the various consequences attendant on the varied manifestations of climate is both useful and interesting; whether they be the specimens conferred on us by the violence of the storm, the duration of a sea wind, the inclemency of a winter, a tropical summer, a season of continued rain, a long drought, or, lastly, by the siccidity or humidity of the atmosphere: each of these seems to possess a power in itself of adding somewhat to the fauna of South Devon.

The next physical condition of this county, for our contemplation is its geographical situation, relation and arrangement: we here perceive at once another reason why our fauna is so extensive. The circumstance which contributes most to this, is of course our connection with the sea; next in importance to which, is the variation in the soil and its products, and the varied terraqueous arrangements of the country generally. We must likewise take into account our relative position with respect to America, the continent of Europe, both as to its northern and southern states, and lastly our relation to Ireland, and certain other islands. In taking a comprehensive view of the geographical arrangements of the south of Devonshire, we cannot but remark



the continued variations which meet the eye. If we were not aware that there must be real causes in operation to restrict the limits of those animals found in other counties, and not with us, our naturally confined notions would lead us to conclude that there was positively no condition or circumstance requisite for the maintenance of animal life wanting with us. We have hills and vallies, moors and swamps, sea-coast, barren districts, and fertile land, rivers, streams of all sizes, inlets, marshes, sands and rocks. I apprehend that the geographical situation and relation of this county has not been sufficiently considered in order to explain many phenomena of our zoology.

*To be continued.*

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## THE LOVE OF OTHER DAYS.

*(By the Hon. Mrs. Norton.)*

'T is past! we've learned to live apart;  
 And with a faint and gradual ray,  
 All hope hath faded from my heart,  
 Like sunset on an autumn day.  
 Forgetful of these hours of pain,  
 They tell me I shall love again.

Perhaps I may! we laugh at jests  
 Some buried friend at random made:  
 Peace steals within our grieving breasts,  
 As sunbeams pierce the foreign shade;  
 We learn to fling *all* mourning by—  
 Even that which clothed our memory!

Therefore I do believe this woe,  
 Like other things, will fade and pass;  
 And my crush'd heart spring up and blow,  
 Like flowers among the trodden grass:  
 But ere I *love*, it must be long—  
 The habits of the heart are strong.

Ere my accustomed eye can seek  
 In some new, unfamiliar face,



The smile that glow'd upon thy cheek,  
And lent thine eye a softer grace,  
When in the crowd I turned to thee,  
Proud of thy certain sympathy :

Ere my poor ear, that hath been used  
To live upon thy angel voice ;

Its daily sustenance refused,  
And forced to wander for a choice,  
Can listen to some other tone,  
And deem it welcome as thine own :

Ere the true heart thou could'st deceive,  
Can hope, and dream, and trust once more,  
And from another's lips believe

All that THY lips so falsely swore,  
And hear those vows of other years  
Without a burst of bitter tears :—

Ere I have half my mind explain'd  
To one who shares my thoughts too late ;  
With weary tongue, and spirit pain'd,  
And heart that still feels desolate—  
Have travell'd through those by-gone days,  
Which made life barren to my gaze :

What years must pass ! in this world's strife,  
How small will be my portion then :

The fainting energies of life  
Will scarcely serve to love again.

Love ! to the pale, uncertain flame,  
The fervent God denies his name.

No ! let no wrong'd heart look to mine :

Such fate the wanderer hath in store,  
Who worships at a ruin'd shrine,

Where altar-fires can burn no more ;  
Vain is the incense—vain the prayer—  
No deity is lingering there !

Oh ! never more shall *trust* return,

Trust, by which love alone can live :  
Even while I woo, my heart shall yearn

For answers *thou* wert wont to give,  
And my faint sighs shall echoes be  
Of those I breathed long since to thee !

## THE LANSBYS OF LANSBY HALL.

THE old man was sitting in a high-backed, open chair, his hands folded before him, and his eyelids closely pressed together, but evidently not in sleep—the motions of his lips and the fitful contraction of his brow, showed that the spirit was busy within. At a table beside him sat a young lady, with a shade of settled melancholy visible on her subdued, yet noble features. She turned her eyes every now and then from the paper on which she appeared to be sketching, with an expression of anxious affection, to the troubled countenance of her companion. The room they sat in was small, and very plainly furnished—the sky was fierce and stormy, and occasionally the old casements rattled loudly, when a wilder burst of wind than usual sent a dash of sleet and hail against the window pane. The old man started from his recumbent position and sat upright, with his eye fixed keenly and harshly on the pale, placid face of his daughter. “Julia Lansby,” he said, “act the hypocrite no more—speak to me no more in such soothing and gentle tones, but tell me at once boldly and sincerely that—that you hate me”—

“Father!”

“There! how *dare* you call me father, which ought to be a name of reverence, of piety, of love, when you well know that in your heart of hearts you detest me as a selfish, cold, unpitying old man?”

“You wrong me, father! Never, even in thought, has my affection wandered away from you. I have no hopes, no wishes, no regret, save as they are connected with your happiness. For my own”—here she sighed, and added, after a pause, “I am contented if I only could see you pleased with me—I have no other object now.”

“And why not now? Is it because we are poor you can no longer be cheerful as you used to be—because we no longer see ‘company,’ as they call it, and have our ball-rooms filled with the grinning sons and daughters of vanity? The loss truly is great. I wonder not at your despair.”

“Oh, father, do not torture me by speaking so unkindly. You know that the loss of fortune, that poverty itself, could never move my regrets.”

“But you have deeper matters for sorrow,” replied the father, with an ironical sneer. “O, doubtless, you have many more griefs to weigh you down than ever fell upon me; fortune ruined

—family broken—hearth left desolate—deserted by my own children, and supplanted in my own ancestral halls by a purse-proud, insulting villain, who”—

“No, not a villain, dear father, not a villain”—

“Yes madam, a villain; I say a proud, presumptuous, insensible villain. What! and is Francis Lansby still master of that silly heart? I charged you long ago to dismiss him from your thoughts. Julia Lansby, why have you not obeyed me?”

“*I have* obeyed you, father, in all things possible. I have submitted without a murmur to your commands. I have given you my promise never to speak to him, to write to him, to hear of him or from him, without your consent; and till this extraordinary occurrence, I knew not whether he was in England, or whether he was alive or dead.”

“And he thinks by coming down hither, and overpowering us with his wealth and splendour, to make us regret having rejected the alliance of so mighty an individual as Mr. Francis Lansby Merivale. O, had my son but lived, my noble, handsome Harry”—Sir Walter put his hands before his eyes on saying this, and leaned back in his chair, as if overcome by the bitterness of his reflections. And Julia was in hopes that the irritation of his temper, which had lately increased to a most distressing extent, would be soothed by the indulgence of his grief. But she was mistaken. Again, with the same cold, sarcastic sneer, he turned towards his daughter, and said, “Your meekness and resignation are truly amiable—your love to your father is so sincere—your gratitude for all his goodness to you unbounded——He has squandered away his fortune, and sunk the haughty lady of Lansby Hall into the inmate of no loftier a dwelling than this,—you must be grateful to him for having saved you from the perils of wealth. He has charged you, and now still more solemnly than ever charges you, to banish from your remembrance, or to remember only with scorn and loathing, the wretch who hath risen upon our ruins, who looks on us, gracious heavens, perhaps with pity, but no—villain as is, he dares not to insult us with his pity,”

“What—what has he done to deserve your anger? He thinks of you, I will answer for him, only as the friend and benefactor of his youth.” She paused, and then added, with a tone of touching and solemn dignity—“Francis Lansby thinks of you as my father.”



"And as such he *curses* me, or the Lansby blood has turned to milk within his veins. What has he done, you ask me? What has he *not* done to baulk and injure me? Does he not *live*? Is he not 'a gay and prosperous gentleman,' with hope, fame, happiness all before him, while the golden locks of my noble Harry are gone down into the dust? Why is *my* son taken from me, while fortune showers all her blessings upon *theirs*?"

Julia looked in her father's face as he uttered these words; but withdrew her eyes, as if horror-struck with the fierce malignity of his looks and language.

"You shudder," he continued, "but it is not madness that makes me speak thus. See, I am cool; nay, I can smile—and why should I not? Is not the story I am now about to tell you a pleasant one? Come hither, child, and listen—I was an only son; but my father was afraid I should be spoiled, as only sons usually are, and had my cousin to live with me, and treated us in all respects alike. Our boyhood passed without any occurrence to call forth our characters, except that, probably from knowing his dependent situation, his manners were so soft and insinuating, that they formed a striking contrast to the manliness and independence of mine. At college, to which we went together, and where by my father's orders our intimacy was continued, we were called Lansby the proud and Lansby the gentle. I confess I felt myself flattered by the distinction. We returned home; we hated each other. At all events, I can answer for myself: for him, I scarcely think he had manliness enough to hate anything. My mother now was growing old. She had a companion to reside with her. She was young and beautiful—surpassingly beautiful. She was a relation of my mother—high-born and poor. Ere long I perceived that my cousin Edgar was passionately in love with Helen. What right had he, the soft, the delicate, the gentle, to lift his eyes to so glorious an object as Helen Trevor? *I* loved her; and it added to the intensity of my passion to think how the insolence of my rival would be punished when I should ask the hand of the object of his passion. I did ask her hand; she refused it, and asked for my intercession with my father to secure his approbation of her marriage with my cousin. From that hour I hated both. Was I not justified? But I was revenged. Edgar was going into orders. My father had promised him the family living: the incumbent was infirm and old. They married; I gave away the bride. They lived the

first half-year of their marriage in this very house. Here, in this very room, they sat and gazed on each other in the first happiness of their mutual fondness. My father died : and, shortly after, the living became vacant. This Francis was then about two months old. I called upon them, and told them of the incumbent's death. I described the beauty of the parsonage, the quietness of the village ; and when I saw the young mother stooping down, and in the gladness of her heart covering the child of Edgar Lansby with her kisses, I told them I had bestowed the living upon another. You start—it was the first minute of enjoyment I had had for years. But they still were happy. I gave them notice that I had put another tenant into Springfield. They left it ; he procured a curacy in some distant part of the country. I married ; and, even in the first months of matrimony, thought much more of their happiness than of my own. My Harry was born, and yet I felt no diminution of my hatred. At your birth I resolved, if possible, to repay to the son the agony that had been inflicted on me by the parents. I have succeeded. One after another they died ; they were poor and miserable. I adopted their orphan son ; I made him the companion of my children ; I watched the love that grew up between you ; and when I perceived that it was too firmly settled in his heart to be eradicated, I turned him loose upon the world. I feasted on the agony of his looks, for in them I recalled the expression of his mother. And now what has it all come to ? My boy is dead ; and this wretch, this slave, whom my bounty fed, is adopted by his mother's uncle, has purchased every mortgage upon my estate ; and save for one consuming sorrow, one passion which I know from experience turns all his other feelings into gall and bitterness, he would be too happy for a mortal, successful in ambition, in love, and, above all, in revenge. Is n't this a pleasant sketch, and——Ha ! what has my madness done ? Wretch, wretch ! I have killed my child !”

He bent over the fainting girl with his hands clasped in agony, and his whole being underwent a change. Cruel and malignant as he had truly painted himself, his love for his children was the overpowering passion of his mind. Since the death of his son, this love all concentrated in his daughter ; and, however strange or unnatural it may appear, the value he set on her, the pride he took in her talents and beauty, were the very considerations which prevented him from bestowing them on any one whom, justly or unjustly, he had loaded with his hatred. He knew

that, by the bar he had placed between them, her happiness was as much sacrificed as that of her cousin---and had she been indifferent to him he would not have condemned her to so much misery. Hitherto, indeed, the noble behaviour of his daughter had deceived him. Her uncomplaining meekness, her gentleness, and her dutiful submission to his will, had hidden from him the depth of sufferings she endured. And, unknown perhaps to himself, there was another ingredient in the bitterness of the hatred which he professed to entertain for Francis Lansby. Since the astonishing change in their respective situations, her former lover had made no efforts to discover that his affection for Julia was unchanged. The thought of his being able to forget *his* daughter was more galling to Sir Walter's disposition than even his marrying her would have been.

"Waken, Julia! rouse yourself, my child; I spoke too bitterly; misfortune has made me mad. I hate him not." Whilst he uttered these exclamations, Julia slowly recovered, and looked at her father with a faint smile as if to thank him for his attempts to comfort her. "But he has forgotten us," he continued; "he thinks not of us---and why, since he has banished you from his memory---do you continue to waste a thought on *him*?"







TUNNEL OF THE DARTMOOR RAIL-WAY.

# THE SOUTH DEVON MONTHLY MUSEUM.

PLYMOUTH, MARCH 1. 1836.

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## THE PLYMOUTH AND DARTMOOR RAILWAY.

THIS magnificent undertaking (and it truly deserves the name) was first projected by Sir Thomas Tyrwhitt, of Tor Royal, for the cultivation of the moor, and the application of its granite to architectural and other purposes, who employed Mr. William Shillibeer, of Walkhampton, surveyor, to mark out a line of connection between Dartmoor and Crabtree, about two miles from Plymouth. In the earliest part of 1818, Sir Thomas, having matured his plans, submitted them to a special meeting of the Chamber of Commerce, at Plymouth, and they being viewed with a favorable eye by that useful body, Sir Thomas published them in a pamphlet.

He next exerted himself in obtaining subscribers, with peculiar success, to the extent of £27,783., being the estimated expense under the first act (passed July 2nd., 1819) for carrying the road from Dartmoor to Crabtree, and under which they were incorporated as the Plymouth and Dartmoor Railway Company.

On the 20th of September, in the same year, the first general meeting of the proprietors took place, when a managing Committee was elected, and Sir William Elford, Bart., appointed Treasurer, Mr. Burt, Clerk, and George Day Wood, Collector, Mr. William Stuart, Superintendent of the Plymouth Breakwater Works, being Engineer, and Mr. Hugh



Mackintosh, of London, Contractor for forming the road, and Messrs. Bailey and Co., of the same place, Contractors for supplying the iron.

It being found necessary to make a branch from Crabtree to Sutton Pool, Plymouth, an act was solicited and passed July 8th, 1820, for that purpose, the estimated expense of which amounted to £7,200.

Some parts of the line being considered as improvable, by varying it, and excavating a tunnel at Leigham, on the lands of the late Addis Archer, Esq., another act was applied for and passed, July 2nd, 1821, with the additional estimate of £5,000.

Thus, in three years, three acts were procured; and, under their authority, three several sums of £27,783., £7,200., and £5,000., (together £39,983.) raised, principally, by the influence of Sir Thomas Tyrwhitt, who himself subscribed upwards of £3,000., to whom followed Sir Masseh Lopes, Bart., as the next largest subscriber.

The total length of the line, from Prince Town to Sutton Pool, is 25 miles, 2 quarters, and 6 chains; and is used in conveying up lime, coals, timber, &c., and taking back granite and other articles. The tunnel (represented in the accompanying engraving) is on Higher Leigham estate, in the twentieth mile from Prince Town, and admeasures in length 620 yards, in height 9 feet 6 inches, and in breadth 8 feet 6 inches, its greatest depth under ground being 109 feet, and with the rest of the completed part was opened for public use, with a procession, September 26., 1823.

Language is incompetent to describe the grandeur and beauty of the scenery through which the rail-way passes. "But," to use the words of an article inserted by the writer in a newspaper, "the beauties of nature, however impressive, are secondary to the higher objects which arise to the mind's eye in traversing such scenes. The merchant and the trader, the manufacturer and the agriculturist,

must all fondly, and not without hope, look to the period when, by their combined endeavours, the rail-way will be devoted to busy traffic, and a population shall arise to consume the importations, and to furnish the exports through various channels of commerce. Dartmoor, so long condemned to sterility, in a few years may again wear the verdure of woods, and corn, and grass, and no longer stand as a bye word and a reproach for its infertility, in other counties. To Sir Thomas Tyrwhitt, the measure is indebted for its origin; and the spirited proprietors, assisted by their committees, chairmen, contractors, and engineers, have succeeded, in defiance of all obstacles, in achieving a task, which reflects credit, not only on them, collectively as well as individually, but on the port of Plymouth—nay, on the whole of the country.”

BURT.

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\* \* The following poetical effusions are selected from the fugitive pieces accompanying Mr. Henry Sewell Stokes' new work, entitled, the "Vale of Lanherne," which will be further noticed in the next number.

### THE LAND'S END.

At length we reach old Albion's Western bound,  
 Like giant castle ere the Deluge, piled  
 These granite rocks amid the Ocean wild :  
 The silvery-pinion'd sea-birds wheel around  
 As if in motion to the solemn sound  
 Of the broad-rolling waves, and in the gale  
 The voice of storms shouts with a stern all-hail,  
 To greet the first proud spot of British ground.  
 This—this is our Herculean column, placed  
 As the grand barrier 'gainst despotic power,  
 And distant as the day of doom the hour  
 Its granite-graven ban shall be erased :  
 Fair Freedom, sculptured on the living rock,  
 Serenely smiles to mark the billows' harmless shock.

## ODE TO THE AUTOCRAT.

WHAT though the trumpet soundeth  
 O'er Muscovy's wide plains,  
 And the Cossack war-horse boundeth  
 While the Pole slave clanks his chains?  
 Why should we fear the Despot's hordes,  
 His countless spears, his myriad swords;  
 His masts like forests on the deep,  
 While his hosts o'er the hills like the night-storms sweep?

We hurl thee back defiance,  
 Dread Titan of the North!  
 Thee and thy dark alliance—  
 Send, send thy serf-bands forth!  
 With the tramp of thy hosts while the Balkin shakes,  
 Round thy plunging ships while the Black Sea breaks,  
 A mightier force than thine, O Czar,  
 Shall burst the Volga's frozen bar.

Sleep'st thou in thy pavilions  
 A slumber calm and deep,  
 While around barbaric millions  
 In arms thy vigil keep?  
 Or from the midnight couch dost start  
 At the groan from childless Poland's heart?  
 Or seest thou on thy palace wall  
 A sign which doth yet more appal?

Where is Belshazzar's palace,  
 Where Philip's warrior son  
 Quaff'd the Herculean chalice,  
 And lost what he had won?  
 Where on her hills stood mighty Rome?  
 Was yonder ruin Cæsar's home?  
 And Despot will thy throne be found  
 When a few rapid years roll round?

Thou! would'st thou, proud Slavonian,  
 Mimic the mighty dead,  
 And like the Macedonian  
 Tears for a new world shed,



Insatiate still of blood and sway,  
Nor thinking of the distant day  
When some nomadic wanderer  
Shall desecrate thy sepulchre?

Death, Time, and Thought are waiting  
To do the work of Doom;  
The first all pride abating  
In the ashes of the tomb;  
While time hurls down the thrones of kings,  
Yet beareth Thought upon his wings,  
Fostering the infant to a strength,  
That matches with his own at length.

Sceptres and swords together  
Time buries in the dust;  
'Neath moss and mountain heather  
Pow'r's mingling emblems rust:  
And where the greenest grass is found,  
There warriors' corpses fat the ground;  
The whistling ploughboy drives a-field  
Where clarions o'er the death-cry peal'd.

What but endemic madness  
Prompts thousands at the call  
Of one, to rush with gladness  
To bloody carnival?  
Death's Angel from the ghastly sight  
Weeping resumes his gloomy flight,  
Nor History lingers long to tell  
Where victors stood and heroes fell.

Think not, fierce Calmuck! think not  
We vie thee in arms,  
Though from thy threats we shrink not,  
Nor pale at war's alarms:  
In arms no more with thee we strive—  
When nations war, then tyrants thrive;  
And but to guard their own loved land  
May freemen wield the deadly brand.

Yes—to repel the aggressor  
A holy war men wage,  
When from the free the oppressor  
Would rob their heritage;



Such fight as Greeks and Poles have fought ;  
 Freedom with life is cheaply brought ;  
 But when she conquers to make free,  
 Curst is the boon of Liberty.

In vain the south assembled  
     The flower of the brave,  
 And Europe's centre trembled  
     With the roll of the martial wave :  
 Freedom's Crusaders to the North,  
 Rush'd with chivalrous ardour forth,  
 But bleaching 'neath the Arctic sky  
 The bones of their vast battallions lie.

Yet well might the Conqueror's vision  
     O'er his glittering files dilate,  
 As with proud yet stern precision  
     They wound in martial state  
 O'er the Niemen's dark and troubled stream,  
 That flashed with many a falchion's gleam :  
 'T was grand—'t was dreadful to behold  
 That dazzling coil its length unfold.

Still in the flush of glory  
     The Throne-Subverter went,  
 Leaving his vestage gory  
     Where'er his path he bent ;  
 But not with freedom could he lure  
 The Cossack wild, and Russian boor ;  
 Smolensk, and Borodino's height,  
 And Moscow's pyre stern truths endite.

Unto the soil that bore him  
     The veriest slave will cling ;  
 The bleak skies bending o'er him  
     More genial than the spring  
 Which beams and blooms in other lands ;  
 The sterile fields his father's hands  
 For ages till'd, content he ploughs,  
 And at his fathers' altar bows.

Vain dream ! with swords to sever  
     The bonds of servile minds ;  
 More firm, more fast than ever  
     The subtle shackle binds :

'T is Truth—Truth only can free slaves ;  
 Mute Thought the despot's mandate braves ;  
 But make the bondsman think, and he  
 Shall leap with inborn liberty.

'T is Thought shall burst asunder  
     The Volga's frozen bar ;  
 Like the flash before the thunder  
     It shall beam o'er the mountains far :  
 Then shall the exiles break their chains,  
 And Freedom shout mid Russia's plains,  
 And Poland's eagle from the shore  
 Of ice o'er the Calmuc Vulture soar.

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### THE SEA.

THE Sea, the everlasting Sea !  
     Whose billows laugh at Time ;  
 And with the ringing spheres of Heaven  
     Whose sounding caverns chime :  
 Man, the immortal, loves upon  
     Thy paths, O Sea, to walk,  
 And call thee brother—with thy waves  
     Like harmless children talk.

When on the bounding surge I ride  
     Up to the reeling clouds,  
 I seem no more to feel the clay  
     That on the earth enshrouds  
 But am a spirit light and free,  
     An Ocean-spirit strong,  
 To buffet with the storm, or wing  
     With the booming winds along.

No sea-bird dips so deep, so high  
     There's not a sky-bird soars ;  
 The petrel feels not half so glad  
     When loud the tempest roars—  
 The eagle hath not half such joy  
     Under the mid-day sun—  
 As I when the sea-storm raves, as I  
     When the waves like mountains run !

## SONG.

SHOULD Beauty fade?  
 I'll love the rose when pale,  
 And shield its frailty from the winter gale.  
 Say Fortune frown?  
 My heart more fondly clings  
 To the soft shelter of Love's purple wings.  
 Should Love disdain?  
 A song shall win his smile,  
 And bright-eyed Hope the fugitive beguile.  
 Too fatal Age!  
 Yet Age shall hear the tale  
 Of Youth, and Love, and Memory prevail.

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## THE MUSIC OF SPRING.

SPRING comes, with pearls her leafy garland set,  
 And to the summons of her herald dove  
 Woodland and field wake into songs of love;  
 And many a bee its merry canzonet  
 Hums in the cell of the young violet  
 Music would seem—such fancies suit the hour—  
 On wings of perfume borne from flower to flower;  
 Now 'mid the woodbine of yon parapet;  
 Now on the thymy hill; now to the height  
 Of azure darting, as with orient light  
 Plumed appears its wild unresting pinion;  
 And now, in a full sweep of harmony,  
 With the West wind o'er the profound dominion  
 Free-voyaging of the majestic Sea.

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## TO ANNE.

YE friends of early days! whose hearts so fond,  
 Like sister tendrils of the Spring, entwined;  
 When sadly sever'd, not a look beyond  
 Your little world of woe ye ventured, blind  
 To future providence,—nor thought to find  
 Affections new in after time resume,  
 Like germs transplanted, the parental bloom—  
 A vernal beauty in the autumnal mind.  
 Oh my fair cousin! but till now unknown,  
 And now so much esteem'd, my gentle friend,  
 My mother's friend, in this our friendship own  
 No friendship strange or new,—for such soon end,—  
 But one revived; true friendship never dies,  
 But springs and springs again in spite of stormy skies.

## DRESS, MANNERS, AND HABITATIONS

OF THE

## ANCIENT INHABITANTS OF DEVONSHIRE.

It is a trite, but here necessary, remark, that the primitive inhabitants of this island maintained the independence of its western shores, long after the rest had been subdued by various invaders: a rapid glance over the state of the Britons, followed by a yet slighter notice of the Roman conquest, will bring us to the reign of Egbert, and the site of our researches, as a border district, lying between them and the Anglo-Saxons. After that, we shall notice some local incidents, connected with "our invaders, the Danes," until these also, in their turn, gave way to the superior merit or fortunes of the Normans.

Our long accredited descent from "the Brut," and his Trojan emigrants, has now quietly vanished in the light of reason and common sense: the legend, which has alike supplied theme to the minstrel's song, and the pen of the chronicler, and which afforded our first Edward, a plea for his assumed supremacy over Scotland, rests on frail grounds at best; Geoffry of Monmouth, who has preserved the tradition, was assailed by the bitterness of cotemporary critics on account of it; and yet the tale, now considered as a legendary romance,\* has drawn the attention of some antiquarians to a degree, greater perhaps than it merited; others, in abandoning it, have laboured to establish notions equally wild and theoretical. So long since as Tacitus' day, it had been remarked, that the complexions of Britain, varied from the florid hue of the Teutonic hordes, to the darker tinge of Spain; but the neighbourhood, their

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\* Camden, in ascertaining our genuine antiquities, was obliged to undermine the error with modest scepticism.



common religion and speech, all pointed to a Gallic origin.\*

The patriarchal form of government, so universally discernable in other ancient communities, might also be traced in the institutions of this people, however modified in character by place or circumstance. The British chieftain had under him two classes of dependants, his freemen and his villains or vassals; the order of the Druids formed the fourth, and at the same time most influential portion of the community: Cæsar considers them as the first in rank among the British nobles: "Much, both in war and peace, in government and law, in the administration of justice and in domestic tranquility, depended on the natural disposition, the talents, and the will of the Druids, who resided in the district, and presided over its affairs."†

It were easy to cite from the history of this singular class, and, as connected with them, from the superstitions of our ancestors, matter that would swell the pages, rather than add to the intrinsic interest of this little volume. Of British domestic remains in this immediate neighbourhood, the following is from the account of a living antiquarian, in whose hands we may be allowed to leave the sacred circle, the cromlech and the cairn.

"The huts or dwellings of the ancient inhabitants are to be found in every part of Dartmoor, in a state, generally very imperfect; the foundation stones, and those forming the door jambs, being all that remain of these dwellings, with few exceptions. The huts are circular on the plan; the stones are set on their edge, and placed closely together, so as to form a secure foundation for the superstructure, whether

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\* The learned Whitaker, in his "Genuine History of the Britons," fixes the immigration of the Gauls into this island about the reign of David and his son, Solomon, a period which coincides with the authorities quoted by Richard of Cirencester.

† Drew's "History of Cornwall."

that they were wattle, turf, stone, or other material. These vestiges strikingly illustrate the descriptions which Diodorus Siculus and Strabo give of the habitations of the Britons of their times. The former describes them as poor cottages, constructed of wood and covered with straw; the latter as wooden houses circular in form, with lofty conical roofs. The foundation slabs, above-mentioned, generally stand from eighteen to thirty inches above the surface. The door-jambs in most cases higher, placed nearly at right angles to the outline of the circle; in a very considerable proportion of examples the door faces the south."

These habitations were, in accordance with the rude state of such as tenanted them, a confused parcel of huts, placed, for the most part, in the middle of a wood, its avenues being defended by ramparts of earth, or trees felled to clear the passage. Such were the dwellings of the serfs; those of the higher classes were erected with more attention to the material of which they were composed, and with still greater care for the situation chosen. The chief sometimes fixed on some elevated knoll for his abode; at others, and more frequently, a site which so strikingly coincides with the locality the antiquities of which are here attempted in description, that we might almost fancy it drawn from the place itself. The chief, we are told, usually had his abode on the hill side, with a group of dwellings for his serfs near the river below it, and a road wound along the valley between them, gradually ascending to a beacon, which overlooked the whole. Thus the lord's residence constituted a kind of fortress, which the alarm of a scout might at any time garrison with his surrounding tenantry.

In following him to such a habitation, we shall be introduced to scenes resembling those described by Ossian: in some elevated seat—afterwards the dais of the baronial hall—the rude lord, surrounded by his principal guests, who sat on the skins with

which his floor was covered, presided over the festivity \* of his vassals. The smoke, which escaped from an aperture left in the roof for that purpose, "rose from a hundred trees," blackening the rafters; while the harp and song of bards woke a tale of other days: the wassail cup passed round; and the chief heard with delight the glories of his ancestors, until morning called him forth again to his falcon or his hound, of which latter kind the segh-dog, † or southern hound,—a large, slow race, now extinct,—seems to have been a favoured attendant.

The dress of this half savage people was, according to some, a flowing robe of woollen texture; from others, a scanty hide, worn to meet the prejudices of strangers, rather than from any actual want. In stature, they were more tall than compact, their habits frugal, and their manners barbarous. In the cruel rites of their religious worship, the Britons present the same picture as other uncivilized hordes; in one instance they stood alone; a custom, as we are informed by Cæsar, prevailed among them, which seemed detestable to other nations; it was for ten or twelve men, brothers or intimate friends, to have their wives in common, a custom which seems to have been in practice, if not also in its origin, exclusively British; it was distinct from the marriages of the Gauls, and can find no parallel in any of the western nations.

In every state of society, some rank or order will be found to excel the rest in the arts of life, in knowledge and learning; and it is only by weighing their acquirements in the balance with other nations, that we learn to estimate the real progress. The

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\* From the spume of their *cumin*, or ale, which they drank on high festive days only, they collected their burmen or barm: yeast is commonly known by no other name in the west of England to this day. DREW.

† Segh—the moose deer of America; large bones, apparently of this species, have been found in many parts of this country.



Druids, would we accredit some fragments of their own, were no mean proficient in science, as well as in morals and literature: from the more sensible writers of Greece and Rome, we gather, that their knowledge was imposture, and their manners rude. The people, it is ever the case, were in a still lower degree of civilization than their teachers; and to a religion and habits ill-calculated to promote their happiness, other causes were superadded to impair and destroy it. The inland country was divided into petty principalities, without natural or artificial means of defence, thus offering a wide field to rapine and ambition: the sea-coast lay in the possession of powerful strangers, men who had been entertained as exiles, and fostered until they became enemies. The warfare of the Britons was simple, for they fought naked, defended by a wicker shield only; their chariots, with scythes projecting from the wheels, were more calculated to astonish the rude, than to secure a victory over disciplined troops, such as fifty-five years before the Christian era, they were called to encounter in Cæsar,\* and his legionaries.

Two expeditions made by this victorious leader, tended to discover, rather than subjugate the southern parts of Britain:† he again withdrew his forces, securing to the republic the glory of its last empty conquest, and leaving to the islanders their ancient laws and customs, and, with the exception of a tribute, more readily promised than it was paid, the freedom of their native wilds. For nearly a century from this period, Rome and her nominal subjects maintained a friendly intercourse, until it suffered interruption in the reign of Claudius, when the southern coast, with all the adjacent inland country,

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\* Seutonius intimates that he came over to enrich himself from the pearl fisheries on the coast: but the thirst of ambition is insatiable as that of gain.

† Pliny, IV., 16., says—"the name of the island was Albion, the whole set of islands being called Britannic."



was secured by the conquerors, after a protracted but ineffectual resistance. Their forts and colonies long overawed without breaking the Briton's spirit; and Caractacus, by his revolt, and a war of nine years, taught the invaders not to practise too far on their endurance. Thirty years of submission, however, made these forget the lesson; the indignities offered Boadicea, "the British warrior queen," caused another revolt, in which perished more than three score thousand Romans; it continued until a victory won, with immense slaughter, by the emperor's general, Paulinus, terminated the struggles and with them the liberties of Britain. The Roman laws and customs, habits and arms, language and manners, baths and feasts, studies and learning, were introduced, and, in some provinces, became general; in short, the Britons seem, with the exception of ravages on their northern frontier, to have passed in security, the long and turbulent period which announced the decline, and subsequent fall of the empire.

The final departure of the Romans, A. D. 448, left them open to a renewal of these ravages, by their enemies the Picts and Scots, whose first assaults indeed might be disregarded under the more sweeping horrors of famine. This affliction proved transient, but it added to their previous weakness, already too much impaired by a general laxity of morals; and as the only resource left, Vortigern,\* their

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\* The loves of this British prince, and Ronix or Rowena, the daughter of Hengist, are immortalized in the well-known origin of the wassail cup; Leiver king, wacth heil, said the damsel; drinke—heil, replied Vortigern, and saluted the fair Saxon, who—according at least to the metrical version of the tale—was not slow to return the thrilling compliment:—

The king said as the knight gan ken  
 Drinke=heil smiland Rowen  
 Rowen drank as hire list  
 And gabe the king syne him kist.

unworthy ruler, sought aid from the Saxons.\* Under Hengist and Horsa,† these deceitful friends learned to despise the weakness of both parties; the northern frontier, which was assigned them to defend, afforded shelter but to a fresh horde of assailants; and the Britons were soon driven again to contend in arms, for their rights and property. The defeat and death of Horsa seemed at first to favor their righteous cause, and the successes gained against them by the renowned prince Arthur long afforded theme for romance‡ and lay; but the short sword, and close attack of the Pagans, for such the Saxons were, gradually prevailed over the missiles of the cross. Some fled to found for themselves a new name and country on the opposite shores of Bretagne; others sought refuge among the fastnesses of the west, and there, while the Saxons overran all the fairer portions of the island, long maintained themselves in a rugged state of freedom.

Hooker, the antiquary, who was chamberlain of Exeter in Elizabeth's reign, tells us, that they called their territories Danmonia,§ the country of the vallies, and that it once stretched eastward as far as the Belgæ (*Firbolg*) or Somerset; a boundary that, with some partial encroachments, made and

\* "The Saxons dressed with some degree of elegance, a luxury unknown to the Britons; the women used linen garments, trimmed and striped with purple; their hair was bound in wreaths, or fell in curls on their shoulders, their arms were bare and their bosoms uncovered."—*Lord Lyttleton's Letters*.

† They are called by Gildas, and from him by Bede, the sons of Woden—a mythology invented, as is probable, by the Welch bards, to palliate their country's defeat.—*Stillington, Orig. Brit.*

‡ It is to be regretted that so much of romantic scandal has found its way into volumes of sober history.

§ "William of Malmesbury, Florence of Worcester, Roger of Houedon, and others, stile Devonshire by name Domnonia, perhaps all from *Duff neint*, i. e., low valleyes in British; wherein are most habitations of the country, as judicious Camden teaches me."—*Drayton's Polyolbion*. (note.)

recovered during the period of the heptarchy, they \* maintained until all England became united into one kingdom, under Egbert.

*From "The Antiquities and Institutions of Okehampton," a work of sterling merit, now being published in monthly numbers.*

## SUFFERINGS OF LIEUTENANT D. O'BRIEN, R. N.

*Continued from page 55.*

NOVEMBER, 1807. To prevent suspicion, I walked boldly on the road: it rained excessively heavy, and I was sure that nobody who had any possibility of remaining under cover would interrupt me. After advancing a short distance, on turning back, I observed my friend, the tailor, with all the rest, watching which way I went. I therefore continued the road, until I lost sight of the house. Thus, hungry and wet, I proceeded, tolerably well pleased at getting so well off. I now discovered a high mountain covered with rocks and pines contiguous to the road. I imagined I should find a more hospitable retreat in some cavern among those rocks, than the recent one which my fellow creatures occupied; and not wishing to remain exposed any longer on the highway, I scrambled up, and reached the summit: there I found an excellent dry cavern under an immense rock. I crept into it, and shortly fell into a profound sleep, in which state I remained, until I was awoke by the grunting of hogs that came to banish the unfortunate and forlorn usurper, who had so illegally taken possession of their habitation. I found it quite dusk, and about the time I should commence my march. So after looking at these animals, grateful for the benefits I had received in their cave, I descended, and got on the Strasbough road, and kept running, with little intermission, the whole of the night, notwithstanding the excruciating pain I felt from my blistered feet.

About midnight, having halted to listen if there were any noise, or footsteps to be heard on the road, I plainly discovered, by the cracking of whips, that a coach or waggon was advancing; I therefore retired a few steps from the road side, and lay close down, it passed, and appeared to be a diligence, or the heavy travelling coach. I resumed my route, kept running on, and passed several villages, until a little before day-light, conjecturing that I could not be far from the Rhine. I secured my lodging in a wood for the ensuing day; formed another snug cavern under a rock, on the top of a precipice, got into it, and after regaling myself with a few cabbage stumps, which I had procured in passing the villages, I fell asleep.

My spirits were extremely agitated during the whole night, I awoke frequently, by talking quite loud, and naming the gentlemen that had been my former companions; holding conversation with them, as if they were actually present. About two hours after I had entered the above mentioned cavern, I started up all of a sudden, and desired my companions to rise and renew their march: when, on looking round, I recollected myself—found I must have been dreaming—and, to my inexpressible amazement, discovered, that I was actually at the bottom of the precipice, and that it was quite day-

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\* The inhabitants seem to have been known by the designation of Defnsættas, or Devnsættas.



light. This precipice was very steep, and dangerous, even to a man in the day-time, broad awake. I do not recollect an instance of walking in my sleep prior to this. I hastened into the wood again, and it rained very heavily, and after crossing several mountains covered with trees, I at length discovered a very comfortable cave, full of nice dry leaves, on the declivity of a hill; it appeared to be the residence of some animal. I entered, and found it spacious enough to sit upright in; took my coat off, squeezed the water out, and after refreshing a little with my usual fare, I lay down on the earth, covering myself with the leaves, and my coat over all, and went to sleep quite happy and comfortable; well sheltered from the wind and rain that beat with great violence against the entrance of the cave.

About dusk, I was awakened by the chattering of a jay at the entrance of the cave. I crawled out, shook myself, and put my coat on, it had every appearance of a fine night, rather inclining to freeze. I calculated at being about three leagues from Strasbourgh; after descending the hill, I discovered a peasant's hut in the vale, and I determined upon ascertaining at this place, my distance from the Rhine; accordingly entered, found a young man, woman, and infant, by a fire side; they could speak nothing but German. Just as I was departing, very much vexed at not understanding their language sufficiently to gain any intelligence, an old man came in, who stared at me with wonder in his eyes. "Pray," said he, in French, "are you a Frenchman?" I answered, "yes," that I had missed my way in crossing the adjacent mountains, and would be glad if he would direct me on the Strasbourgh road. He accordingly did so, giving me the names of the villages I had to pass, and told me I was twelve leagues from it. I could not account for this distance, unless I had been directed wrong by the former inhospitable wretch. They had nothing to give me to eat, which they appeared sorry for; I took a little brandy and water, paid them, and departed. After proceeding about two miles, I met two men with fowling pieces, they saluted me, and passed on. I could not bear my shoes, my feet were so very sore, but kept the stockings on, until the feet were worn out; even then I found them of great service in the frosty weather.

November, 1807. I now repassed several villages, that I had gone by the preceding night, which convinced me that I must have taken a circuit, instead of going directly onwards. About eleven, I recognised a village which I had passed through the night before, and here I supposed I had made the deviation, and turned to the left instead of the right; not being quite certain I stopped to consider a moment, when I saw a woman, whom I asked; she had the kindness to direct me, and I then perceived that my mistake, the night before, was exactly as I had suspected: I thanked her, and just as I was leaving her, the door of a small public house on the road side opened; out came a French military officer! he passed the woman, and I dreaded very much lest he should inquire who I was, and what I wanted with her; but he did not prove so inquisitive, he also passed me without speaking, I fortunately had to go a different direction to him, and immediately made the best of my way.

The pleasing ideas of being at last in a fair way of succeeding, and to my overcoming all difficulties, began now to be cherished by me. I found myself on an excellent road; got a supply of very fine turnips out of an adjoining garden, and discovered regular posts on the road side; kept running all night, with very little intermission, resolved at all events to get near the Rhine before morning. The road continued for about four leagues, through a wood; on leaving this wood I was brought to a stand all of a sudden, by the walls of a town, which, according to the names I had received from the old man, was Hagenau; but I had never supposed that the road led through it, and that it



was walled in; it was also surrounded by a river, which appeared an insurmountable barrier to my proceedings. It required much resolution, owing to the frost to take to the water,—however, “necessity has no law,” so I stripped, and fortunately got over one branch of it; upon the other part I observed a mill, with the house arched, so as to admit the water to pass. Upon a strict survey, I perceived, that if I could pass this part, I should be able to make a tour round the town, and to get clear, I approached, saw the mill doors opened, and the road on the opposite side. I retired a little, dressed myself, and advanced again, and passed through the mill, hearing no noise but that of the works; indeed this appeared to be a thoroughfare, for the people who brought their corn to grind.

November, 1807. Thus easily I surmounted, what I had deemed but an hour before almost impracticable. I returned Divine Providence my most sincere thanks, and congratulated myself upon the occasion. I now walked on towards Strasbourgh, well assured of being on the proper road. At about half-past three, I heard a man cough at a little distance behind; I did not alter my pace, and, to avoid suspicion, rather slackened it. He soon overtook me, saluted me in broken French, and expressed his surprise at my being able to get out of town so early. I told him that I believed I was the first out that morning, feigned to believe it was past five o’clock, and that I thought it was usual to open the gates about that hour. He said that he thought it was about three, and wondered to see me bare-footed. I told him I was a soldier, and that after the severe campaigns we lately had in Prussia, and against the Russians, we were insensible to cold. He agreed that my observations were very just. I added, that I had been on leave to see my friends, my regiment was at Strasbourgh; I was all of a sudden ordered to join, and had walked day and night, almost, from St. Quentin, my native place, lest it should march without me. He commended my zeal, and said, we were wonderful fellows: he informed me that he was a butcher, going to purchase cattle, and that he would continue with me about two miles farther; Strasbourgh was about three leagues from me. At the distance mentioned, he parted, wishing me to take a dram at a little public house on the road side. I excused myself, by observing, that I never had been accustomed to drink so early.

The day was breaking fast. On approaching a large town, it was necessary to get off the highway, so I took the first pathway to the right, determining to leave Strasbourgh on the left, as it was my intention to proceed into Switzerland, if I found much difficulty in attempting to cross the Rhine. I advanced about two or three miles through the fields, sat down, wiped my feet and got my shoes and the legs of my stockings on, though with great difficulty, as my feet were very much swelled, and the skin peeled off. I limped on in great pain, the morning was very hazy and disagreeable, and I felt excessively weak; the heat of my feet parched the upper leather of my shoes so, that I was frequently obliged to stand in a wet place to soften them. Thus roving about in the open fields, without being able to discover a hiding place, I remained for some time.

At length I heard a bell ring, and conjectured it was in some small village; I directed my course towards the sound, it was what I had supposed, and appeared a very poor one. After a great deal of hesitation, I resolved to approach the next house to me. My pretext was, to inquire my distance from the road to Strasbourgh. This I accordingly did, found two young women spinning flax, dressed genteely, after the German manner. I inquired of them the road to Strasbourgh? they could not understand me. I made signals that I was thirsty, one of them brought me some milk, which I swallowed with great eagerness. I offered payment, but she would not

take any ; and made me understand, how sorry they were that they could not speak French. After this, one went out, and shortly returned with a man who spoke a little broken French. I could have willingly declined her goodness on this head. He saluted me very kindly, told me the direction I so much wished for, assured me the mayor of the village was the only person that spoke my language correctly among them, that the young woman had been in search of him, but he was not at his house, he was however expected every moment, and would do himself the pleasure of coming and conversing with me. I returned them many thanks for their extreme goodness, wished the mayor at the devil in my mind, expressed myself infinitely indebted to them, regretted very much that I could not wait to be honored by the mayor's visit, as I was in great haste to reach the above mentioned town ; and I then took my leave of these very polite folks.

November, 1807. I limped on through the fields, with my feet more painful from the little heat I had received in these good folks' house, every now and then looking back to see if any one was pursuing me. I have since been of opinion, that they really meant nothing but civility, although at that time I thought very differently. The weather was still very thick and hazy, which favored me greatly in the open fields. I was obliged to take off my shoes, and what remained of my stockings, as the pain increased so much : and advanced carefully, avoiding the fields in which people were at work ; and had an opportunity this day of getting an excellent supply of turnips ; this part of the country abounds with them, they feed their cattle on them ; and the peasantry were employed in putting them into heaps, and covering them with earth.

*To be continued.*

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“ There is a tide in the affairs of men.”

SHAKSPEARE.

THE sunny sky its glowing lustre threw  
Upon the placid, blue-tinged tide beneath,  
Where tranquilly the tall-pined bark reposed,  
Waiting the favouring breeze :

And speedily the longing sail full filled  
For Hope's reality—Commercial wealth  
Which brings untiring Ease—the Ease which makes  
Wealth two-fold—great and sure.

(War has not ease :—her course is that of strife ;  
Her wealth mere shadows, which her harsh form throws :  
For gold is only golden when 't is just—  
Unjust, a vexing dross.)

And long the breeze sought dalliance with the tide,  
For both in treaty seemed to speed the bark :  
Yet heedlessly the Skipper loitered on,  
Close furled, and waited more !

Still breezes—says narration—tripping came  
And passed, like favours unesteemed ; but soon  
The sunny sky a sable garb put on,  
As mourning absent good.

Forked lightnings darted, and incessant rain  
Propelled the flood, while, as in fretful sport,  
Uprose the storm, which naught save tell-tale spar  
Left on the crested wave !

Full many a sigh then mingled with the wind ;  
Full many a tear joined with the briny surf ;  
Full many a hope too sank, as sank its prop  
Upon the rocky shore !

Thus sang old Harold to his soft-tuned harp,  
In feeling adding force ; but ere was seen  
Its strings' vibration mellowed down to rest  
He sent the moral forth :

*Such, list'ning youth surrounding, such is life—  
Your buoyant bark ! yourselves the skippers are !  
Watch well the sunny sky—the fav'ring breeze,  
And start while both prevail !*

He closed : his swollen veins each finger marked ;  
And there were those who thought, that, as adown  
His furrowed cheek a mighty tear would fall,  
It mooted something known.

J. R. B.

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## GEOGRAPHY OF ANIMALS IN SOUTH DEVON.

Concluded from page 90.

When the cold of winter compels the numerous species of ducks and other aquatic birds to emerge from their arctic retreats, they commence a southward emigration, in search of a milder clime, and suitable protection and food. Amongst those spots which offer these desiderata is our own coast; the bays, and inlets of the sea, their natural habitats are here presented to them, and the rejectamenta of the sea, and natural productions of that element, and of the coast, afford them the necessary sustenance: here then they remain till milder weather, they have penetrated as far south as this country permits, and they feel no inducement to cross the channel to seek out better quarters. Upon the occurrence of a long continued south-westerly wind, or of a storm, the pelagic birds and fishes are driven to the coasts, and it seems likely, from our position, as regards the ocean, namely, further removed from it than Cornwall, that the fury of the elements would drive them to us in preference to the latter county: so also it would appear, that the eligibility of this county, presenting, as it does, so many qualifications for the abodes of all kinds of birds, renders it more a resort both for the migratory and resident tribes, than the adjoining counties.

In enumerating the physical conditions of this county, we have made the subject of melioration, cultivation, and planting, appear separately, because these may in one sense be regarded as adventitious, or supervenient circumstances; indeed, in the allusions above made, to fertility and eligibility, we meant only to imply those natural qualifications of the soil which it appears to me not too much to insist on, while that additional luxuriance, bestowed on it by human agency, seems to merit a separate consideration. It is curious to observe the alterations effected in our fauna, through the instrumen-



talities of the aboriginal Devonians, and through the multiplication of our species, and our numerous operations up to the present age; to mark the gradual extermination and obliteration of certain kinds: but I think it will not be less curious or instructive to consider, how far our list may have been augmented by the augmentation of resources in the vegetable kingdom. No doubt can, I think, exist, of the increase in numbers of individuals of some species, and it is not, I believe, too much to infer an increase in number of species; not that I would here entertain the subject of imported, and naturalized animals, but, *bona fide*, a voluntary adoption of residence on the part of animals themselves. I care not if this seem to militate against the law of "geographical limits," for I am persuaded, the records of natural history furnish us with illustrative cases, although, as I cannot consent to view the matter in that way, I shall not stay to search for them.

The artificial graces, then, bestowed on our county, by planting and cultivation, must be allowed to influence in no small degree the numbers and variety of our species. Insects are, for the most part, phytivorous; certain birds and quadrupeds are likewise either granivorous or herbivorous; some again feed on the phytivorous insects; whilst both, in their turn, become the prey of rapacious creatures; and here we encounter the subject of dependance in nature, a subject, by the way, not sufficiently attended to, and which, could it be more amply elucidated than has yet been done, would lead to more discoveries, and important results, than will ever be effected by the theories of closet naturalists. By the term melioration, we here take leave to imply, all those extensive, and nearly universal alterations effected in the aspect of our county by human operations generally. The uncultivated part of it bears but a small proportion to the rest. It would be as difficult a task to betake oneself to a spot from whence

no intimations of the spread of human agency and ingenuity were perceptible, as for the traveller in the interior of Africa to descry, from the highest mountain, these same indications of the presence of his species. We have only to remark, that the operations of tillage, draining, irrigation, fencing, building, and all the manifold improvements and conveniences suggested by the arts and sciences, for the welfare of mankind, must, without doubt, influence the number of our animals, the increase of certain kinds in preference to others, and the geographical range, and limits of the whole. They consign some to extirpation, or numeral diminution, as to one locality, or as to the county itself, and some are diminished in number but yet enjoy the same general distribution : on the other hand, they encourage the dissemination of very many locally, or generally, by multiplying their resources as to sustenance and protection. It is likewise probable, that not only have the horticultural, and botanical alterations effected, as before said, certain augmentations in our list ; but here also other human actions may have had a similar result ; but I speak hesitatingly ; at all events it is quite evident that we have lost rather than gained in variety of animals, by these interferences on the part of man : so extensive, and general are these interferences, that, in speaking of the geographical range, and habitats of any given species, it would be found vain and futile to endeavour to assign these as they would naturally exist ; excepting perhaps in a few instances, all our land-animals have been interfered with in some way or other ; we dare not divest ourselves of these considerations, they have become important in the history of animals, the speculative industry of humanity has exerted a direct influence on the ordinances of nature. We cannot speak of the swallow, or martin, without speaking of houses ; we cannot allude to the lark, without alluding to corn-fields ; we cannot refer to the *petella fluviatilis*, or *helix*

putris, without referring to gutters, and watercourses. To place this argument still more clearly before the reader, it is sufficient to observe, that the habitats of many of our native animals, are exclusively of human origin. As though these animals had originated with the construction of these abodes, or as though they had languished in other situations till their destined habitations were devised: no other haunts give birth to them at this time, or at so sparing a rate as to have eluded yet the naturalist's penetrating eye. There are also some animals which seem to live equally well in natural and artificial habitats, or which attain to greater size, and perfection in the former than in the latter.

We have been led very gradually and naturally, to the consideration of the last of those physical conditions influencing the distribution of our native animals—food. In the foregoing remarks we have casually noticed the reasons of our possessing so extensive a list of animals; we have also alluded to the laws of dependance by which it appears that the vegetable world is the grand pabulum of very many creatures, whilst these in turn become the pabulum of carnivorous animals. The intentions of nature would be utterly frustrated, were there to be wanting a link in this chain of dependance. There is no such thing as an independent existence. The higher, and the lower classes of animals, are in mutual connection so far as the grand scheme of an equilibrium is concerned. If the latter serve as food to the former, the former return an equal service, by their restraint on an otherwise indefinite multiplication; and this is only one way of viewing the subject: we only intend here to argue that, having shewn our natural eligibility, and unrivalled qualifications, for the maintenance of a fauna generally, and having also shewn that, by the decree of nature, one portion of a fauna implies necessarily another; the subject of food of animals rests almost wholly with an enquiry into the botanical features of the county. It appears by



the testimony of botanists that the flora of our county rivals, in extent and variety of productions, the extent and variety of its fauna; and it will not be taking too much on me, nor will it be altogether irrelevant to our present topic, to state that this is dependant on our climate, our geographical position, the terraqueous arrangements of our county, and the variety of its soils. After all, then, we are led back to the contemplation of inorganic matter, as the source of every thing that is interesting either in extent of numbers, or variety in the organic world. But there is yet another way of treating the subject of food. We have as yet viewed it only as concerns the extent of our list: let us now enquire, how far it affects the movements and migrations of animals. In the first place, although weather has the most decided effect on our summer and winter birds of passage, causing them to quit their residence abruptly, or to procrastinate their stay; yet it seems that food has some influence in these movements, for, although food being plentiful, and the weather intemperate, a summer bird of passage will quit this country suddenly, to undertake its southern emigration, and although food being scarce, and the weather severe, a winter bird of passage will delay its polar visit: yet, it appears that in the first case, a plenty of provision, conjoined with mildness and serenity of climate, will cause a summer visitant to remain with us beyond its usual time; and, in the second instance, that a scarcity of provender, and mildness of season, will cause our winter visitor to hasten its northward flight. So also it seems, that a reverse of these positions, in each example, will be attended by the same results as I have there named.

Among fishes, food seems to be a pretty general impulse to migration. Very many species of this class roam to immense distances on this errand, and some pass from great depths to the shores of continents, and islands; some make their appearance in



vast shoals, in quest of bait, and some are solitary in their migration, bent on the pursuit of shoals, or of rambling individuals. There is also, in this class of animals, much to be observed of the straggling, or irregular migration, although, possibly, observations on fishes have not been numerous enough to warrant this assertion : but it does seem as if there was a deal of uncertainty in the movements of many of them, and on what this may depend I cannot even suggest. Of internal migrations, as a consequence of want of food, we have many examples ; and it deserves notice that these are of two kinds,—first, that which occurs annually or invariably, and that which is determined by severity of weather or other causes depriving animals unexpectedly of their ordinary supply. Under the latter kind we may place some partial migrations, and some uncertain and straggling migrations among our own animals ; at least, in the absence of a better reason, it may be plausible to ascribe them to this cause.

We have now to consider the last circumstance influencing the extent, variety, and geography of our fauna ; namely, the hostility of man to certain species and tribes. I have placed this separately from the other conditions, when I first alluded to it considering that it was more a moral than a physical influence. The agricultural improvements, cultivation, and planting of the land, are indeed equally the results of human industry and art ; but these may now be considered as ingredients, as “part and parcel” in the characteristic features of the county, and, as we have just stated, are always included in an account of the natural history of any animal which may happen to be at all connected with them ; they are spoken of indeed quite in the same way as it is usual to allude to any natural product, or any aboriginal circumstance or condition ; whilst the present influence is far from being a necessary consequence of the civilization of man, or of the colonization of a country ; it seems rather to be the result

of his passions, than of his judgement, and to be the consequence of inertia, and depreciated humanity, rather than of praiseworthy industry, and of the elevated character of our race. We cannot, therefore, properly class this with the other conditions of our county; melioration and cultivation will continue to progress, and must form a most important influence on the distribution and numbers of our animals; but our hostility to certain of the brute creation may, possibly, hereafter, be displaced by a larger assumption of that refinement and elevation, for which we were most likely destined. We ought, however, here to state a most important qualification of this remark. It is quite evident, that all those operations which we have implied by the word melioration, and that the circumstances of cultivation, and planting of the soil, have caused the undue increase of certain kinds hurtful to our interests. It seems also that there are others, which, though not increased in numbers, are yet incompatible with the security of our property and work. Lastly, there are a few, which, though not designed to commit injuries on our persons, and still less for our destruction, require to be restrained to districts uninhabited by man, or to be restricted to a limited number, or even to be consigned to extirpation. It would be a task of some difficulty to calculate the inconveniences which would result to us from the unlimited increase of some animals, and the unlimited aggressions of others. The partial or total destruction of these appears therefore justifiable. At the same time, although the destruction of superfluous numbers in the case of those animals which have been as it were excited to excessive multiplication, by the accommodations afforded them by man, seems agreeable and conformable to the designs of nature; yet, is it rational to suppose, that the polity of nature has been interfered with by our attacks generally. By this way of entertaining the subject, we perceive directly, the nature of its

connection with our argument. In the warfare conducted against the lower animals, we discover a way, whereby their geographical ranges become altered, and whereby that system of dependence, which pervades organic nature, becomes essentially infringed on. The reader has, ere this, seen the inutility, indeed absurdity, of treating our subject, as one involving only considerations of a natural kind ; as one which involved no enquiries into the operations and proceedings of man : accordingly, we shall not speculate on the appearance of this county in its natural and original state, nor refer to the nature and extent of its fauna, before the dominion of man had been established in this island ; suffice it, that a revolution has taken place, and that a comparison could scarcely be instituted which would be productive of any useful result : we shall not stay to speak of the original fauna of Devon, we shall not enumerate any of the extirpated kinds, we shall not commiserate the unfortunate extinction and extirpation which seem to await many more of our native animals ; we propose to treat only of the actual state of things as they are now found in the south of Devon.

When first I commenced writing this paper, I intended to have illustrated the various positions here assumed ; by the examples afforded amongst our native animals, as I proceeded with the subject. I have however been betrayed into a different course, and, having now entered into those arguments which necessarily attach themselves to the enquiry, we shall, in a second part of this treatise, enter on a consideration of the animal productions of South Devon, with reference to the laws and arguments already mentioned. I believe however the subject would have been rendered easier to the writer, and more entertaining to the reader, by the adoption of my first intention : there now remain several methods of treating this second division of the paper, — we might be guided by the classified arrangements



of animals, or consider them indiscriminately; we might also treat of them according to the order of the conditions of their existence with us, which we have adopted, disposing of one set of examples at a time; we might consider them according to a classification of their localities; or, lastly, we might trace them as they are found to occur from our northern to our southern limit. The preference must naturally be given to the last mode, since, by it, we shall be enabled, in the progress of our remarks, to avail ourselves of the advantages possessed by the others: in our observations on the habits and habitats of animals we shall judge of the correctness or impropriety of the place assigned them by systems; we shall also naturally consider anew, the conditions of existence under which animals are placed with us; their localities will of course form great part of our observations, and be considered in every possible light to the amount of our abilities, and to the amount of the space we shall allot ourselves; lastly, we shall not hesitate to make digressions and allusions of any kind which may appear to illustrate or further the intentions of this essay.

PHILOPHYSICUS.

*Devonport.*

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## REFLECTIONS ON MARITIME PURSUITS.

AMONG the multitudinous and multiplicitous vehicles, that traverse the great rail-road of the ocean, how many break down by the way! How many of our seamen are annually consigned to the deep, or cast upon the rocky coasts of our continents and islands! We can seldom take up a newspaper, without meeting with passages detailing instances of shipwreck and loss of life; it has even been ascertained, that, on an average, there are ten British merchant vessels shipwrecked every week. In a great maritime nation like Great Britain, whose ships may be seen on every sea, that washes the shores of the civilized world, it may be expected that frequent accidents will happen among our ships, exposed as they are to all the vicissitudes of climate, and changes of weather, from calm to gale, and from tempest to hurricane. The weary, weather-beaten, and worn-out mariner, whose ship is driven upon, and dashed to atoms on, our shores, is received on the beach with the hand of Charity, and Christian kindly feeling; should the vital spark have perished in the "pitiless storm," the manly, though mangled, remains are decently consigned to a silent though obscure tomb, over which the stranger drops a tear of compassion. In other lands and other climes, the stranded ship and her hapless crew may be doomed to suffer increasing misfortunes: the seaman, if he reach the shore alive, may be stripped by the robber, murdered by the savage, or find himself naked and alone upon a solitary island, or coral reef. Such misfortunes excite our compassion, and awaken the best feelings of our hearts. There are, however, other circumstances under which a ship may be wrecked, which entail still more deplorable, more pitiable, and more dreadful sufferings, than those to which we have alluded. The stranded ship is soon destroyed, and her crew are either saved, or not saved: in either case the sufferings of the men are soon at an end. Not so with a leaky, worn-out, and water-logged "timber ship!" her unfortunate crew are doomed to toil at her pumps, as long as she continues to swim on her bottom, but the intrusive briny fluid continues to invade the hold, through innumerable chinks and crannies in the crazy old hulk; a gale of wind comes on, the waves are augmented, and climb the ship's sides, straining and working her worn-out and superannuated fabric. The exhausted crew can no longer keep the hold from filling with water; the hold at last is filled, and the buoyant materials within, instead of keeping the ship in

equilibrium by their weight, are now exerting a force in a vertical direction, in opposition to gravity, and the ship falls on her side: the waves now make a clean breach over the vessel, tearing away every thing about the decks, together with boats, bulwarks, &c. The deck-load of timber breaks adrift, and floating to leeward, gets entangled among the masts and yards, where some of the men may still be clinging; these floating logs serve as anvils on which the masts are at last broken: they give way ultimately, and the ship, relieved from the superincumbent weight, rises and resumes a position of equivocal stability. The ship is now no longer manageable, she floats indeed, not by her own intrinsic buoyancy; the cargo she was intended to carry now bears her above the foaming surge! The timber within may be compared to a huge raft, and the surrounding hull of the vessel to a bundle of old rotten and water soaked boards, suspended on the surface of the water by the more buoyant materials composing the cargo.

Let us now consider the condition of those unfortunate beings that may yet be clinging to the wreck, and washed by every wave: they stretch their eyes around the horizon and see nought but a wild waste of turbulent waters. Their solitary floating hulk only serves to prolong and augment their misery. The waves have torn away all means of shelter, and every thing that might have alleviated the gnawings of hunger; not even a drop of fresh water can be obtained! the hold may yet contain some water or salt provisions, but the hold has been long filled, and the floating timber within has broken up as well as broken down every bulk-head fore and aft. Day after day this melancholy picture receives darker shades. Man after man is washed from the wreck, drops from the rigging, or departs this life in a state of exhaustion, insanity, or delirium. Some may still be clinging to the wreck in a most deplorable and pitiful condition; how have they subsisted so long on a floating wreck? We leave our readers to their own surmises!

The bare recital of such horrors as we have been describing, and the frequency of their occurrence make us shudder with horror. A lively imagination may picture to itself, without much exaggeration, a solitary wreck, floating on the waves of the Atlantic, and deluged by every surge. The remains of a once jovial crew cling to the wreck, living pictures of death and starvation. The sea-mew skims the welken and hovers about the wreck, while the voracious shark haunts the floating hulk! The miserable survivors again cast lots who shall be sacrificed to



furnish food for the remaining few, or perhaps they endeavour to secure the body of a dying companion, in order to draw a loathsome subsistence from a diseased and emaciated corpse!

Such are the scenes of horror that frequently take place on board of water-logged timber ships; and instances might be given of more distress, and even more horrible details than we have ventured to portray; but let us cover them with a veil, and consider what ought to be done to lessen, if not to avoid, such calamities.

When old merchant ships become leaky, and unfit to receive dry cargoes, they are sent into the "timber trade," here they may continue for years, but their end is almost always such as we have described; that is to say, they founder at sea; the owners receiving from the Insurance office the full value (as insured). Now, although we are advocates for "free trade," as well as "sailors' rights," and would willingly loosen the shackles of commerce, yet we cannot help thinking, that old and unseaworthy ships should be broken-up, instead of being sent out as coffins for our sailors. An unseaworthy ship should not even be allowed to go to sea in the *timber trade*, and captains and owners of antiquated ships should at least be obliged to publish the age of the ship in their advertisements; but no, the captain of an *ancient ship* is as tenacious of her age as an elderly maiden lady is of her's!

We are, however, ready to acknowledge, that all ships employed in the timber trade are not rotten or superannuated, nor even all those that have foundered in their transit from America to Europe; many a good ship has been lost, through the gross ignorance and want of skill in stowing the cargo. Let us take a cursory view of this subject.

1st.—The cargo in a ship's hold should be so disposed, that each section of the ship may bear a weight proportioned to its buoyancy, and that no part be overloaded.

2nd.—Great care should be taken in stowing the ground tier, least an under weight be exerted on some parts of the ship's bottom, which would strain the ship and cause her to leak.

3rd.—The stowage of the cargo should be such, as to afford the ship *stability to carry sail*.

A ship filled with timber of a buoyant description, may be sufficiently stiff as long as the ship remains tight, because the cargo would, by its *weight on the bottom*, afford stability; but, if water gain admission into the hold, the timber will have a tendency to float, and turn the ship bottom upwards. *Ex gratia*.

Take a cylindrical vessel, say a cask; we find, that as a floating body, it has no stability whatever, but will turn round in the water on its longitudinal axis with the least possible force applied: now, if we put some buoyant timber into the cask, and secure it, we shall then find that the timber, by *its weight*, will afford the cask a certain degree of stability. But, if water be admitted, the timber within, instead of exerting a force on the lower part of the cask, equal to its *weight* in the atmosphere, will now exert a force in an opposite direction, *equal to its buoyancy* in water; the cask will now turn upside down, the timber within occupying the surface of the water.

We know that a solid, specifically lighter than a fluid, will swim, and if the solid be heavier (bulk for bulk) than the fluid, it will sink. But when a solid is of the same specific gravity as a fluid it will neither sink nor swim in it. Now, in loading timber ships, care should be taken to stow the *most dense materials* in the bottom, and the lighter materials aloft; seamen seldom attend to this circumstance, and they frequently mistake *weight* for density. The density may be seen at once by the depth to which timber sinks in the water. Ballast is sometimes kept in timber ships which may be of a sandy or soluble nature, and would soon be washed about and pumped out of a leaky ship. It but too frequently happens, that the chain cables and other heavy stores of timber ships, are hauled up and stowed upon deck, and the space previously occupied by such stores is filled with timber of one sixteenth the density of a chain cable!

I remember to have seen a timber ship brought into Plymouth Sound that afforded an example of this kind. She became full of water, and upset near the Eddystone; every thing was washed overboard, her deck timber broke adrift, and her top-masts, &c. were carried away upon the floating raft; the ship righted, but the chain cables dragged along the bottom, one end being fast to the anchors, the other end clenched round the mast. When the wreck arrived in the Sound, and the cables were hauled in, the iron was quite bright by rubbing along the bottom of the sea.

Thus, by crazy old ships being sent to convey timber from Canada to Europe, and by the injudicious manner in which the disposition of the cargo is made in the hold, are our seamen annually consigned to all the horrors of a lingering death and a watery grave.

SINBAD.

## THE STAR OF THE EAST.

## A FRAGMENT.

"Behold wise men came to Jerusalem, saying 'We have seen *his* star in the East.'"

THE lamp of the Philosopher burnt dim at the midnight hour:—but still he bent without weariness over the subject of his studies. His head leant on one hand, and the pale gleaming light shone on a brow wrinkled with deep thought. At times his eye wandered around the room, but it rested not on any external object; his mind was too busy within to mark any signs of an outward world. At length the door of his chamber opened, and a young maiden stood before him, soliciting his attention by the name of "father." The philosopher turned his head, for a slight sound had reached his ear, but the suppliant's upward earnest look was met by a vacant gaze, for as yet the word had no meaning in his pre-occupied mind. At length a power of recognition came, and with it an air of surprise, as he said, "daughter! here at this hour?" "Father," replied the maiden, "I come to entreat thee to rest; it is now the fourth night since sleep closed thine eyelids, even for a little while; the spirit must sink with much labour. Deny me not, my father." "Return to thine own repose, my child," said her parent, "the hours of my watching are not yet over. Disturb me not again, daughter." At these words the maiden submissively bowed her head and departed sorrowfully, as the philosopher again wrapt himself in his deep and holy meditations. Gradually the light of conviction beamed on his mind, and a smile of purest satisfaction gladdened his pale features; a rush of joyful sensations filled his heart, as closing his eyes he leant back, giving himself up to the delightful consciousness of having arrived at a long sought-for conclusion. "Repaid, repaid," he murmured, "a thousand times repaid, for all the labour and watching, and ever-wakeful thoughts of



days and months and years. "God of the Hebrews," continued he, as he left the chamber, and looked from the house-top on the star-lit heavens above him, "show now thy sign, and my heart shall bless thee; make manifest thy presence, and I will give thee praise." Long and earnestly did the wise man gaze on the countless orbs, as each in its bright sphere rolled on in silent loveliness. Whether it lifted its pale light above the eastern horizon, or mounted higher in its glorious zenith, or declined towards the darkened west, still his eye tracked its onward course; and still disappointment followed its disappearance. One alone sunk not like the others: one alone remained stationary in the illimitable space, shedding a bright yet hallowed radiance on the sleeping world beneath. "Behold the hope of Israel appeareth," exclaimed the enraptured spectator, "God of their fathers, I thank thee!" and throwing himself prostrate, his heart rose to the Great First Cause with as much devotion as the Hebrew before the Holy of Holies, where so often Jehovah had mysteriously manifested his presence. Whilst the anxiety of his mind remained, the body felt no weariness; but now, when that anxiety was changed for calm delight, his limbs relaxed, his thoughts fled, and—with the words of praise still faltering on his lips—the Philosopher slumbered.

When he again arose, the scene of starry grandeur had vanished, and its softened glory was replaced by the sun's rays struggling through a thin white vapour which floated over the great river of Babylon. From some parts this veil of morning's beauty was removed, and discovered points more lovely from their being rare. In a short time a light breeze sprang up, and, sporting awhile with the fleecy mass, at length dispersed it in all directions, and displayed at once the scene of earth's former magnificence, and present vanity. Before him lay the remains of that "golden city," "the lady of kingdoms, once abundant in treasures and the praise

of the whole earth." Where now were its temples, its palaces, its hanging gardens, and many rivers? The Lord of the earth had spoken, and they disappeared; his voice had declared it, and the mighty city became a desert. Its stupendous wall alone remained unshaken by the hand of time; all within them appeared levelled with the very earth, except where the temple of Belus, gigantic even in its ruins, stood alone in the solitary place, like the awful figure of Prophecy, pointing to the fulfilment of her words. The philosopher's dwelling formed one of a few scattered houses in the suburbs,—a pitiful substitute for the noble line of palaces which formerly ornamented that city of wonders. Totally abstracted from the busy world, he devoted himself amidst this waste of ruins, to watch the further accomplishment of those prophetic words which had been so remarkably verified in the scene before him. And now nothing doubting, he left his home, and the sole daughter of his heart, to join his brethren in science, and wander forth seeking the promised Messiah of Israel. Together these wise men visited the splendid dwelling of the proud Herod, demanding, "where is he that is born King of the Jews?" Together they proceeded to the lowly manger of Bethlehem, and, despising outward splendour, welcomed in his humble birth-place the holy Babe, as the future "image of the great and invisible God." Then warned by an omniscient Providence, they avoided the courts of princes, and traced back their steps, rejoicing at having discerned the first gleams of that light which was to lighten the whole earth. It is needless to describe with what unfeigned joy the deserted child hailed the return of her parent; or how, wondering, she listened to his delighted anticipations of future glory to be shed over all nations.

In after years, when a hushed multitude hung on the precious words of their teacher, none felt more deeply the truth and blessedness of the glad tidings,

or followed more devotedly as disciples of their great Master, than those who from the beginning had traced his course—the aged philosopher and his beloved child.

*Note.*—(In all ages and countries, men have arisen, whose minds, superior to their fellow mortals, perceived the first dawning of truth, and rejoiced in its fuller developement. Not only in Israel, but in Europe, America, and even in benighted India, Heaven has raised its agents to sound the depths of falsehood and superstition, and make manifest the unsullied brightness of that pearl of great price. Ignorant creatures have too often placed obstructions in their way, but God *has* favored, and *will* for ever favor their glorious exertions.)

R. P. E.

*Parkwood.*

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THE ANTIQUARIAN, No. II.

ANCIENT CASTLES OF DEVON.

*“Antiquam exquirite matrem.”*—VIRGIL.

THE primary design of this essay is to delineate the remains of Art. In a secondary view, occasional notice will be taken of the distinguishing features impressed by nature on the character of our local scenery. The ruins of the tottering pile will appear contrasted with the ever-during hills and cloud-capped tors which present themselves in many parts of this county.

For the minute detail, that is requisite in the composition of the treatise, the subject itself supplies an apology, which may likewise extend to vindicate the honest claim of the author, to the benefit of the axiom, “that the mind of man is more cheered and refreshed by advancing in small things, than by standing still in great ones.” In the words of the wise, “as in a race, it is not the large stride, or high lift of the feet, but the low and even motion of them



that makes the speed ; so in business, the keeping close to the matter, and not greedily taking too much of it at one time, procures dispatch." A just and fair representation of objects, in their native colour and aspect, is more striking and satisfactory than a more eminent group of individuals reduced in miniature, or indistinctly sketched in remote perspective. A home scene grows more familiar and engaging than a far spread and level landscape that fades away in the verge of the distant horizon. Private memoirs are more interesting than public archives ; and thus topography is more simple and attractive than physical geography, or universal history.

When Maximus was sent by the Roman Emperor to administer the government of that noble province, Achaia, the original and genuine Greece, the primitive seat of learning and liberal arts ; his friend Pliny wrote to enjoin on him, the generous observance of the customs and institutions of its free cities : "revere the gods and heroes, their founders, the glory of their ancient days, and even that antiquity itself, for age, as it is venerable in men, is in states sacred. Honor them therefore for their deeds of old renown ; for those which true, and, I do not scruple to add, which fabulous history has recorded. Reflect on the noble figure these cities once made ; but so reflect, as not to despise them for what they now are." Another illustrious Roman, Sulpicious, in a celebrated epistle to Cicero, expressed the solemn considerations that occupied his thoughts in contemplating the relics of departed grandeur, in the following terms : — "In my return out of Asia, as I was sailing from Ægina towards Megara, on my right I saw Piræus, and on my left Corinth : these cities, once so flourishing and magnificent, now presented nothing to my view but a sad spectacle of desolation. 'Alas,' I said to myself, 'shall such a short-lived creature 'as man complain when one of his species falls

‘ether by the hand of violence, or by the common course of nature; whilst, in this narrow compass, so many great and glorious cities, formed for a much longer duration, thus lie extended in ruins? Remember then, oh my heart! the general lot to which man is born, and let that thought suppress thy unreasonable murmurs.’ ” In like manner the incomparable Addison remarks on the train of observations suggested to his mind by the repositories of the dead. Alluding to the monuments in Westminster Abbey, this refined and elegant writer observes, “When I look upon the tombs of the great, every emotion of envy dies within me; when I read the epitaphs of the beautiful, every inordinate desire goes out; when I meet with the grief of parents upon a tombstone, my heart melts with compassion; when I see the tombs of the parents themselves, I consider the vanity of grieving for those, whom we must quickly follow; when I see kings lying beside those who deposed them; when I consider rival wits placed side by side, or the holy men that divided the world with their contests and disputes, I reflect with sorrow and astonishment on the little competitions, factions, and debates of mankind; when I read the several dates of the tombs, of some that died yesterday, and some six hundred years ago, I consider that great day, when we shall all of us be contemporaries, and make our appearance together.”

Why should we retrace the vestiges of the past? The reflections already produced, in strict consistency with the purpose we now have in view, are more than sufficient to prove the useful lessons of antiquity. A survey of our ancient castles, in their present dismantled condition, may give rise to that grave and sober forethought, in which the prospect of the future appears, from the desolations of time, profigured under the mournful emblems of decay.

The early British fortifications seem to have been little more than intrenchments of earth. Cæsar,

however, penetrated not far enough to know the true nature of the British fortresses, and, in his work, "*De bello Gallico*" has given only the description of a lowland camp. In all parts of England there is a great number of strong entrenchments, of a very peculiar kind, situated chiefly on the tops of natural hills, and which can be attributed to none of the different people who have ever dwelt in the adjacent country, but the ancient Britons. These were the strong posts and fastnesses of the aboriginal settlers, where they lodged their wives, formed their garrisons, and made their last stand. That the Britons were accustomed to fortify such places, we have the authority of Tacitus, who, describing the strong holds, formed and resorted to by Caractacus, says, "*Tunc montibus arduis, et si qua elementer accedi poterant, in modum valli saxa præstruit.*" (*Annal. lib. XII., sec. 33*). "Then, on steep eminences, "and where the hold might be accessible by a "gentler acclivity, it was pointed with stone, in the "form of a wall."

That hill fortresses were used in the earliest ages appears from the records of ancient times. Samson dwelt on the top of the rock of Elain; and the Israelites made their stand to repel invasion upon mount Tabor. Tacitus describes the temple in Jerusalem as a citadel and a sanctuary. "*Templum in modum arcis, propinque muri.*" The very porches surrounding the temple formed a grand bulwark. Within its precincts there was a fountain of perennial water, and the rocks were excavated for the protection of its garrison. There were towers of defence, and a temple of Minerva, the Parthenon, planted on the acropolis of Athens. A very curious instance of the attack and surrender of such a muniment of rock in Sogdiana, in Asia, is related by Quintus Curtius, (*Lib. VII., cap. 11*). Alfred the Great, however, seems to have been the first of our princes, with whom the building of castles became an object of national policy: Elfleda, too, his daughter, gover-



ness of Mercia, imitating the example of her unrivalled father, built not less than eight castles, to resist the incursions of the Danes. A still more remarkable instance of the knowledge of castle-building at a short period subsequent to this, may be found in William of Malmesbury: he mentions the rebuilding of Exeter by Athelstan, who died in 941. "*Urbem illam turribus munivit—or, he fortified that city with towers and battlements, constructed of squared stones.*" And from the few remains of the fortifications of this period we find, that the walls precisely answer Malmesbury's description.

Still the deficiency of strong posts in the island, during every period of the Anglo-Saxon history, may be constantly observed. And it is more than probable that, to this defect, we may attribute the defeat of Harold, since it became necessary that all should be risked upon the issue of a single battle. Conscious of this deficiency, "William," says Matthew Paris, "excelled all his predecessors in building castles, and greatly harrassed his subjects with these works;" all his earls, barons, and even prelates imitated his example; and it was the first care of every one who received the grant of an estate from the crown, to build a castle upon it for his defence and residence. William Rufus was much addicted to building royal castles and palaces, as that of Windsor, which, in its present state of grandeur and decoration, challenges the preeminence above the proudest mansions of Europe. In the turbulent reign of Stephen, \*says the writer of the Saxon chronicle, every one who was able, built a castle, so that the poor people were worn out with the toil of these buildings, and the whole kingdom was covered with castles. "Stephen," says Holinshed, "began to repent himself, although too late, for that he had granted licence to so many of his subjects to build castles within their own grounds."

An art so much practised as architecture was at this period, must have been much improved. That

it really was so, will appear from the following very brief description of the most common form and structure of a royal castle, or of that of a great earl, baron, or prelate of that time : and, as these castles served both for residence and defence, this description will serve both for an account of the domestic and military architecture, then adopted, as this two-fold purpose cannot well be separated.

The situation of the castles of the Anglo-Norman kings and barons was most commonly on an eminence, and near a river, a position, on several accounts, eligible. The whole site of the castle was surrounded by a deep and broad ditch, sometimes filled with water, and sometimes dry, called the "fosse;" before the great gate was an outwork, called a "barbican," or "antemural," which was a strong and high wall, with turrets upon it, designed for the defence of the gate and draw-bridge. On the inside of the ditch stood the wall of the castle, about eight or ten feet thick, and between twenty and thirty feet high, with a parapet, and a kind of embrasures, called "crennels," on the top. On this wall, at proper distances, square towers, of two or three stories high, were built, which served for lodging some of the principal officers of the proprietor of the castle, and for other purposes ; and on the inside were erected lodgings for the common servants or retainers, granaries, storehouses, and other menial offices. On the top of this wall, and on the flat roofs of these buildings, stood the defenders of the castle, when it was besieged, and thence discharged arrows, darts, and stones, on the besiegers. The great gate of the castle stood in the course of this wall, and was strongly fortified with a tower on each side, and rooms over the passage, which was closed with thick folding-doors of oak, often plated with iron, and with an iron portcullis or grate let down from above. Within this outward wall was a large open space or court, called, in the largest and most perfect castles, the "outer bayle, or ballium," in

which stood commonly a church or chapel. On the inside of this outer bayle was another ditch, wall, gate, and towers, inclosing the inner bayle or court, within which the chief tower or "keep" was built. This was a very large square fabric, four or five stories high, having small windows in prodigious thick walls, which rendered the apartments within it dark and gloomy. This great tower was the palace of the prince, prelate, or baron, to whom the castle belonged, and the residence of the constable or governor. Under ground were dismal dark vaults, for the confinement of prisoners; which made it sometimes be called "the dungeon." In this building also was the great hall, in which the owner displayed his hospitality, by entertaining his friends and followers. At one end of the great halls of castles, palaces, and monasteries, there was a place, raised a little above the rest of the floor, called the "deis;" where the chief table stood, at which persons of the highest rank dined. Though there were unquestionably great variations in the structure of palaces and castles in this period, yet the most complete and magnificent of them seem to have been constructed on the above plan. Such, to give one example, was the famous castie of Bedford, as appears from the following account of the manner in which it was taken by Henry III., A. D. 1224, from Matthew Paris.—

The castle was taken by four assaults. "In the first was taken the barbican; in the second, the outer ballia; at the third attack, the wall by the old tower was thrown down by the miners, where, with great danger, they possessed themselves of the inner ballia, through a chink; at the fourth assault, the miners set fire to the tower, so that the smoke burst out, and the tower itself was cloven to that degree, as to show visibly some broad chinks; whereupon the enemy surrendered."

In process of ages, those ancient castles underwent very considerable alterations. After the age



of Edward I. we find another kind of castle, bearing more resemblance to modern palaces : the first of these was that of Windsor, built by Edward III., who employed William of Wykeham as his architect.

To these venerable piles succeeded the castellated houses ; mansions adorned with turrets and battlements, but utterly incapable of defence, except against a rude mob, armed with clubs and staves, on whom the gates might be shut ; yet still, mansions almost quite devoid of all real elegance, or comfortable convenience, and fitted only to entertain “a herd of retainers,” wallowing in licentiousness. At the same time, however, they discover marks of economy and good management, which enabled their hospitable lords to support such rude revels, and to keep up their state, even better than many of their more refined successors. After this kind of building, the magnificent quadrangular houses of Henry VIII. succeeded. Without referring to the stately edifices of Elizabeth’s, it may be enough to add, that here ends the history of the English castle.

The total change in military tactics brought about by the invention of gunpowder and artillery ; the more settled state of the nation, Scotland becoming part of the dominion of England ; the respectable character of our navy, whose wooden walls secure us from invasions ; and the abolition of the feudal system, all conspired to render castles of little use or consequence, as fortresses : so the great improvements in arts and sciences, and their constant attendant, the increase of luxury, made our nobility and gentry build themselves more pleasant and airy dwellings ; relinquishing the ancient dreary abodes of their forefathers, where the enjoyment of light and air was sacrificed to the consideration of strength ; and whose best rooms, according to our modern, refined notions, have more the appearance of gaols and dungeons for prisoners, than apartments for the reception of a rich and powerful baron.

Many of these monuments of ancient magnificence having withstood in part the inclemencies of time and weather, have been demolished for the sake of the materials: thus the country has been deprived of those remains, which, in the eyes of foreigners, are essential to the dignity of a nation; and which, if rightly considered, tend to inspire the beholder with a love of the order and confidence, that now generally obtain, by leading him to compare the present with those times, when such buildings were erected: times, in which this unhappy land was distracted by intestine wars; when from those strong holds of despotism, rearing their front above crags and precipices, hosts of savage warriors sallied forth under the banners of their chieftains, either for slaughter, or rapine, in some adjoining domain; when the son was armed against the father, and brother slaughtered brother; when the lives, honour, and property of the wretched inhabitants depended on the nod of an arbitrary sovereign, or were subject to the more tyrannical and capricious wills of lawless and foreign barons.

Let it not be supposed that the ancient chevaliers of the Anglo-Saxon, or of the Norman line were totally insensible to the gentle calls of humanity; or indisposed to refresh their spirits, wearied with the chase, or wounded by the horrors of battle, with the evening lay of the minstrel, chaunted to his harp, whether he sang the charms of the fair, or the praise of the brave. Very recent inquiries have led to the pleasing discovery that there existed an Anglo-Norman literature, chiefly cultivated by the early songsters, or, as they were styled, Trouveres of those times. Learning was held in comparatively high estimation in the courts of Beauclerc, and of Plantagenet. Cœur de lion was himself an enthusiastic votary of the Muses. During many centuries Arthur was the hero of romance. Milton glances at the fame of "Uther's son, begirt with British and Armoric knights." Arthur was origin-

ally one of the valiant knights of the round table. But these Britons, who fled from the Saxons for refuge in Armorica, casting their longing eyes towards the shores of their fatherland in Great Britain, invested every scene and every character in a garb of fictitious splendour, until the obscure leader of a handful of men, became the powerful monarch of the whole British empire. The chieftain Arthur, whose name, while living, probably never reached beyond the Humber, became arbiter of every contest in Europe—and “Caerleon on the river Usk,” the centre of attraction, even to the whole world.

From the moment that the deeds of Arthur were sung, the bond that linked the Anglo-Norman baron to Normandy was snapped asunder. What was the fame of Rollo, of Richard Fearnought, to him who was told that, by claiming a British origin, he could participate in the fame of Arthur? And, as lay succeeded lay, each telling of new wonders, every spot of “English” ground became consecrated; and willingly yielding himself up to an illusion which proffered him a share in so illustrious an heritage, the Anglo-Norman knight henceforth set lance in rest, only to maintain the glory of his adopted land—that land which had owned the sway of king Arthur.

In like manner, to compare small with great, Larissean Achilles, the leader of a few Myrmidons of Thessaly, rose in celebrity, as a bright exhalation, with the spirit-stirring strains of the Grecian Bard! Certain spots, though bereft of their primeval attractions and delights, still haunt the beholder with the shades of those, with whose names they are connected in the annals of the past. I never understood the pretensions of chivalry so well, as when I walked among the ruins of Kenilworth Castle. I no longer trusted to the tale of the historian, the cold and uncertain record of words formed upon paper;—I beheld the queen “of lion port”



Girt with many a baron bold  
And gorgeous dames

Uprear her "starry front." The subtle, the audacious, and murder-dealing Leicester stood before me ; I heard the trampling of horses, and the clangour of trumpets ; the aspiring and lofty-minded men of former times were seen by me as I passed on, and stood in review before me : in dread array appeared the portraiture of Burleigh, of Raleigh, and the re-animating incomparable Sir Philip Sidney !

Here, like a shepherd gazing from his hut,  
Touching his reed, or leaning on his staff,  
Eager Ambition's fiery chace I see ;  
I see the circling hunt of noisy men,  
Burst Law's inclosures, leap the mounds of right,  
Pursuing and pursued, each other's prey ;  
As wolves for rapine ; as the fox for wiles ;  
'Till Death, that mighty hunter, earths them all !

W. E.

*Parkwood.*

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### TO MY MATE IN LIFE'S VOYAGE.

SWIFT bounds the bark o'er Life's eventful Main,  
And it would seem before no prosperous breeze ;  
Alone we navigate the stormy seas,  
Yet not the winds shall hear us once complain,  
What, though the happy port we may not gain ?  
We sail together fond and faithfully,  
And little reck we where our rest may be,  
So that we rest an undivided twain.  
For such rough seas yet little seem'st thou fit,  
Beloved one ! my voluntary mate ;  
But dauntless art thou even as delicate ;  
Our hearts in firmness of affection knit,  
Rage wind, and speed the fragile bark along,  
Fate may be hard, but Love is passing strong !

STOKES.

## THE INLAND TIDE.

HAIL ! to the rising water,  
 Bright, buoyant, fresh and free ;  
 Hail to thee, dimpling daughter  
 Of the far-rolling Sea ;  
 Welcome within these winding vales,  
 With all thy train of snowy sails.

Pure from the azure fountain  
 Of the unfathom'd main,  
 Thou bring'st to the parched mountain  
 The cup of joy again :  
 The crystal chalice sparkling o'er  
 Seems ever brighter than before.

Voices of music follow  
 Thy silver-sandall'd feet ;  
 Rock, mead, and woodland hollow  
 The ocean-stranger greet,  
 'Till far and wide, to inmost dells,  
 Mingled the pleasant murmur swells.

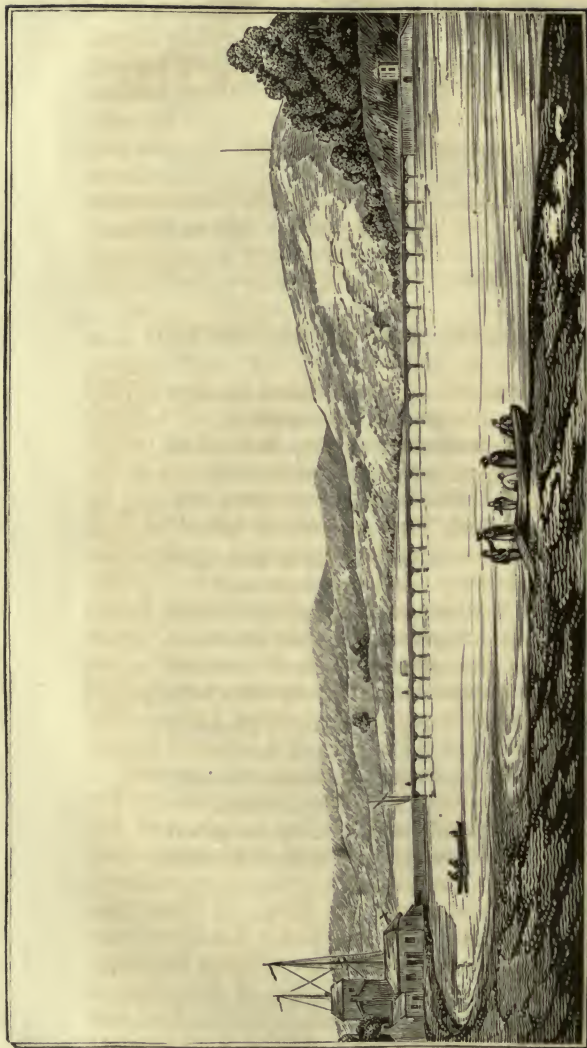
When soon as swiftly fleeting,  
 Unto her native deep,  
 See the bright nymph retreating ;  
 Away the wild waves leap,  
 Deserting fast the silent shore,  
 That now seems sadder than before.

Farewell ! to the rapid water,  
 So buoyant, fresh and free ;  
 Farewell to thee, dimpling daughter  
 Of the far-rolling Sea ;  
 God-speed thee from these winding vales,  
 With all thy train of snowy sails !

STOKES.







TEIGNMOUTH BRIDGE.

DRAWN, FOR THE "MUSEUM," BY E. HOPKINS, ESQ.

# THE SOUTH DEVON MONTHLY MUSEUM.

PLYMOUTH, APRIL 1. 1836.

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[VOL. VII.

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## TEIGNMOUTH AND SHALDON BRIDGE.

THIS bridge, which is the longest in the United Kingdom, was erected at the expense of a joint-stock company, incorporated by, and acting under the authority of, an act of parliament, passed in the session of 1824. The foundation stone was laid by William Langmead, Esq., of Elfordleigh, near Plymouth, the chairman of the committee, on the 20th. September following; but, in consequence of some unexpected difficulties in raising the necessary funds, the works were not proceeded with for nearly twelve months. In September, 1825, the erection was commenced with spirit, and the bridge was opened for public passing on the 8th of June, 1827. Her present majesty (then Duchess of Clarence) passed over it on the 14th. July following, on her way to Plymouth, on which occasion, triumphal arches were erected at each end of the bridge, and the bridge itself was literally crammed with spectators.

The bridge is erected on a plan altogether new, designed by Roger Hopkins, Esq., of Plymouth, civil engineer, and executed under his directions. It consists of twenty-eight arches of thirty feet span, one arch of sixty feet, four arches of forty feet, a swing bridge of thirty feet, which opens into two parts, so as to admit vessels, of even from three to four hundred tons burthen to pass, and retaining

walls and abutments on each side, making the whole length of the bridge, from high-water mark on the one side to high-water mark on the other, 1,671 feet, or just one third of a mile. The arches are constructed of iron and timber, supported on columns, and the road-way and footpaths are of the conjoined width of 24 feet. The entire cost of the undertaking was about £26,000., of which £19,000. were expended in the construction of the works, and the remainder in the purchase of the ferry-rights, and the defraying other incidental expenses.

The advantages of this bridge are very great, both in a local and national point of view, the former arising from the substitution of a commodious bridge and approaches for an inconvenient and dangerous ferry, which could only be avoided by a circuit of fourteen miles, and the latter in opening, by means of the bridge and the roads lately made in the neighbourhood, a direct communication from Exeter, along the coast, to Torbay,—a communication long desired by military and naval men, and which may prove of the greatest importance to this country in unforeseen emergencies. This bridge forms also a connecting link with the new coast-roads between Exeter and Plymouth, which pass through a highly picturesque district, and the towns of Starcross, Dawlish, Teignmouth, Torquay, Paignton, and Dartmouth.

Since its erection, Teignmouth and Torquay, which before were much frequented as fashionable watering places, have considerably increased in size, as well as in accommodations and attractions. The former is principally resorted to during the summer season, (although many highly respectable families often remain during the winter also) on account of the peculiar facilities it affords for sea-bathing, the salubrity of the air, and the many attractive and picturesque walks and rides with which the neighbourhood abounds. The latter is justly celebrated as a winter residence, on account of the excessive



mildness of the air, and is therefore often recommended to invalids in the incipient stages of consumption. Teignmouth and Torquay certainly surpass in magnitude and fashionable celebrity, all the watering places on the Devonshire coast, and the erection of this bridge has materially contributed towards their success.

H.

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### THE ANTIQUARIAN, No. III.

#### The Treatyse of Tailorie and Taylours.

AS DELIVERED IN A LECTURE AT THE OKEHAMPTON INSTITUTION,  
FEBRUARY 3RD, 1836.

NONE, I trust, are here present this evening, to learn of the ancient art and mystery of tailorie and its professors in England, but are come in a spirit befitting the interest, and let me add the importance, of the enquiry. Poets, playwrights, and novelists, have too often pointed their wit, and levelled their raillery against this inoffensive and, proverbially, peaceful calling; and the knights of the thimble have, in graver works even, been treated with a levity the subject might well have spared. In short, on this head, I may assert for my clients of to-night, the mild plea—

“That they are men  
More sinned against than sinners.”

But in this bespeaking your favour for others, it may be necessary to say my own say of apology in behalf of antiquarian research generally. When, during the first session of this society, I had the honourable gratification of appearing before you with my little paper on this right ancient barony and corporate town, aye, and why should not my *native* friends, be they of whatever party, remember with pride that *fuit Ilium*, it *was* a borough; at that time the subject-matter was its own all-sufficing

apology. I feel at present less confident, not of my own grounds, but of your views of those grounds.

Allow me therefore, *imprimis*, not from the foolish vanity of carping at a great character, or to point out minute defects, but in sheer defence of my present pursuit, to shew you the remarkable instance, not perhaps heeded by most readers of Addison's works, of his pseudo antiquarian critique on Chevy-Chase. It is curious, passing strange indeed, that so accomplished a writer, and acute observer, in setting forth the beauties of what Ben Jonson coveted, and Sir Philip Sydney admired, should give our present version of this ballad as an *antiquated* song. This will at once appear by giving a verse from the copy Addison has criticized, and then its correspondent one in the original—

“The stout earl of Northumberland  
A vow to God did make  
His pleasure in the Scottish woods  
Three summer days to take:”—

The old version runs this, or nearly so, for I quote partly from recollection—

“The Persie owte of Northumberlande  
A vowe to God made he  
To boune him for the Scottish woods  
At a huntis days three  
Maugre the doughty Douglas  
And all that might with him be.”

*The huntis of Chevet by Rychard Sheale.*

Here is a palpable, if, as may doubtless be argued, not very important result of antiquarian neglect; the same neglect which, if carried into other pursuits and branches of knowledge, will speedily betray the unwary.

The divine, 'specially if he be of our established church, should have some insight into Scriptural Antiquities, without which many texts of the sacred volume will certainly be misapprehended, and may be misapplied.

My friends of the legal profession should neither sign, seal, nor deliver either *in propria persona*, or

more profitably to themselves perhaps, in person of their clients, without precedents; by which I would mean generally, the warrant of legal antiquities. The book of the statutes at large forms no inappropriate appendage to the antiquary's library.

The statesman in council, the legislator in parliament, the venerable burgesses of the old regime where it yet exists, and your new, whig-fangled creatures of town council-men, will do well always to consider ancient usages, have some little regard to the armorial bearings, not utterly despise coins of the olden day, and regard an ancient seal, although it is not exactly the one affixed to their own charter. And what is all this but pursuing, "each after each in due degree," the path of the antiquary.

The modern dandy may excuse, if not reconcile us to, his fashionable vagaries, by referring to the ruff, the short-jacket, and quail-pipe, in a word to the tailorie of Charles the second's day; and if our actors had always paid the same attention to antiquarian correctness as was introduced by Philip Kemble, Mark Antony had never issued from the green-room in a tye-wig, nor had the beautiful Cleopatra swelled the fine contour of her figure by appearing in a hooped petticoat.

It must, however, be confessed, that the minute trifling of some antiquaries has gone to the extent of derogating from the real merits of their pursuit: Grose, a facetious companion and successful enquirer into the relics of elder day, has finely satirised this failing in his brethren, but with unaccountable, why not in the spirit of the craft, say unpardonable? levity has done it by writing annotations on a superstitious ballad beginning—

"A carrion crow, as he sate on an oak,  
Saw a tailor cutting out a cloak;"—

The bird's natural propensity to railing seems to have been excited by some act on the professor of the shears' part, for as the ballad proceeds,



“He began to rave,  
And called the tailor a lousy knave :”

“Good wife,” exclaims the wrathful fashioner,

“Good wife, good wife, bring out my cross-bow,  
That I may shoot this scoundrel crow ;”

Which mention of a cross-bow as the tailor’s weapon, shrewdly observes the annotator, is a proof that the ballad was composed, when? Before the introduction of fire-arms.

I cannot pursue Grose’s ballad further at present, but if my auditors will, on returning home, look into the eighty-seventh paper of the *Looker-on*, they will find, with similar annotations also, “an immortal production from the pen of a tailor, contains a triumphant enumeration of the advantages by which his brotherhood are distinguished.”

Pursuing a course not much other than his laureats of his order, I shall begin by enumerating those among the novennial fraternity who have preeminently distinguished themselves as *men*. I allude here to the fractional part of manhood to which this calling is generally, but, as will appear, erroneously limited. The scandal, however, is an ancient one, being, as a late writer insinuates rather than affirms, so old as the times of Maximus Tyrius the philosopher, who is made to allude to tailors and their bizarre condition in a passage of which the following is a translation :—

“Forming one body out of many, they work up by splicing them together, one sound integral man.” But I enter at once on an enumeration that might incline Timon himself, misanthrope as he was, had he but been a tailor, to listen “with a frater feeling strong” to the glories of his craft. And why not? He would hear that civic munificence and martial daring; that scholastic learning and antiquarian research; and better still, that the noblest work of mortal philanthropy, no less than the abolition of that stain on human nature the slave-trade, have all been found in tailors! “One of this meek pro-

fession," says Pennant, "first suggested the project of terminating this infamous traffic."

I have said that the brotherhood are not without a champion of their renown in war:—Sir John Hawkwood, usually called Johannes Acutus, from the sharpness of his sword or his needle, may justly claim this distinction; old Fuller says, with his usual quaintness, that "he turned his needle into a sword and his thimble into a shield." Hawkwood was a tailor's apprentice in London, and being pressed for a soldier, rose, by his spirit, to the highest commands in foreign parts. From a scarce book entitled "The honour of the tailors, or a history of several brave acts performed by them," we gather that this child of fortune, the son of a tanner at Headingham Sybil, in Essex, was born *tem.* Edward III.; I find the following notice of him by Granger, inserted in the notes to Petit Andrew's history and general chronology; after describing the mercenary bands with which southern Europe then swarmed, and that were known and dreaded as *the Companies*, he says, "Sir John Hawkwood, another among those daring profligates, deserves particular mention: conducted by native valour and ambition, from the humble station of a tailor, to the pomp and power of a leader of armies, the aid of his experienced intrepidity was sought by the rival states of Italy. Bernardo Galiazzo of Milan bestowed on him in marriage his natural daughter Domitia; yet Hawkwood quitted him, and even bore arms against Milan. His obsequies performed in 1384 at Florence, where his tomb is yet existing, exceeded in splendour those of Petrarch and Dante.

And here perhaps some envious shoe-maker, exulting that "to morrow is St. Crispin," exclaims, why quote a solitary instance of the spirit of manhood in this chicken-hearted set? It is not a solitary instance; "Sir Ralph Blackwall, writes Stow in his *Survey of London*, was said to be Hawkwood's fellow apprentice, and to have been knighted

for his valour by Edward III., yet he followed his trade, married his master's daughter, and founded the hall which bears his name."

But *sat Martis*, the biography of the habit-makers is not confined to such truculent exploits. It is with no ordinary satisfaction that, in continuing with the worthies of this useful class, I am enabled to mention an antiquary of the first city in Europe; who has not heard of Stow's Survey of London, just noticed? Whoever reads the author's life by Strype may learn that Master Stow was—a tailor. But to quote the biographer's words; "In a letter of Grindal, bishop of London, to the privy-council, concerning a search that was made by Watts, his chaplain, for papistical books, he calls him Stow the tailor, which perhaps might be more than barely relating to the company of merchant-taylors of which he was free; it might bespeak him a tailor by trade, especially as Stow's residence was in Cornhill, where, in former times, men of that occupation resided."

Stow was born 17. Henry VIII., about 1525. It is a draw-back on the delight with which I entered on this notice of him to find that his antiquarian taste proved detrimental to the success of his original calling: in 1604, a brief was granted to Stow by James I., authorizing him, as one who had done good service to letters, to collect charity in certain English counties therein mentioned. After such reverse, we might reasonably excuse a neglect of similar pursuits in the homunculi of the shop-board, what shall we say therefore when John Speed bursts on us as an antiquary, a historian, and a Cheshire tailor.

To be concluded in our next.

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THE following account of an extraordinary cave discovered at Stonehouse, is extracted from the "Weekly Entertainer," for July 16th, 1796.

## AN ACCOUNT OF A SUBTERRANEAN CAVERN, AT STONEHOUSE, NEAR PLYMOUTH.

*By the late ingenious Dr. Geach.*

TO THE RIGHT HON. LORD EDGE CUMBE.

*Plymouth-Dock, March 1st., 1776.*

MY LORD,

I HAVE the honour of communicating to your lordship, an account, which I took on the spot, of a subterranean cavern, lately discovered in your Lordship's demesnes at Stonehouse. The place, at a considerable extent round, as your Lordship well knows, belonged formerly to the monks: part of the wall that inclosed their garden is still to be seen. The cavern was accidentally discovered by some miners in blowing up a contiguous rock of marble. The aperture, disclosed by the explosion, was about four feet in diameter, and looked not unlike a hole bored with an auger. It was covered with a broad flat stone cemented with lime and sand; and twelve feet above it the ground seemed to have been made with rubbish brought thither, for what purpose I know not, unless it were for that of concealment. Here indeed, but here only, we saw some appearance of art, and vestige of masonry. The hill itself, at the northern side of which this vault was found, consists, for the most part, of lime-stone, or rather marble.

From the mouth of this cave (through which we descended by a ladder) to the first base, or landing place, is twenty-six feet. At this base is an opening, bearing N. W. by W. to which we have given the name of Tent Cave. It resembles a tent at its base, and in its circumference, and stretches upwards, somewhat pyramidically, to an invisible point. It is, as far as we can measure, about ten feet high, seven broad, twenty-two long: though there is an

opening, which, on account of its narrowness we could not well examine, and in all probability it has a dangerous flexure. In each side of this Tent Cave is a cleft; the right runs horizontally inwards ten feet, the left measures six by four. The sides of the cave are every where deeply and uncouthly indented, and here and there strengthened with ribs, naturally formed, which, placed at a due distance from each other, give some ideas of fluted pillars in old churches.

In a direct line from this cave to the opposite point is a road thirty feet long. The descent is steep and rugged, either from stones thrown into it from above, since the discovery, or from fragments that have fallen off at different times, from different places below. This road is very strongly but rudely arched over, and many holes on both sides are to be seen; but being very narrow, do not admit of remote inspection or critical scrutiny.

Having scrambled down this deep descent, we arrive at a natural arch of Gothic-like structure, which is four feet from side to side, and six feet high. Here some petrefactions are seen depending. On the right of this arch is an opening like a funnel, into which a slender person might creep; on the left is another correspondent funnel, the course of which is oblique, and the end unknown.

Beyond this Gothic pile is a large space, to which the arch is an entrance. This space, or inner room (for so we have termed it) is eleven feet long, ten broad twenty-five high. Its sides have many large excavations, and here two columns, which seem to be a mass of petrefactions, project considerably. On the surfaces of those pillars below, are seen some fantastic protuberances, and on the hanging roofs above, some crystal drops that have been petrified in their progress. Between those columns is a chasm capable of containing three or four men,

Returning from this room, we perceive on the left hand an avenue thirty feet long naturally floored with

clay, and vaulted with stone. It bears S. S. W. and before we have crept through it, we see a passage of difficult access and dangerous investigation. It runs forward twenty-five feet, and opens over the vault thirty feet high near the largest well. Opposite to this passage are two caverns, both on the right hand.

The first bears N. W. by W. and running forwards in a strait line about twenty feet, forms a curve that verges somewhat to the N. E. Here we walk and creep in a winding course from cell to cell, till we are stopped by a well of water, the breadth and depth of which are as yet not fully known. This winding cavern is three feet wide, in some parts five feet high, in some eight. Returning to the avenue we find adjoining to this cavern, but separated by a large and massy partition of stone, the second cavern running west; and by descending over some small piles of lime-stone, or rather broken rocks, the bottom here being shelvy slate, or more properly a combination of slate and lime-stone, we discovered another well of water. This is the largest; the depth of it is, in one place, twenty-three feet, the width uncertain. Opposite to this well, on the left hand, by mounting over a small ridge of rocks, covered with wet and slippery clay, we enter a vault eight feet broad, eighteen long, thirty high. Here, towards the S. E., a road, not easy of ascent, runs upwards seventy-two feet towards the surface of the earth, and so near to it, that the sound of the voice, or of a mallet within, might be distinctly heard without, in consequence of which a very large opening has been made into it. At the bottom of this vault, in a place not readily observed, is another well of water, the depth of which, on account of its situation, cannot be well fathomed, nor the breadth of it ascertained.

While the miners were exploring those gloomy and grotesque regions, they were alarmed at a murmuring sound, that seemed to come from the hollows of the cave, and one of them, who chanced to



be near the largest well with a candle in his hand, saw at that instant the water rise about half a foot. This phenomenon then could not be explained ; but now we think that the several wells are nearly on a level, and that the waters shape their course towards the sea, and mix with it in Mill Bay, at the distance of four hundred and twelve feet. It is not certain whether those wells, though they lie below the extremity of the lime-stone, have a mutual communication or not : but it is highly probable, as the bottom of the largest well is clay, and its sides are shelvy slate, that there are springs, and it is certain that this shelvy vein of slate, nearly of the same kind and colour with some seen at Mount Edgecumbe on the opposite shore, is continued even to the sea, where two openings at low water have been found, through which it is probable the water of the great well discharges itself. When the tide rises, it is presumed that the pressure of the sea without retards the course of the water within, and this may account for the rise and fall so manifest at different times of sounding : and the same circumstance is observed also in a well near the old French prison, in the environs of Plymouth.

Each cavern has its arch, each arch is strong, and in general curious. The way to the largest well is, in one part, roofed with solid and smooth stone, not unlike the arch of an oven. No one seemed to be affected by the dampness till he came hither, and then the candles grew dim, and one of the investigators, as well as myself, felt unusual and uneasy sensations. However, since an opening has been made near the arch of the great well, and the air has had a much freer access, no such symptoms have been perceived. It is very likely that the hill itself is hollow ; some of the caverns have reciprocal communications, but the clefts are often too narrow for accurate inspection or minute enquiry. The water here and there is still dripping, and incrustations, usual in such grottos, coat the surface of the walls

in some places. There are some whimsical likenesses, which the pen need not describe nor the pencil delineate. Mr. Cookworthy, of Plymouth, a very ingenious man, and an excellent chemist, has been so obliging as to analyze the water of the three wells, and has found by many experiments, that it is very soft, and fit for every purpose. I therefore beg leave to congratulate your lordship on the discovery of this water, which, though there was no want before, cannot fail to be a valuable acquisition to your town of Stonehouse; a place very delightful, and superior to most for the beauty of its prospects, and the elegance of its situation, and what is still better, for the goodness of the air, as the longevity of the inhabitants sufficiently evinces.

I have the honour to be, my Lord,

Your Lordship's most obedient,  
and obliged humble servant,

FRANCIS GEACH.

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## PLYMOUTH AND DARTMOOR RAILWAY.

SINCE the article inserted in our last month's *Museum* (page 97), was written, we have been furnished with some further information relative to this undertaking; and least some of our readers may have formed erroneous conclusions in reference to the construction of the works, we think it our duty, at the earliest opportunity, to set them right on the subject. We stated that Mr. William Stuart was the engineer, and Mr. Hugh Macintosh, contractor, and then gave a description of the works as executed. Those of our readers who were unacquainted with the proceedings of the Railway Company, would, from this, naturally suppose, that the whole of the works were done by those gentlemen; such, however, was not the case, for after a considerable portion of the then intended line of road had been formed, it was discovered that about four miles thereof were so steep as to be totally unfit for the purposes intended. Mr. Roger Hopkins, who then resided at Swansea, and had been, for many years, successfully employed as an engineer, in the

formation of railways and other public works, was, therefore, sent for in March, 1821, on behalf of the company; and he having examined the line that had been laid out and reported thereon, it was determined to abandon as useless the part between Shallaford, near Crabtree, and Jump, and the lands so occupied were therefore returned to the original owners. Mr. Hopkins was then appointed engineer to the company, in lieu of Mr. Stuart, and requested to lay out a new line, which he accordingly did. To effect this, a new act of parliament was obtained, and under Mr. Hopkins' directions alone, the works were subsequently completed, and the Tunnel (of which we gave an engraving in our last number) designed and executed. At this time also, Messrs. Johnson and Co. became the contractors in lieu of Mr. Macintosh. The total cost of the undertaking, including the purchase of land, the expense of three acts of parliament, the construction of the works, and other contingencies, amounted to about £66,000.; £28,000. of which were borrowed from the commissioners for granting the loan of exchequer bills in aid of public works.

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## SUFFERINGS OF LIEUTENANT D. O'BRIEN, R. N.

*Continued from page 115.*

AFTER a long state of suspense, I descried a kind of shrubbery about a mile off; I instantly bent my way towards it; it was an enclosure, thick, and well adapted for a hiding place, though wet. I immediately began my preparations for the night. My feet were getting so bad, that I could not put my shoes on at all. I, however, managed to put the upper leathers down, and fasten the shoes on with strips of my shirt, so as to form a kind of sandal, and I then tried to march, but found it very awkward: however, I thought I might be able to waddle by some means or other to the Rhine that night. At my usual time, I hobbled forth; the night set in for rain, and I found myself, in a short time, surrounded with marshes and rivers; the linen fastenings of my shoes gave way, and I could not make out whither to direct my course, the night was so thick: after wading through a multiplicity of marshes, I at length found myself in a tolerably clear country, and my feet felt better from the moisture. It was, however, useless to keep walking on as I might increase the distance I had to go, instead of decreasing it; I therefore resolved, if I could get a convenient place, to halt, until it should clear up. I espied a house at some distance, and made for it, hoping to find some shelter near it; it proved to be a large farm-house: it was now about midnight; I got into the yard, and could hear the cattle in the stables and cow-houses feeding. I was several times tempted to go into the stable, and lie down under the manger until a little before day break, but I dreaded not awaking in time, and perhaps being detected in the morning by the farmers,



or their workmen. These fears deterred me from attempting it, and I proceeded to some distance from the dwelling, where I discovered some willow trees, one among which was a tolerably good size, and the trunk afforded me some shelter. It was close to a pathway, which was no small encouragement, as I expected it led my way. I sat down by the willow, and earnestly prayed that the clouds might disperse, the stars shew themselves, and guide me out of the misery I was overwhelmed with; being excessively faint I fell into a kind of slumber; some time had elapsed, when of a sudden I was startled at hearing the footsteps of a man; I gathered myself close in under the willow, saw him pass very near, and did not, just at that moment, know how to act; it was an unusual hour for any traveller, and I feared it might be a *gend'arme*, or custom-house officer, that was on the look-out. However, this was only a surmise; I wanted information, and might not have so good a chance again; besides, I thought if he proved a scoundrel I should be able to get away from him. Possessed with these ideas, I got up and pursued him: he walked so exceedingly fast, that I had to run some distance to overtake him. On coming up with him, I accosted him in French; he answered me very civilly, was in a peasant's dress, but I much feared it was a mere disguise; I asked him my road to Strasbourgh, he informed me I was then on the direct one, he was going that way, and would accompany me. I expressed great pleasure and satisfaction at this intelligence, enquired the distance, "about three leagues." Although he spoke French tolerably well, I discovered he had the German accent, which I was pleased to find. I was of opinion, that, by making up a tale, and feigning to make him my confident, he might be so much flattered as not to betray me, even if he were one of the above-mentioned fellows in disguise.

I therefore began; and observed to him, that as he appeared to be a fatherly honest kind of man, I was going to disclose to him who, and what I was, where I was going, &c., and craved his council and advice; I then told him, "that I was an unfortunate conscript, a native of Switzerland; that I had lately received an account of my parents' death, in consequence of which I became possessed of a small independence, and that I had applied for permission to go and settle my affairs, but was refused, which induced me to desert, and to determine never more to serve the French nation. That I should feel quite secure if once on the other side of the Rhine, that I relied upon his goodness to direct me, and had three crowns, which were at his service, if he would procure me a passage across." He heard my recital with apparently great composure, every now and then stopping, and looking at me very earnestly: at last, he desired me to be of good cheer, that my confidence in him was not by any means misplaced, there could not be much risk in crossing the Rhine, he would direct me how to proceed, &c. We had now walked on about a league, and the day was breaking fast, it was Sunday morning, and the eighth since I had escaped from my conductors. We had passed a small village about a mile, when he halted quite short, felt for his tobacco box, and exclaimed, my God! I have lost it! he thought he recollected where he must have dropped it. I wished to know if it were of any value, otherwise it was not worth turning back for; he answered yes, my friend, it cost me twenty sols (ten pence). I endeavoured to dissuade him from going back, but all my entreaties proved useless. The fact was, I dreaded this was only a pretext to return to the village, in order to give information, and have me arrested, to so high a pitch were my suspicions of mankind now arrived. He advised me to remain in a place which he pointed out, until he came back; I informed him I would, yet, at the same time, I had no intention to keep my promise; he quitted me, and I directed my course towards the appointed place; but when I had lost sight of him, I

changed my position, and after a severe struggle in the most excruciating pain, I got on the legs of my stockings, my old shoes, and an old pair of gaiters, that I managed to button over all. I then got placed in a tolerably good thicket, where I could see him, without being seen myself. Here I remained in a state of uncertainty, very near an hour; when, to my great satisfaction, I saw him returning by himself. I regained my appointed place before he arrived, least he might discover my suspicions. He did not find the box, and regretted very much the loss of it.

November, 1807. He began to survey me now very closely, and remarked that mine was a very curious dress for a recruit. I answered that I procured these clothes for a deception. We were now approaching the ancient and well known city of Strasboursgh, and could very plainly see its steeples, the principal one of which is allowed to be the most beautiful and highest in Europe.

He informed me he was a Russian by birth, had been a long time in the French army, and had deserted; he dwelt greatly on the timidity of young deserters; "he, at first, thought he should be arrested, if he but saw the top of a steeple," and advised me to advance boldly to the part of the Rhine that he would point out where there were fishermen that would instantly put me across for a mere trifle. I wished him very much to accompany me so far, offering him again the crowns. This he could not do, but declared there was no danger. At about half past seven we were on the high road close to the gates of the city. He told me he must now quit me; I gave him one crown, which he received with great pleasure. I shook hands with him, and proceeded onwards in the direction which he pointed out.

I had proceeded about half a mile, when, from the number of country folks I met going into the city, and from the singularity of my appearance and dress, particularly on a Sunday, I thought it most prudent to retire from off the highway. I accordingly got into a garden hard by, and seated myself by a brook, in which, cold and unpleasant as it felt, I washed the mud and dirt off, and scraped and cleaned myself in the best manner possible. I then advanced, passing through two or three small villages, and crossed the river Ill in a fisherman's small boat, for two sols; this success emboldened and encouraged me wonderfully. I now proceeded eagerly towards that part which had been pointed out to me by my providential guide, not forgetting his counsel with respect to assurance.

November, 1807. At about one in the afternoon, I arrived on the banks of the Rhine, a place I had been so long anxiously striving to reach. The pleasure I should otherwise have felt on this occasion was greatly lessened by not being able to discover the fishermen's abodes, mentioned by my guide. This part of the bank was entirely covered with trees, and long grass. I met with a man riding through one part, in which there was a bye road, he saluted me, and passed on; I traversed the bank in different directions without success; the stream was very rapid: I suddenly perceived a small punt hauled into a creek, without sculls or paddles, chained to a tree and locked; this was one resource, in case of not finding any better means, though by the bye, a dangerous one; for as the river was excessively rapid, and interspersed with shoals and islands, and I was not more than three or four miles above the bridge of Khel, I might be drifted nearly that distance, in endeavouring to cross by myself, and thus in all probability get detected.

I, therefore, hesitated, and rested myself in a thick cover, contemplating this ancient river, eagerly watching, and ardently wishing for an opportunity to quit a country in which I had suffered so severely, and which in consequence I so much detested; thus, considering what steps I had better take, I remained in a state of suspense; however, in the mean time, I refreshed

myself with a suitable quantity of turnips, of which I discovered an abundance in the neighbourhood of this city, consequently was not very sparing of my vegetable diet. After a little time I recommenced my search, and in a little boat at a short distance, I observed two men pulling down a narrow creek. I was quite elated at this discovery, as I made sure they were fishermen, and I therefore advanced towards them without any hesitation whatever; I then called to them; on discovering me, they instantly made towards the bank on which I was standing. I need not say how happy I felt at this moment, expecting in a few minutes to be on the German side; but, my God! what was my astonishment, when as those men approached, I discovered they were armed with muskets and sabres! It was too late to attempt a retreat, and as I had called them, I imagined it would in a great measure do away with suspicion on their part. I therefore waited the result of this rencontre.

November, 1807. One immediately jumped out of the boat, and advanced towards me; I appeared quite pleased, and although I plainly saw he was going to interrogate me, I very deliberately asked him, if he could give me a passage across in his boat? He could not answer me, as he did not understand a word of French, but the man in the boat heard me, and replied, "we cannot, but we are much at your service;" I perceived he was a real Frenchman, he jumped out also.

"I suppose, Sir," added he, "that you have a passport, and proper papers to entitle you to quit this country." I made answer, certainly, but who authorized you to demand so impertinent a question? "I am authorized by the mayor of Strasbourgh, and unless you can produce them, I shall be under the necessity of conducting you into his presence as a prisoner." I told him I was very willing to go with him, though it would be certainly a little inconvenient; I am a burgeoise of that city, and am under no apprehensions about what his worship may do; I have friends on the opposite side, whom I promised to visit this evening, it will be too late if I take the round by the bridge, and this was my motive for wishing to get across where I now am.

This man appeared to be a very acute sort of fellow: "I suspect," said he, "that you are a deserter from the army, and I must conduct you to Strasbourgh." I shewed him my dress, the quality of the cloth that I wore, though a little the worse for the late usage, it was superfine; and asked him when he had seen a French soldier wear any thing to be compared to it? Aye, aye, cried he, "French soldiers know how to disguise themselves in a superior style, and you will have the goodness to come along with us." I remonstrated on the hardship of being thus prevented from going to see my friends. He stamped and said, "come along." The German, more cool and phlegmatic, appeared to mutter something to the other. I embraced this opportunity of altering my tone and plan altogether, and I addressed the Frenchman nearly in the same words I had done to my late Russian guide in the morning, and with respect to my opinion of his honesty, goodness of heart, &c., but differed widely with respect to my native place.

I was now one from Wertemberg, not far from the banks of the river, had been educated at Paris, where I had relations. At the age of eighteen had been removed to Hanover, when a friend of mine obtained me an ensigncy in the king of England's service. When the French took that place I had escaped into Prussia, where I got a lieutenancy, and had been made prisoner at the late battle of Jena. I had recently received an account of the death of my parents, who had left me a tolerably good property, and I felt anxious to revisit my native country, from which I had been so long absent. Being close confined at Chalons, our depot, I had made my escape, and had now no obstacle to surmount, but what he could easily remedy (meaning the



river). I concluded, by requesting him for a moment to consider himself in my situation, and to judge by an appeal to his own feelings. I saw this reasoning began to operate powerfully; I then produced six livres, which I had already offered the German, and requested they would accept of it, and put me across. It was a mere trifle, 't was true, but I could not afford any more at that time." The Frenchman spoke very feelingly, declared it was utterly impossible for them to put me over, as they ran a risk of being arrested on the opposite side, for landing any body clandestinely. They desired I would hold up my hand, and declare solemnly that I had committed no crime against the state, which I readily agreed to. He then desired me to be off, and to conceal myself in the wood; "get over how you can, we will not molest you;" I insisted upon their taking the piece of money; they embarked, and I entered the wood, not a little pleased at this very narrow escape. After I had got secured in an excellent hiding place, the whole appeared as a dream or vision, nor could I help repeating to myself, "what a fortunate fellow! what a miraculous escape." I remained concealed until dark, and then turned my steps towards the city, hoping I might be more successful in getting a boat, but in this I was disappointed. At day break I discovered myself on the very entrance of Khel bridge; the bridge was thronged with oxen, bellowing, and making a hideous noise, together with the drivers, cracking their whips, and shouting, &c.

November, 1807. Being quite harrassed and weary of so long a state of suspense, too much fatigued to continue much longer on turnip and cabbage diet, which I certainly should be obliged to do, if I continued the route on this side into Switzerland; a great risk also of being arrested in the course of the day on the banks, by custom-house officers; and above all, a good opportunity now offering of intermixing with the cattle, and thereby eluding the vigilance of the centinels, induced me after an address to Divine Providence for protection, to put this project into execution: I therefore advanced, and in a very few minutes had passed the major part of the oxen, and also two French centinels, who were muffled up in their boxes; in a quarter of an hour I had the heartfelt satisfaction of being safe on the German side, having passed between eight and nine French and German centinels, without being spoke to by one. The fact was, the morning being excessively raw and cold they kept within their boxes; and the noise and confusion of the cattle in passing, prevented their taking any notice of me. I shall not attempt to describe the pleasing sensations I now felt. I passed with a light heart through Khel, a small town, and took the road towards Fribourgh. After advancing nearly three leagues, I stopped in a small village on the high road to refresh myself, after living nearly nine days on raw vegetables. I felt quite bold and confident, and intended now to pass for a Frenchman. I had one great consolation, and which was, that I was pretty well out of the reach of French gensd'armes, and French laws, to me an astonishing change. At the public-house I went into, I got supplied with bread, cheese, and a pint of wine, which, though of an inferior quality, surpassed at that moment any thing I had ever tasted, it appeared so delicious and good. I remained here about an hour, the people were very civil; though yet so near France, I could scarcely make them understand a word of the French language, and I found the greatest contrast imaginable in their dresses.

*To be continued.*

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## ALFRED TENNYSON.

THE following verses are from a poem by Alfred Tennyson, a modern author, of great promise and worth. They are supposed to be spoken by a young girl on new year's eve, who had been chosen queen of May in the foregoing spring, but is now almost on the verge of the grave.

If you 're waking, call me early, call me early, mother dear,  
For I would see the sun rise upon the glad new year,  
It is the last new year that I shall ever see,  
Then ye may lay me low i' the mould, and think no more of me.

To-night I saw the sun set: he set, and left behind  
The good old year, the dear old time, and all my peace of mind,  
And the new year's coming up, Mother, but I shall never see  
The may upon the blackthorn, the leaf upon the tree.

Last May we made a crown of flowers; we had a merry day,  
Beneath the hawthorn, on the green, they made me queen of May:  
And we danced about the may-pole, and in the hazel copse,  
'Till Charles' wain came out above the tall white chimney tops.

There's not a flower on all the hills, the frost is on the pane,  
I only wish to live till the snow-drops come again.  
I wish the snow would melt, and the sun come out on high,  
I long to see a flower before the day I die.

The building rook will caw, from the windy tall elm tree,  
And the tufted plover pipe along the fallow lea,  
And the swallow will come back again with summer o'er the wave  
But I shall lie alone Mother, within the mouldering grave.

Upon the chancel casement, and upon that grave o' mine,  
In the early early morning, the summer sun will shine,  
Before the red cock crows from the farm upon the hill,  
When you are warm asleep, Mother, and all the world is still.

When the flowers come again, Mother, beneath the waning light,  
Ye'll never see me more in the long gray fields at night,  
When from the dry dark wild the summer airs blow cool,  
On the oat-grass, and the sword-grass, and the bulrush in the pool.

Ye'll bury me, Mother, just beneath the hawthorn shade,  
And ye'll come sometimes and see me where I am lowly laid,

I shall not forget ye, Mother, I shall hear ye when ye pass,  
With your feet above my head in the long and pleasant grass.

I have been wild and wayward, but ye 'll forgive me now,  
Ye 'll kiss me my own mother upon my cheek and brow;  
Nay, nay, ye must not weep, nor let your grief be wild,  
Ye should not fret for me mother, ye have another child.

If I can I 'll come again, Mother, from out my resting place,  
Though ye 'll not see me, Mother, I shall look upon your face;  
Though I cannot speak a word, I shall hearken what you say,  
And be often—often with ye, when ye think I 'm far away.

Good night, good night,—when I 've said good night for ever—  
more,

And ye see me carried out from the threshold of the door,  
Do n't let Effie come to see me till my grave be growing green,  
She 'll be a better child to you than ever I have been.

She 'll find my garden tools upon the granary floor,  
Let her take 'em; they are hers; I shall never garden more,  
But tell her, when I 'm gone, to train the rose-bush that I set  
About the parlour window, and the box of mignonette.

Good night, sweet mother, call me, when it begins to dawn,  
All night I lie awake, but I fall asleep at morn,  
But I would see the sun rise upon the glad new year,  
So if you 're waking call me, call me early, mother dear.

We cannot praise too highly the combined beauty and simplicity of these exquisite lines. They are full of a heavenly mildness, and a sweet, unassuming sadness. An amiable girl, in the prime of her youth, has a near prospect of death; she awaits the tyrant's stroke with calmness and composure. A few brief month's ago, she had been elected queen of May: she had led the sportive dance on the emerald plain, in all the vigour of health and beauty. The autumn advanced—rich, indeed, in fruits, but pregnant with decay. The leaves of the forest are yellow and sere: the flowers have ceased to bloom: the human race is not suffered to escape; and the slow, but withering, hand of consumption arrests the pride of the village, and changes the rosy tint of health to the pallid hue of sickness! Winter arrives, and the



delicate patient, "so softly worn, so sweetly weak," still lingers—it is the last day of the year, and while her tender mother sits by her side, she gives utterance to the pure and unaffected feelings of her heart. Her eyes brighten as she recounts the happy scenes of May-day. She only wishes to live to see a flower,—the tiny snow-drop, or the golden crocus. She touchingly alludes to her grave, which she desires may be "beneath the hawthorn shade." She entreats her mother to stay her grief and rest her comfort on "another child." She speaks of her garden tools, her rose-bush, and her mignonette, and commends them to her sister's care. She concludes with a last request,

"But I would see the sun rise on the glad new year,  
So if you 're waking call me, call me early, mother dear."

The conception of the poet is beautiful, and his execution is still more so. It is indeed delightful to contemplate, though it be but in the picture of fancy, such an angelic being as Mr. Tennyson's poetry suggests: a being of a refined sensibility, of a glowing philanthropy, who passes her days in rural retirement, unambitious of fortune or of fame, apart from the allurements of fashion, who can admire the geometric web of the spider, glistening with pearly dew, or the simple daisy, adorned with golden face and silvery fringe, is a most rare and precious jewel. She needs no "storied urn," or "pealing anthem," to tell her virtues. The soft whispers of the breeze, and the song of the tuneful birds shall be her funeral dirge—and

"The wild flowers too she loved so well,  
Shall blow and breathe ther sweetness there;  
And all around her grave shall tell  
'She felt that Nature's face was fair.'"

E. G.

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## THE VALE OF LANHERNE.

IN our last we presented to our readers some of the fugitive pieces appended to Mr. Stokes' "Vale of Lanherne," the following extracts are fair specimens of the principal poem.

Oh ! happy, happy privilege is theirs,  
 Who near their loved familiar dust abide :  
 The Grave speaks home to all : when unawares  
 The traveller, turning from his course aside,  
 Glances some rude memorial stone, tears glide,  
 Sad memory's tribute to the rustic muse,  
 Or swells his heart with sympathetic pride.  
 Thrice blest are they who, as the week renews,  
 Slow to the Sabbath chime the dear memoir peruse.

Not mine—oh ! not for me the hallowed task,  
 Far scatter'd wide my kin like storm-strewn leaves ;  
 Some where on Europe's rock the scorpions bask,  
 O'er some the Indian cyprus darkly weaves,  
 And mounds for some the Arctic snow-fall heaves :  
 And one, best loved, how hurried to his bier !  
 Oh God ! thus snatch'd away death twice bereaves ;  
 But one of nine to shed a filial tear,  
 A widowed mother's moan unsoothed on wild Tangier.

These, these are sorrows ; learn of me how sweet,  
 Though bitter sweet, unto the long last home  
 To follow the dear dead with lingering feet ;  
 How sweet, though bitter sweet, within the dome  
 Where Christians pray, while friendly gazers come,  
 To hear the blessed hopes of endless life !  
 Yes, learn of me that they afar who roam  
 In quest of lucre have a dismal strife,  
 To them life's chequer'd path with twofold sorrows rife.

The long last home ? ah me ! I cannot deem  
 The grave a home where strangers' ashes lie ;  
 Homeless to me the wretched corpses seem  
 Of all who distant from their country die :  
 In vain for them the southern breezes sigh  
 'Mid dark-leaved boughs that yield perennial shade ;  
 O let the light that filled the infant eye

With rapture, gleam in death when lowly laid,  
And round the burial-stone may ev'n the wild-flower fade!

\* \* \* \* \*

Wide yawn the hills, and lo! the Sea! the Sea  
Bursts like a green Elysium without bound;  
Huge roll the billows with stupendous glee,  
Like Mammoths sporting with a thunder-sound;  
And hark! methinks I hear the shrill sea-hound  
Chasing the Mermaid on from cave to cave,  
Or howling o'er some hapless seaman drowned:  
Oh! glorious is the peril of the wave,  
And land-bound here I almost deem myself a slave.

Oh! how I love the unconquerable main,  
Its deep voice like the chorus of the free:  
Majestic Sea! that didst in fondness deign  
To choose Britannia thy espoused to be,  
Tyre, Carthage, Venice less beloved than she;  
And while she cherishes her virtuous pride,  
Nor dallies with insidious Luxury,  
Will Ocean not forsake his Island bride,  
And Albion o'er the waves' broad empire still preside.

Though children of the Sea, 't is fearful thus  
Low on the level sands to talk with him,  
Shaking his hoary locks high over us,  
And now extending wide his billowy limb.  
Father! we love thee, though thy looks are grim;  
The silvery fringes of thy azure vest  
Might deck the robes of harmless cherubim;  
But at a distance still we love thee best,  
Or in staunch ship secure to lie upon thy breast.

Yet oh! what joy within some sunny creek  
Naked to wrestle with our surly sire;  
To feel his cool lip on the fervid cheek,  
Then to be buffeted with playful ire,  
Till with the arduous sport the muscles tire;  
Then faint reclining on his bosom bland,  
The fresh cold breath of Ocean to respire,  
And see the skies in cloudless sheen expand  
As on a silken couch safe floated to the land.



Now up the steep—O for that sea-bird's wing,  
 To bear me to yon wild fantastic crag :  
 See—see my friend like Alpine hunter spring,  
 While I with town-worn limbs ignoble lag  
 Far, far behind, and by the heather drag  
 My sluggish frame, or stay my giddy head.  
 Ah me ! how soon youth's ardent forces flag  
 Beneath the bane which reeking cities shed,  
 What ghastly imps attend the civic sluggard's bed !

At length, firm planted on the height we stand  
 And gaze—oh, scene of sterne magnificence !  
 The God-built ramparts of a happy land,  
 Rock crowds on rock, bluff, jagged, dark, immense,  
 Here mightiest art would seem mere impotence :  
 Such are the outworks of the freeman's home,  
 These and our hearts are liberty's defence ;  
 We ask no shelter but the sky's blue dome,  
 No warders but the waves, with their bright plumes of foam.

This is a scene to brace the patriot's nerves,  
 His bosom swelling to the ocean gale ;  
 Who does not love his country here deserves  
 No more the freshening West-wind to inhale.  
 But pant a slave to Eastern tyrant pale ;  
 Nor ever the bleak heights of Salamis,  
 Methinks, more proudly did the Athenian scale,  
 Than eagle-hearted o'er the deep abyss  
 Of the wild waves we climb Trevarrison's precipice.

Tregurrion's hamlet 'mong the cliffs shines white,  
 And further on the fisher-cots are seen  
 Like straggling gulls upon the dusky height ;  
 While underneath, a long wide belt of sheen,  
 Saint Mawgan's Porth girds round the waters green ;  
 And in yon low-brow'd cave Dirk Hatterick might,  
 Amid his kegs, have puffed his shag serene :  
 The sea-fowl builds beneath the beetling height,  
 And fearless wings afar in her purveyant flight.

Once on a sunshine holiday of Spring,  
 When sea-birds shrieking told their parent joys,  
 Nor yet the callow brood essay'd the wing,  
 Hither came three adventurous blooming boys—

One mother's pride—with tackle that would poise  
 Thrice three such slender weights. How blithe their looks,  
 The agile footstep and the exultant voice  
 Proclaim their cares all banish'd with their books,  
 Wanton as one-year colts, and loud as new-fledged rooks.

Too transitory hours of life's glad morn!  
 Yet youth is but a fairer type of age;  
 To many a care and many a peril born,  
 Full soon we find our bitter heritage;  
 A thousand bright attractive forms engage  
 Our little hearts, and hope as oft deceives:  
 'T is thus we fit us for our changeful stage;  
 Fate from the first a thread of grief inweaves,  
 And life's young rose still blooms with thorns beneath its  
 leaves.

Nimble yet steady, and with hawk-like eye,  
 Shunning the treacherous shrub, the lads descend  
 From crag to crag, with many a cheering cry,  
 While screaming choughs and deep-voiced billows blend:  
 They leap, they crawl, or by the hands impend.  
 "Now let me down, but make the tackle fast,  
 That rock, I wager, does a nest defend—  
 Hark? 't was the young one's cry came up the blast,  
 We have them now, hurrah! we have the birds at last."

The eager stripling, with a flush of hope,  
 Claims as his privilege the adventurous flight,  
 And swings like sailor-boy upon the rope;  
 Hand under hand his legs embracing tight  
 The swerving cord, he glides, the billows bright  
 Far underneath like huge sea-serpents coil:  
 My brain grows dizzy but to glance the height;  
 He little recks how fierce the surges boil,  
 But with a shout descends, and takes the half-fledged spoil.

With answering cheers the twain aloft essay  
 The plunderer with his noisy prize to hale;  
 The rope ascends—the billows watch their prey—  
 God grant those puny muscles may not fail!  
 His mates the stripling urge, e'en as the gale  
 Sways his light form: with arduous grasp they ply  
 The fatal cord—their strength will yet avail—

They almost reach him—hark ! what thrilling cry !  
A moment more the waves o'er the lost lad sweli high.

As some poor bird which snares of death decoy,  
While flutters near its sad distracted mate,  
So perish'd in the flood that daring boy,  
While on the cliff his hapless brothers sate,  
Wringing their little hands disconsolate.  
Night found them there like sculptured forms unmoved ;  
As though the sea would grow compassionate,  
And render back the form of him they loved,  
They watch'd till morning light the wretched hope disproved.

Grand type of Death, inexorable Sea !  
A pallid corse upheaved upon the shore,  
One of a thousand, there perchance may be,  
Thy myriad victims sink to rise no more.  
Oh thou dread glorious Deep ; thy wavy roar  
Like the maned lion's rage, thy slumbers mock  
The tiger's sleep when hunger's pangs are o'er ;  
A den of death is each majestic rock,  
And seem yon sails like sheep that seek the folded flock.

Inhospitable Sea ! with gentleness  
Guests from unnumber'd lands inviting to  
Thy everlasting emerald palaces ;  
Beneath high domes of crimson, gold, and blue,  
O'er floors of green and silver, many a crew  
Move joyous to the harmonious gales, while deep  
His foaming cup, all diamonds to the view,  
With lusty pledges doth old Ocean steep,  
Though in his heart he dooms that wife and maid shall weep.

But yesterday the billowy giant rose  
With rage ungovern'd from his azure halls ;  
Huge watery masses to the clouds he throws,  
O'er many a league the briny ruin falls ;  
His mountain waves against the rocky walls  
Of the firm land he flings with hideous roar,  
That ev'n his child Leviathan appals :  
In vain on their strong wings the vessels soar,  
Dash'd with one reckless stroke in atoms on the shore.

How pealed the inlands with the waves' wild clang ;  
Within Lanherne's grey wall the Sisters paled ;



While old Saint Mawgan with the uproar rang ;  
The old oaks round the Hall like saplings failed,  
And many an elm the homeless rooks bewail'd :  
And soon the foremost of the anxious band  
From hill and dale that rushed, the Squire was hailed,  
And first was seen upon the trembling strand,  
Grasping the cliff 'mid clouds of spray and whirling sand.

How reeled the skies commingling with the waves,  
The solid earth seemed moving like the main,  
And heaved the hollow rocks like yawning graves.  
Who but a king had ever thought to chain  
The mighty Sea ? fit scheme for pride-turned brain !  
But kings are wiser grown, nor think to bind  
The billows now, but only to restrain  
The silent motion of the human mind,  
But stronger than the Sea shall they Man's spirit find.

What choir of thunders bursts along the strand,  
Pealing the dirge of navies, while the gale  
Pours its wild fugue as from some organ grand,  
To die in mournful tones in distant vale,  
Woe to the far sea-bird and landward sail,  
Woe to the sea-boy on the quivering mast,  
Mothers and wives and maids shall long bewail  
This day to many a gallant heart the last—  
Death leaves the land to-day to ride upon the blast.

A sail—a sail ! a hundred voices shout,  
Now lost within the billows' downward sweep,  
Now from the wild of waters bursting out  
Like snow-white courser from some forest deep :  
Away—away it bounds o'er glen and steep  
Of the green sea, like steed that hears afar  
The hunter's blast : so might the charger leap  
Upon its hills to scent the distant war,  
Tossing its silver mane, and spurning every bar.

The Sloop right onward booms upon the coast ;  
Three British Seamen by the helm are seen,  
Men by their looks, all hope of rescue lost,  
Yet firm of heart, who from their youth have been  
Familiar with the waves ; theirs the staid mien,  
Of men nor foe nor tempest can subdue,  
The proper liegemen of the Ocean's Queen :

Such was the semblance of that gallant crew,  
As to the sands they steered the raging surges through.

She strikes—she shudders in the breaker's grasp,  
Bursts from the crags the awe-struck landsmen's cry ;  
Their hands the crew in solemn farewell clasp.  
See, she recovers yet, surmounting high  
The o'erwhelming surge, she almost seems to fly !  
Ah ! brief the respite to those brave men given ;  
Hope almost kindles in the steersman's eye,  
When lo ! the Sloop, her thrice-reefed canvass riven,  
Beneath the gulping wave a crewless hull is driven.

A mournful tale around each rustic hearth  
That night was told, and many a gentle tear  
Fell for the dauntless crew, the bark's warm berth  
That night exchanged for Ocean's billowy bier ;  
While hearts that held those hardy seamen dear,  
In some far haven in fond hope reposed.  
Tales of distress unending might one hear  
That stormy night, while sluggish farmers dosed,  
Where round the faggots bright the group of gossips closed.

The morn dawned sweetly on a tranquil sea,  
That scarcely rippled to the Southern gale ;  
The surges murmured soft and mournfully,  
And plaintive echoes through Lanherne's still vale  
Prolonged the sea-shore's melancholy tale.  
Soon to the beach the village train repair,  
And many a hand points where the gallant sail  
First loomed upon the waves—no sail is there,  
A few dissevered spars a sad memento bear.

Beneath was seen descending to the beach,  
By stealthy paths, a rogue of olden time ;  
Now lost a moment 'neath the rocky reach—  
Emerging to the view, now see him climb  
Round the bare cliff with ease : grey locks begrime  
His weather-beaten and ill-favored face,  
Where wrinkles register long years of crime.  
Now on the sands he steps with bolder pace,  
And prowls along the shore, last of his felon race.

But shattered spars the hoary wrecker finds ;  
He seizes one, and up the steep ascends :

Slow with his prize along the crags he winds—  
 When hark ! what shout the echoing sea-shore rends !  
 High o'er the crag each clamouring clodpole bends,  
 With threatening missiles ; swift the worthless prize  
 Clatters adown the cliff, the plunderer ends  
 His feat rough tumbling in the surge, then hies  
 Along the slimy rocks, while peals of laughter rise.

Not to be baffled thus, the fated wretch  
 Loiter'd remote till day began to wane ;  
 Then, where the sands towards the Towan stretch,  
 Was seen the miscreant's crouching form again :  
 Night's shadows deepen'd, loud the unwearied main  
 In tumult rose along that dismal coast ;  
 And when the morning dawn'd, the startled swain  
 Descried upon the angry breakers toss'd  
 A mangled corse—that night the unpitied man was lost.

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### THE SIEGE OF PLYMOUTH.

As the principal occurrences of this siege are narrated in a very scarce tract, published in the year 1644, we shall insert a copy of the chief part. The tract is entitled

*A true Narrative of the most observable Passages in and at the late Siege of Plymouth, from the 15th of September, 1643, till the 25th of December following, attested from thence under the hands of the most credible Persons. Wherein is manifested to the World the handy Works of God, and his gracious Assistance to the United Forces of that town and Garrison. Together with an exact Map and description of the town and fortifications thereof, with the Approaches of the Enemy ; as also the Summons of the Cavaliers to the Mayor and Governor of the said Town.*

AFTER Colonel Wardlow, Commander-in-chief, and Colonel Gould, with the 600 men shipped at Portsmouth, about the 15th of September, for the relief of this town, had stopt at Torbay, and finding Dartmouth besieged, left 100 men there for the strength-



ening that garrison, we arrived at Plymouth the last of September, which town had been blocked up by horse, so that no provision was brought in from the country for six weeks before; and having refreshed our men, and mounted some 150 of them on horseback, the enemy having only one regiment of foot, besides their horse, lying before us at their quarters at Plymstoke, and keeping a constant guard at Howe (Hoo) close under Mount Stamford, consisting of 300 foot and a troop of horse, which fort they intended first to assault. About nine days after our arrival, the 8th of October, we put over some 300 men in boats to Mount Stamford, and, at break of day, fell on and surprised the enemy's guard at Howe, took Captain Slawley, one ensign, and fifty-two common soldiers, prisoners, two colours, and three barrels of powder, and put the rest to flight, with the loss of only two men on our side; about the same time we secured some malignants in the town, and sent up three of them to the parliament.

By this time the enemy had taken Dartmouth, and was on his march with his whole army to set down before us; and we received intelligence that the enemy kept a guard of two troops of horse at Knocker's Hole, about two miles from our works; the 15th of October we sallied out with our horse and 200 foot musqueteers, surprised that guard, and had taken twenty or thirty prisoners; but about sixteen of our horse pursued the rest, that fled so fast, that the orders for a retreat could not overtake them, engaged themselves too farre, and returning laden with prey and prisoners, other troops of the enemy coming from their quarters on Robarrow Downs, to answer the alarm, met with our pursuers, and took them all, save only Major Searle, who charged through them and escaped. Lieutenant Chasing, with fourteen men were taken, and after escaped out of prison, and returned to us, save only two or three.

And now the enemy being settled in his quarters at Plympton, Plymstoke, Cawsand, Buckland,

Taunton, &c., Widey being head-quarters, with an army consisting of five regiments of horse, and nine regiments of foot, brought over-land from Yalme River thirteen fisher boats into Plunkett (Pomphlet) Mill Bay, over against Prince Rock, with an intention, as we conceived, to land men at Catdown in the night, which they did not attempt, but set on Mount Stamford in good earnest; and the 21st of October, in the night, they raised a square work within pistol-shot of Stamford fort, on the N. E. side, and from thence were drawing of a line with half-moons to surround the said fort, thereby to hinder our reliefs from coming into it. To prevent which, the same day we fell on the enemy in their new work they had raised, with all the disadvantages on our part that possibly could be imagined, exposing our open naked bodies to an enemy within a strength, and assisted by their horse, who much annoyed us; we having none of our horse to assist us, nor could have, the sea being between us and them. After a long skirmish, and divers repulses, at last we got their half-moon, and after three hours hard fight, their close work, and in it Captain White, and fifty other prisoners, in which work we put a guard that night of thirty musqueteers, commanded by an ensign, by whose treachery or cowardice, the enemy falling on in the night, the said guard quitted the work to them, without giving any alarm to the fort, (for which he was shot to death shortly after) which cost us a new labour next day, with farre greater difficulty and danger than before, the enemy having of their horse and foot ready to second their guard in their new regained work, which yet we made our own, after the loss on our part of Captain Corbett, who was shot in the forehead as he was encouraging the men as we fell upon their works, and three others of our captains were also wounded this day and the day before, and we had in both fights some twenty men killed, and above a hundred wounded, many of whom are since recovered.

The enemy's loss was six Commanders of rank, whose names were concealed from us, and many men, besides those taken prisoners.

After we had gained the enemy's work the second time, we slighted it; but to prevent the like approaches in regard that Mount Stamford being a small work, and very untenable of itself, much less to keep so large a circuit of grounds as it was built to defend, we were necessitated to draw a line of communication both on the east and west sides of the work, to maintain a long ridge of ground, with half-moons at each end of the line, which we defended divers days with extraordinary duty to us and our men, and divers skirmishes with the enemy, till the 3d of November, when the enemy planted their batteries within pistol-shot of our forts, and on the 5th of November battered our works, with 200 demi-cannon, and whole culverine shot, besides other smaller cannon that continually played upon us, and flanked our line from Osan (Oreston) Hill, whereby a breach was made in the fort at several places, and the Lieutenant and some gunners of the fort slain; the breach we repaired in the night, thickening the rampart as much as the smallness of our work would admit, and strengthened the weakest places with woolsacks. The next day they continued their battery till noon, with too much success, yet so as no considerable breach was made that day. The enemy, whether they had intelligence of the want of provisions and ammunition in the fort, about one of the clock fell on with horse and foot on our half-moons and lines, where we had a reasonable guard; but tired by eight days' duty and long watching, after an hour's skirmishing, were enforced to retreat to the half-moons and breast-work, and were taken by the enemy's horse, who came on the backs of them. The Captain of the fort having but seven men left of thirty-six to manage the guns, seeing himself thus surrounded by the enemy where no relief of provisions or ammunition could be brought



to him from the town; and upon examination finding but two barrels of good powder, and a small quantity of case-shot with him, and no provisions, and having held off the enemy some two hours, and given a sign to the town by hanging out a wift, that he was in distress, and no relief came, and the townsmen, for some reasons which you shall hear anon, being unwilling to go over, and Colonel Gould's regiment being those that were tired, and put to the retreat, unfit to encounter the enemy's whole army thus fresh and victorious, the Captain yielded the fort on composition, about four of the clock, upon conditions that he should march off with colours flying, matches lighted, bullets in mouth, and a demi-culverine, the best in the work, with bag and baggage, and that the enemy should exchange all the prisoners they had taken of ours that day, being about forty, for the like number of their prisoners with us, which the next day was effected accordingly: but we are unwilling to let the world know by whose treachery, at least neglect, this fort was lost, for want of convenient quantities of ammunition and provisions.

While the enemy was busied about Mount Stamford, we had begun to raise a work upon Haw Start, where our men retreated after they were beaten from Mount Stamford, which being unfinished, and the same wearied men enjoined to keep it till next morning, (for we had no other) the townsmen refusing to go over for fear of the enemy's horse, quitted that place also, which the enemy soon after seized upon, and have there built a fort and divers batteries to hinder shipping from coming into the harbour, and others to shoot into the town, and at our wind-mill on the Hoe; but, notwithstanding, they have done no harm to any ship or boat that hath passed in or out for these two months past; nor hath any shot, of the many hundreds they have sent into the town from thence, done the least hurt to man, woman, or child, (except one woman hurt in the arm by a

stone) and but little to the houses, save that they shot off one vane of the windmill, which was presently new grafted; so that by experience we find the loss of Mount Stamford was the wonderful providence and goodness of God towards us, which had we kept, we must necessarily have lost the best part of our strength in the defence of it; our ships being beaten out of Catwater before we lost Mount Stamford by the enemy's cannon planted at Osan, and by a battery under Mount Edgcumbe, on the other side, from riding between the island and the main, so that they were fain to take Mill Bay for a sanctuary; nay, rather the loss of that was infinitely advantageous unto us, in the nearer uniting of our small strength for the defence of the town, and the offering an opportunity to us to seize upon the fort and island of St. Nicholas, the most considerable strength in the kingdom, which then were utterly destitute of provisions, ammunition, or any thing else necessary for the defence of them; of which neglect, the authors of it, account may be given to the Parliament in due time; for in the very instant of the loss of Mount Stamford, while all men stood in doubt of the issue, Colonel Gould, by order from Colonel Ward, late Commander-in-Chief, took possession of both those places, and afterwards settled stronger garrisons, with store of provisions and ammunition of all sorts, in the said fort and island; the securing whereof, and at the request of the well-affected of the town, of four Deputy Lieutenants in them, of whose unfaithfulness to the State the townsmen had great suspicion, we have found since to be a most effectual means under God to preserve the town; for these persons and places being secured and victualled, the town, which before was altogether divided, and heartless in its defence, now grew to be united with a resolution to stick by us in the defence thereof; partly out of fear, knowing that the fort and island would be goads in their sides if the town should be lost; but especially from their

assurance of our real intention to defend the town to the last man, by securing of those four Deputy Lieutenants whom they suspected, and by the many asseverations and resolutions of the Officers, that they would, when they could defend the town no longer, burn it to ashes, rather than the enemies of God and his cause should possess it, which resolution of theirs they confirmed by joining with us in a solemn vow and covenant for the defence of the town.

The enemy thus possessed of Mount Stamford, accounting now all to be his own, sends a trumpet to us with a summons, which was answered in silence. The same day Mount Stamford was taken, the enemy made an attempt on Lypson work, but was repulsed with loss. The 11th November, a party of horse and musqueteers, were commanded out to Thornhill to guard in wood and hay; but they transgressed their orders, and pursued some of the horse of the enemy to Knocker's Hole, killed a Captain and some common troopers, and took some prisoners; but staying too long, drew the main body of the enemy's horse among them, and Major Leyton, striving to make good their retreat, were taken in the rear, after he had received five wounds.

And now the enemy having refreshed his men, and having secured his new gotten purchase of Stamford, about the 16th of November, sits down on the north side of our town; we, in the mean time being busied in mending up some hedges, that were formerly pulled down between the works: the outer line of communication we yet have scarce defensible against the stormings of horse, yet such places we must now resolve to defend upon equal terms with the enemy; for the works are at such a distance from each other, and the grounds so uneven, that an enemy may in some places approach within the works, without any molestation by them. On the 18th of November, 1643, the enemy planted his battery against Lypson work, but could not approach within musket shot to batter our work at



Lypson, in regard of a deep valley between, by reason whereof, after three days battery, they did little execution.

About this time, one Ellis Carteret, a malignant mariner, was accused, and laid fast, for tampering with Roger Kemborn, the chief gunner of Maudline work, to blow up the said work, the powder-room being buried in it, and he having the keys, which was discovered by the said Kemborn, after he had concealed it divers days, God not suffering his conscience to give him rest till he had revealed it. On the apprehension of Carteret, Henry Pike, a vintner, and Moses Collins, an attorney, two notorious malignants, conceived to be privy to this tamper, fled to the enemy; and, upon the 3d day of December, being Lord's day, the enemy, (as is credibly informed) guided by those two renegadoes, with four hundred musqueteers, three hours before day, surprised our guard at Lory Point, and in it three pieces of ordnance. The work is but a half-moon, and the guard there placed only to give the alarm, if the enemy should approach Lory Point over the sands when the tide is out: by which means, the enemy coming under Lypson work, (being a false variable ground to them, by reason of its steepness) and coming on the back of our guard, easily surprised it. The alarm being given to the town, 150 horse, and 300 musqueteers, at break of day, were ready to fall on upon the enemy that were possest of our work, which the enemy at Mount Stamford perceiving, (for we fell on the south side of the hill from the enemy's view) gave the main body of the enemy, which was in quarters at Compton, Buckland, Widey, and Knocker's Hole, all in arms, a warning piece, upon which Prince Maurice, and all the gallantry of their army, with five regiments of horse, and four of foot, (having in the night made their way with pioneers) advanced under protection of their own ordnance, and a hedge, which they possest, where we usually had our sentries, and where we

have since built a work under Lypson, to the assistance of those who, in the night, had surprised our guard; we were in hopes to have beaten off the enemy before their seconds came up, and, with horse and foot falling resolutely on them, met with strong opposition; and Captain Wansey, a gallant man, charging at a gap which formerly he knew to be open, but now made up by the enemy, was unfortunately slain; which made our horse give ground, and both horse and foot, after an absolute route for three fields together, at which time some of the enemies' horse mixed themselves with ours, and came within pistol-shot of the walls, and were killed or taken; when a stand being made upon the height of the hill above Lypson work, and fresh men being drawn from several guards, our men being encouraged, we held our ground for several hours, during which time, our ships at Lory Point seeing our guard were taken, entertained a parley with the enemy, and so stood neuter till we had beaten the enemy to a retreat; for which some are in question for their life. The enemy likewise sent a trumpet to Lypson work to summons it, and was answered with a cannon. After the trumpet was ordered to depart, and we having gotten together a small drake planted in the crossway, discharged it four or five times on the enemy's horse with good execution; and giving a sign by sound of drum, when our several commanded places should fall on, the enemy began to give ground; and some two hundred of the trainbands of the town being come to our assistance, and a party of some sixty musqueteers sent about to play on the backs of the enemy, was no sooner perceived by the enemy, but he commanded a retreat, which was followed so close by us, that it was little better than a hasty flight; for, retreating most partly over the Lory, and not the same way they came on, their rear guard of horse, of about one hundred, being cut off from their way of retreat, were forced into the mud, between Lypson work

and Lory Point, and the horse were taken, or drowned when the sea came in ; some of the riders crawling through the mud, hardly escaped ; many of the enemy were killed in their retreat by our horse and foot, and by the ships at Lory Point, who then grew honest again ; of the prisoners we took a Captain, a Lieutenant of horse, and one Langford, a priest, that was a captain, and some thirty soldiers, and thirteen barrels of powder, two teams of horses with furniture, by which they were drawing up our ordnance against us. Of ours, the enemy took in our first retreat, one Captain, one Lieutenant, one Ensign, forty common men, besides a Captain, and twelve men killed ; and 100 more wounded, of whom some are since dead. The Lord showed himself wonderfully in our deliverance : in that, when the enemy had gotten a ground of advantage, and were ten to one against us, yet was pleased, by our handfull, to drive them back another way than they came. The same day the enemy, with horse and foot assaulted Penny-Com-Quick work, and were repulsed with much loss. The enemy being thus repulsed, suffered us to be quiet (as his usual manner was) for fifteen or twenty days after ; in the mean time, gathering his routed troopers, save that one night he fell upon a work we were raising under Lypson, called Lypson Mill work, for the prevention of the enemy's incursion again that way, and partly slighted it ; our guard there quitting it without a shot, from which they suddenly entered it again, and the work was re-edified.

Upon the 18th of December, the enemy began to batter ; but by reason of our counter battery, which played constantly into their works through their ports, whereby their men could not stand safely by their ordnance, we having the advantage of playing down upon them from a commanding ground, the enemy in two days' time could do no good with his batteries ; but on Wednesday night, the 20th of December, through the carelessness of the Captain



of the guard, that sent out sentries *perdue*, it being a wet and dark night, the enemy raised a square work, with the help of a corner of a field, within pistol-shot of Maudline work, almost in a direct line between that and Penny-Com-Quick, which if they had held, might have cut us off from the relief of that work.

In the morning of the 21st day of December, as soon as it was discovered, the ordinary guard there, being some threescore men, fell on, in hope to have regained it without any more help, but found their work guarded with two or three hundred men, and so were fain to rereat till help came from the town; and then about nine of the clock in the morning, having horse and foot in readiness, we fell upon their work, and received the repulse twice; once after we had gained the work; but our men, heartened with the assistance of some fresh men, and backed with most of the strength we could make, fell on, took, and slighted the enemy's work; took prisoners, a Captain, Prince Maurice's trumpeter, and some few others more, and killed that day near one hundred men: there were taken of ours by the enemy, two Lieutenants. Upon the enemy's retreat, we could hardly dissuade our soldiers from falling on their works to gain their ordnance, but we had too few men to venture on so hazardous a design. The next day we could see the enemy preparing to draw off their ordnance; and on Christmas Day, 25th of December, 1643, in the morning, they drew off their guards from about us, being the same day that Prince Maurice promised his soldiers they should be in Plymouth.

The enemy now quartered at Tavistock and Plympton to refresh their men, and to recruit for a siege, and for the present they block us up from provisions, having driven all the country before them of cattle, so that we cannot subsist long, unless store of provisions be sent us; but if we may have a considerable supply of men, money, arms

for horse and foot, sent us with speed, by God's assistance, we may be able to take the field ; for all the country is inclined to us, which opportunity we hope the *Parliament* will not neglect.

One remarkable passage of God's providence to us, we must with thankfulness relate, remember, and acknowledge, that, after the town had been for a long time besieged strictly, and no fresh victual, either fish or flesh, could be had ; whereby the poor people were grievously punished ; there came an infinite multitude of pilchards into the harbour within the Barbican, which the people took up with great ease in baskets ; which did not only refresh them for the present, but a great deal more were taken, preserved, and salted, whereby the poor got much money ; such a passage has not happened before.

We cannot forget the great humanity of the good women of Plymouth, and their courage in bringing out strong waters, and all sorts of provisions, in the midst of all our skirmishes and fights, for the refreshing of our soldiers, though many women were shot through the clothes. We cannot omit to set down also here, that in a few days after our arrival home, one Sampson Hele, Esq. of Fardel, came on a message from the Prince, to persude the yielding of it ; but coming without drum or trumpet, for his offence, he was persuaded to yield us 2000*l.* for the payment and clothing of our soldiers ; without which we could not possibly have subsisted so long.

The enemy's word was, *The town is ours* ; and our word was, *God with us*. We had, upon the loss of Mount Stamford, a day of humiliation ; and, upon God's deliverance of us at Lory Point, a day of thanksgiving ; and another since the siege was raised. The chief Commanders before us were Prince Maurice, Earls of Marlborough and Newport, Lord Mohun, Lieutenant-General Wagstaff, Major-general Bassett, Sir Thomas Hele, Sir Ed-

mund Fortescue, Sir J. Grenville, Sir R. Cave, Sir James Coburne, Sir J. Digby, Sir P. Courtenay, and divers others considerable persons.

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SMOOTHLY the moments pass when present those  
Whom mystic ties make chosen : and if asked  
Why so esteemed these moments ? the reply  
Shall give the cheering cause.

There mingle hearts that feel as others feel,  
But feeling are in action—active seek  
The sympathy congenial, and apply  
The impulse as they ought.

They sorrow with the sorrowing—human this,  
And with the joyful joy :—but tear and smile  
Fraternally are knit—so either—each  
Or falls or rises meet.

They censure where deserved—the censure strikes :  
They caution where required—the caution moves :  
They praise where praise is due—it forms a wreath  
And all is tipped with love.

They mourn—Ah ! deepest sorrow then : they mourn  
When of their number one untimely droops,  
Whom in his private or his public course  
No slander can assail.

They mourn—but deep-craped hearts their mourning form  
Sincerity no mock exterior needs :  
Yet in the house of mourning hearts so true  
Have residence full long.

Smoothly the moments pass when present those  
Whom mystic ties make chosen : and if asked  
Why so esteemed these moments ? the reply  
Is given in the cause.

J. R. B.

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## LUNDY ISLAND.

THIS island is four leagues north-west of Clovelly, is rather more than three miles long, and about one in breadth. It contains about 2,000 acres; and is environed by high and steep rocks, which render it inaccessible, except in one or two places. The only safe landing-place is on the east side, where a small beach admits a secure approach, and is sheltered by a detached portion of rock, called the *Isle of Rats*. On landing, the visitor is obliged to climb over various craggy masses, before he can reach the steep and winding tract that leads to the summit, which commands good views of the English and Welsh coasts.

About four hundred acres only are in cultivation; 300 of which are arable, and the rest pasture: wheat is the chief produce. The elevated situation of the land, in some places 800 feet above the sea, and the violence of the north-east winds, prevent any trees from growing here, though a considerable sum was expended a few years ago in planting. Rabbits, though not of the best quality, are numerous, yet by no means so abundant as formerly, the rats having destroyed great quantities. Muirs, and the usual rock-birds, are very plentiful; and in the season, lobsters, crabs, mackerel, and other fish, may be obtained in abundance; woodcocks and starlings also resort hither in great numbers; and about 400 head of sheep, and 80 head of cattle, are fed here; but the former do not thrive. The inclosures are stone fences.

This island was probably more populous than at present, as many human bones have been ploughed up; "and the furrows," says Camden, "show it to have been once cultivated." Its present cultivation was wholly effected during the last century. Of its history very little is known: Risdon relates, that one Morisco, who had conspired to kill Henry the third, at Woodstock, retired to this isle, and, by

turning pirate, did great damage, on which the king sent over, and had him executed on an elevated part; and Sir Thomas Moore mentions, that Edward the second, during the period in which he was hurried by his disaffected nobles, from one part of the kingdom to the other, had thoughts of retiring hither for safety.

About the middle of the last century, it was purchased of government by a nobleman, who entrusted the care of it to a person named Benson, a notorious smuggler. This man, though a representative in parliament, finding it admirably adapted to his *vocation*, having obtained possession, refused again to surrender it, and for some time carried on an illicit traffic in tobacco, and other articles. Being at length detected in making false insurances, guilt urged him to a precipitate flight; and he went to Lisbon, where it is understood he assumed the order of priesthood.

The next proprietor of this island was Sir John Borlase Warren, who built a small house on it, and appears to have let the ground on leases of twenty-one years, which are now about expired. Sir John sold it, about the year 1781, to John Cleveland, Esq., some time since member of parliament for Barnstaple, for the sum of £1200., but, as appears from some of the public prints, it has been lately repurchased by government.

The whole rent of the island is £70. per annum. No taxes are paid; nor can it maintain any revenue officer, the duties in seven years scarcely amounting to five pounds. The number of houses is only seven: and that of inhabitants, in the year 1794, was not more than twenty-three. The winds are violent, but not cold in proportion, even in winter; and the place is healthy.

The chief antiquities are what is termed Morisco's Castle, and the ruins of St. Anne's Chapel. The castle is near the south-east end, and was strongly fortified with large out-works and a ditch: a few old dismounted cannon occupy the battlement, beneath

which is a curious cavern. In the reign of Charles the first, Lord Say and Seale held the castle for the king; and in the time of William and Mary, the French surprised it by stratagem, and plundered and kept it for some time.

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V E R S E S .

A dream steals softly o'er the wearied brain;  
 The heart's quick-throbbing pulses grow more calm;  
 Life is a lovely phantom once again.

O! thy sweet voice hath brought this welcome balm  
 Thou soothing sea.

The lonely musing man is man no more  
 His vagrant thoughts to other climes are winging  
 And every silver gush that bathes the shore,  
 To his rapt soul is wild and sweetly singing  
 Some olden strains.

The distant hills of his own land rise, blue  
 And glorious in their ancientness, around  
 The kindred voices that his young life knew  
 Are lulling him, with luxury of sound  
 Spell wrought.

Bright happy faces meet his gazing eye,  
 Even the grave shows kindness to-day.  
 A burst of merry laughter rising nigh  
 Is telling of the hearts which feel no sway  
 Of mortal gloom.

Oh! let him dream. Thou lovely sun-lit sea  
 Let music still be woven with thy tide.  
 Break not the wizard charm—for he is free,  
 While thus reclining by thine azure side,  
 From his heart's chain.

Oh! let him dream. Behold there is a brand  
 Engraven on his pale and languid brow.  
 His glazed eye and ever burning hand  
 And white convulsive lip proclaim him now  
 A care-worn man.



## HORRORS OF THE AFRICAN SLAVE-TRADE.

By the *lowest* of the computations, it will appear, that, on an average, each slave-trading transport loses, in the voyage, between six and seven per cent. of the cargo living at the time of embarkation. So that if, instead of reckoning the yearly shipments from the African shore at 100,000 slaves, we take only an average of 50,000 yearly, yet still, more than 3,000 men and women in each year,—or the days being taken one with another, from eight to ten living souls, every day of the calendar, are sacrificed to the mammon of the foreign sugar-trade—not by breakers or tempests, but in summer seas, beneath the bright, tropical noon. It is in the putrid hold of the slave-ship, where the manacled wretches lie doubled up, chin to knee, sweltering between decks scarcely three feet high, that death does his regular business, and takes his daily percentage on the cargo. The morning's muster is called,—the proportion of mortality for the past night is ascertained,—the useless bodies are tossed over the vessel's side,—and the wear and tear is coolly written off on the adventure. Or perhaps a sail becoming visible gives omen of a search. Then at once the hatches are closed down upon the gasping freight, that no opening for air may, by sound or by stench, betray the human mass below; and, before that crisis of fear and evasion is past, ten, twenty, thirty, of the panting heap have perished by suffocation. Sometimes, however, the number of the negroes is too large, or the frame of the vessel too inartificial, for such effectual concealment from the survey of the English cruiser. In vain the slave-dealer crowds all his sail for flight; the rescuing vessel gains upon him, and capture seems inevitable. One only chance remains—to baffle the discovery of its crime by destroying all its proofs. The time grows short,—the English lieutenant bears on, and a gun-shot in advance almost sweeps the

foam-track of the slaver. Fear gets the better of avarice. The negroes, confined in casks, or laden with a sinking weight of irons, are swiftly lowered into the sea. One splash, and one shriek, and all is over. A moment's ripple curls where the sunny water has closed over the dying: then the clear, blue deep resumes its calm, and every trace of death and of guilt is gone. Between those decks, so lately reeking with animal dissolution, the fresh wind blows again, and the pursuers, on coming up, find the vessel tenanted but by the seamen of Portugal and Brazil. No matter that her build, her equipment, all the circumstances, all the incidents of herself, of her ruffian commander, and of his crew, conspire toward the one rank irresistible suspicion,—the only legal evidence is stifled with the sufferers, and the miscreant triumphs in impunity.

Are these fictions? things that never could happen; or, if by possibility they *could*, yet never *did*? Let the reader consult the Parliamentary documents, and satisfy himself that fact has far outstripped invention. It sometimes happens that the true is too shocking to be the probable. But on this unhappy subject there is nothing too shocking to be true. Nor is it only by suffocation or the diseases it engenders, that the African on the middle passage falls a victim to the cupidity of his oppressor. The reports of the captors furnish painful histories of human cargoes, brought up from their layers of infection in the hold, to take the air on deck, who, overcome by despair and torture, both of body and mind, seize that short occasion to embrace their death by leaping into the sea.

Quarterly Review.

## THE NEW HOUSE OF LORDS.

SCARCELY had the ruins of the late parliamentary buildings at Westminster ceased to smoke, when the attention of his Majesty's Government was directed to the provision of accommodation for the approaching session of parliament. The conflagration had reduced the House of Commons to a roofless, open-sided shell, but had, at the same time, unveiled its pristine, architectural beauty to the admiring antiquarian. The walls of the House of Lords and of the Painted Chamber were found to be entire; and, as circumstances would not allow the removal of the ruins, and the rebuilding of "the Houses," without the concurrence of Parliament itself, it was resolved to appropriate the last named structures for the temporary accommodation of the two branches of the legislature. Accordingly, Sir Robert Smirke was commissioned to construct within the walls of the Painted Chamber an apartment for the Peers; and within the walls of the former House of Lords, accommodation for the Commons.

In converting the Painted Chamber into a House of Lords, it was found advisable to heighten the walls by at least one-third; they were then roofed with slate, and the internal fittings were commenced. It now presents an apartment 50 feet long, 18 or 20 feet wide, and nearly 28 feet in height. The flooring on each side is raised by two low steps for the seats, which are of solid and beautifully grained English oak, and are covered with superfine crimson cloth. The space allows of three tiers on each side, over which is a gallery, capable of holding two tiers of seats, supported by an octangular column and iron brackets, cased with composition. These brackets are tastfully enriched, as is the front of the galleries, which is filled with quatrefoils and centre shields, every six or seven feet, divided with square oak stanchions, and surmounted by an iron railing of two longitudinal bars. The ascent to each gallery is by a handsome geometrical staircase: and over this end of the apartment is a large gallery for strangers, reporters, &c., which immediately communicates with the Reporters' Gallery in the House of Commons.

The accommodation below the Bar for members of the House of Commons, who attend to bring up bills, is larger by four feet than formerly, and at least 150 gentlemen may attend on these occasions without inconvenience. On the left of the Bar is a door leading to four new committee-rooms, formed out of the long gallery, and the passage connecting them leads to the lobby



of the Commons. On the right of the Bar, is the entrance for the Lords, which communicates with the House of Commons by a passage leading to the door on the right of the Speaker's chair.

In the pier between the two windows at the extreme end of the present apartment, or "House," is placed the throne, upon the identical carpet of its predecessor, which had been taken up for cleaning, previous to the late fire, and was thus saved. The throne is not new, it being that built for George the Fourth, when Prince Regent, in the Gold Room at Carlton House. It has, however, been considerably altered, and newly embellished.

On the right of the throne is the King's entrance doorway, and on the same side is a window, fronting a blank wall: nearly facing are two other windows, which command an interesting scene of the dismantled walls and picturesque ruins of St. Stephen's Chapel; the removal of the brick buildings and remains of Mr. Lee's offices opening the view of this beautiful specimen of olden architecture. Over the throne, Sir Robert Smirke has filled up the small original window, and opened, higher, another of five lights. The ceiling of the apartment is of wood, divided by moulded ribs and binders, with a boss or pendent at every other intersection; from which points will be suspended splendid chandeliers. The walls are boarded, grained, and varnished to the height of nine feet above the gallery, whence they are crimson papered, as is also the end above the throne, to the ceiling.

The Royal Entrance remains as before; but, instead of first proceeding to the Painted Chamber, (now the House of Lords) his Majesty will proceed at once to the Library, whence a passage leads direct to the throne.

# THE SOUTH DEVON MONTHLY MUSEUM.

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LOCAL SKETCHES,—No. III.

KILWORTHY.

“Sir John Fitz pursued his way to Kilworthy, the residence of the Glanvilles, situated in the pleasant neighbourhood of Tavistock.”

FITZ OF FITZFORD.

“KILWORTHY is a gentle house,” asserts honest John Prince, and the saying may be repeated even in our more fastidious days. Kilworthy is a proper and genteel residence for all who love country quarters. Encircled by groups of noble forest trees,—here a line of chesnuts lifting their glowing blossoms in the air, spring after spring with never-tiring beauty; there a few stately yews waving their sombre boughs in triumph over the storms of a hundred winters; in that mossy dell the gnarled roots of some towering oaks fixed with strength of adamant in their kindred soil; and at a distance a grove of elms, affording shelter to a colony of ever clamorous rooks; all around speaks to the eye, if not to the ear, of the venerable antiquity of the place. Then the well-shaven green, the rising terraces, the prim garden, the ancient summer-houses with carved heads frowning on “each dainty dame who whilome took pleasaunce therein,” present beauties to all who are not wholly prejudiced in favour of the sad *innovations* of the nineteenth century. I confess

myself a lover of the good old times, (at least in retrospection) an air of sanctity is connected with them, and in imagination I would willingly replenish the earth with its ancient customs and people:—how far *reality* might dissipate my dream of felicity I leave wiser persons than myself to guess. Old places certainly have their charms, and Kilworthy not less than others; even the cumbrous barn, dotted with pigeon holes, and decorated with relics of the sportsman's skill, impresses the beholder with an idea of the respectability of the mansion to which it belongs.

The interior of Kilworthy presents a picture of those incongruities in which our ancestors sometimes loved to indulge. Narrow passages and wide staircases, a wainscotted hall, and small and large rooms are mingled together in most admirable confusion. That hall, where, in bygone days, moved with courtly dignity the noble races of Glanville and Manaton, has since resounded with the joyful shouts of a tribe of merry boys, who, under mild scholastic rule, formed strange contrasts to its early and rightful possessors. Curious indeed are the vicissitudes of places as well as of persons. The manor of Kilworthy, with every thing belonging thereunto, has passed from the family of Glanvilles, and all that remain (besides tradition) to mark their former possession, are the coats of arms decorating the eastern entrance, thus exhibiting, even in faded grandeur, "the boast of heraldry, the pomp of power." It has since, as I have before hinted, been used as a place of learning. Many juvenile feats within those precincts, "when toil remitting lent its turn to play," may be even now remembered by staid parsons, or care-worn merchants, who were once chief actors in each frolic of the hour. The sailor too, parading with dignity his own quarter-deck, may recal the time when, swinging from bough to bough of some tall elm in "the Rookery," he sought to gain the well built nest of our cawing



neighbours, or aimed to rock his slight weight on the topmast branch, and indulge in a day-dream of naval glory to come. The author, bending over his literary labours, may now perhaps sigh for the plain, though plentiful fare, which, as a school-boy, he despised, and long for a breath of the pure Dartmoor air to cool his fevered and anxious brow.

Poor H., thy constant song of "Away with melancholy," may too often be required in thy present arduous undertakings!

How often is the future character of the man traced in that of the boy! One youth, who has since risen to no mean fame, proposed as a variety in the amusements of his companions and himself, to commence a manuscript periodical, which might contain the learned effusions of the juvenile party. This suggestion was received with loud acclamations, and under the appellation of "the Attic Bee" our little work flourished for many years. Solemn and demure were the countenances of all during the important task of composition, and sadly disfigured with copies of hobbling verse, and meagre prose, were the suffering editions of Homer and Virgil. Specimens of bad orthography sometimes occurred, but on the whole, pieces of no inconsiderable merit graced the clearly written page. The following extracts may serve as examples of the style of your young authors.

### "THE ATTIC BEE,

*Published Monthly by the Young Gentlemen of*  
KILWORTHY SEMINARY."

"To Mrs. E., by whose kind patronage this undertaking has been encouraged to proceed through all difficulties, these numbers are humbly dedicated by her much obliged and obedient servant,

THE EDITOR."

### L'ENVOY.

The object of this Miscellany is to train the youthful mind to express its ideas, on different branches of science, or of the

Belles-Lettres, and to excite in each a desire to collect, like the industrious bee, materials from every valuable source, to provide sweets of purest flavour, for our little hive of information.

The effects of this mental exercise on many of the former correspondents, who are now ornaments of their various connections, plainly prove its beneficial aid in acquiring an easy, and perspicuous style of composition, and its advantages as introductory to the practical duties of a respectable station in society. We solicit original compositions, which will meet with honourable mention, in proportion to their respective merits, and be submitted, with due deference, to the inspection of our kind patrons.

#### TO THE RETURNING SWALLOW.

Summer land traveller,  
 Blooming time's messenger,  
 Child of the sunny year's happiest hour,  
 Joy from the leafy grove  
 Greets thee with songs of love,  
 Hailing thy presence in nature's gay bow'r.  
 Where on thy rapid wing,  
 Hast thou been wandering,  
 Spring's welcome harbinger, bird of the wind?  
 Did'st thou from winter's reign,  
 Fly o'er the pathless main,  
 Leaving the chilling blasts' fury behind?  
 Can'st thou have mounted high,  
 Soaring beyond the sky,  
 Where milder breezes incessantly play?  
 Oh! if thou comest thence,  
 Bringing its pleasures hence,  
 Turn not again to convey them away.  
 Earth in her loveliness,  
 Puts on her spangled dress,  
 Binding her front with new garlands of green;  
 Bids the perfuming gale,  
 Spread o'er the flow'ry vale,  
 When on the ether thy pinions are seen.  
 Dear too art thou to man,  
 Teaching his soul to scan,  
 Pleasures ne'er ending in Paradise land;

Leading him where alone,  
 Spring on her fairy throne,  
 Dreads not the rudeness of Winter's rough hand.

Stay then for evermore,  
 Stay on this earthly shore,  
 Leave not its gardens a desert-like waste;  
 Yet if away thou hie,  
 Where the bright regions lie,  
 Lend me thy wing and with thee will I haste.

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APOLLO'S REVENGE.

Midas the youth whose pow'r was such,  
 All turn'd to gold beneath his touch  
 Once said, "Apollo, God divine,  
 "I know a fairer voice than thine;  
 "Our woodland Pan of yonder dells,  
 "In dulcet sounds all youth excels."  
 This speech inspir'd Apollo's rage  
 And thus replied the haughty sage;  
 "Audacious creature get thee hence,  
 "And for this bold impertinence  
 "Two asses ears I will obtain  
 "To deck thy *head*. Poor foolish swain!"

Alas! if it were now decreed  
 To wear such things for each misdeed,  
 Methinks how we should stare to meet,  
 So many long-ears in the street."

So far my extracts from "the Attic Bee." Thrice welcomed was the morning on which it issued from the printer's (or rather scribe's) hands, gaily decorated with scarlet ribbon and shining in unblemished purity. Each contribution when read aloud received unbounded applause amidst the blushes of the conscious writer.

In process of time the name of our periodical was changed to that of "the Mercury," which title it still retains in a place of learning similar to that of Kilworthy, for the fairer sex. Classical lore now gives place to lighter literature, and external ap-



pearance and elegance of diction is studied, rather than depth of thought or far fetched research.

The following quaint story prepared for "the Mercury," connected as it is with the subject of the frontispiece, may prove interesting.

"THE LADYE WINIFRED."

Now it happened in the 9th year of the reign of good King James, of "happie memorie," that a great feast was holden at Kilworthy, a pleasant and genteel house, belonging to that worthy knight, Sir John Glanville: and there were invited his neighbours both of high and low degree to take part in the games and sports of the day. Many and grievous were the troubles of the Lady Winifred Glanville in catering for the goodly entertainment of her guests; and in hastening the labours of her hand-maidens, who truly (as hand-maidens have been and ever will be) were sad plagues to the ever busy and ever anxious house-wife. Dame Winni was well instructed in every gentle craft of that time; the delicate drapery grew beneath her pliant fingers; her skill in cross stitch, and back stitch, hem stitch, and side stitch, could not be denied; her knowledge of herbs and simples was admirable; besides which she at times dabbled in chirurgery, as may be known from an ancient, well favoured portrait, which exhibits our notable dame operating with careful attention on the bare head of some rustic, sorely troubled with aches and pains in that quarter; and if in the book-learning of Lady Winifred there were many deficiencies, assuredly it was made up by the deep love of her husband; and if she *did* show a little pride in being the mistress of so fair a manor, it was counterbalanced by the admirable humility of her worthy spouse. "Remember sweetheart," would he say, "we are but stewards of a great master. It is our part to make a careful ministration of his many gifts, and to him be all honour due."

On the morning of the coming feast, Winifred arose at cock-crowing, and with her tire woman Cicely, proceeded to inspect the arrangements for the day. She slowly descended the grand staircase leading to the entrance hall, and viewed again and again the massive board, groaning beneath the weight of shining plate. She proceeded to the kitchen, well garnished with trenchers, where red-faced cook-maids laboured to prepare savoury viands for their lady's table: and some positively affirm, that the Lady Winifred did not disdain to plunge her own dainty fingers in the whitened meal, for the sake of fashioning with curious art, sundry pasties and comfitures, pleasant to the eye as sweet to the taste of those who were destined to regale thereon. Lastly, after worthily bedecking herself in sacque and tucker, she proceeded to the withdrawing room, prepared to pay all due honour to her numerous guests. Surely pride swelled the heart of Dame Winifred, and lurked in her bright eye, as she saluted, with swimming grace, the various groups who crowded to do honour to their hostess. Then began the pastimes of the day. There were cock-fighting and bull-baiting for the gentlemen, and archery or scandal for the ladies, and about noon, a banquet in the hall was announced, which was welcomed right willingly both by dame and squire. Now to this same feast had been invited Sir Francis Glanville, elder brother of the worthy Sir John (the same who, by his ill conduct, lost the favour of his father, and the fair estates of his family; for that just parent seeing that his eldest son was prodigal and foolish, committed the care of his property to his second child, who carefully preserved the same until his brother, Sir Francis, had repented him of his misdeeds, which was about the time of which I write). Then when all the guests had place according to their respective ranks, from the highest to the lowest, the Lady Winifred was impatient to remove the covers, and display to their wondering

eyes the good cheer and hospitality of her lord ; but Sir John gently restrained her anxiety, and addressing his brother, desired him to uncover the dish before him, which he doing, the company were surprised to find it full of writings ; whereupon Sir John told them, that he was now to do what he was sure his father would have done, if he had lived to see that happy change which they now all saw in his brother ; and therefore he here freely restored to him the whole estate. Saying thus he left his seat, amidst the pleasure and admiration of his brother and friends, and the ill-concealed grief of Lady Winifred, who had stood like a statue during the whole of her husband's harangue, with eyes and mouth distended wide, swallowing with horror the words, as each one gave a fatal blow to all her dignity and pride. Poor dame Winny ! it was thought she would never recover the shock, but vanity made her swallow the bitter pill, and she footed it with the new heir as featly through a merry dance as any lady of her rank in the hall ; and, as for Sir John, we could say with truth not a heart was lighter, or a step more gay than his that night ; and the praise of his generous deed has been heard through all the country round, from that time forth even unto the present day.

R. P. E.

*Parkwood.*



## IMPRESSIONS OF AMERICA.

BY TYRONE POWER, ESQ. 2 VOLS. 8VO. BENTLEY.

"I SEEK, then," (Tyrone Power, *loquitur*) "to describe America as I saw it, a mighty country, in the enjoyment of youth, and health, and possessing ample room and time for the growth which a few *escapades* incident to inexperience and high blood may retard, but cannot prevent. Heaven has written its destinies in the gigantic dimensions allotted to it, and it is not in the power of earth to change the record.

"I seek to describe its people as I saw them, clear-headed, energetic, frank, and hospitable; a community suited to, and labouring for, their country's advancement, rather than for their own present comfort. This is, and will be, their lot for, probably, another generation."

## FEELINGS ON LEAVING HOME.

"When one first contemplates a voyage of many thousand miles, attended with long absence, loss of old associates, together with all the charms of home and country, but always sorely missed when no longer within call; one is yet, and this through no lack of sensibility, apt to regard the sacrifice about to be made to duty as sufficiently light, and, with the aid of manhood and a little philosophy, easy of endurance. The very task which a resolution of this grave nature necessarily imposes of making as little of the matter as possible to those dear ones, who yield up their fears, and subdue their strong affections, in obedience to your judgment, serves for a time the double purpose of hoodwinking oneself, as well as blinding those on whom we seek to practise this kind imposition. Next comes the bustle of getting ready, assisted and cheered by the redoubled attentions of all who love, or feel an interest in one's fortunes. Amidst the excitement, then, of these various feelings, the deep-seated throb of natural apprehension, or home regret, if even felt struggling for expression, is checked or smothered in the loud note of preparation. The day of departure is fixed at length, it is true, but then it is not yet come. Even when contemplating its near approach, one feels wondrous firm, and most stoically resolved. At last, however, come it does, and now our chief friend Philosophy, like many other friends, is found most weak when most needed. In vain do we invoke his approved maxims, hitherto so glibly dealt out, to silence all gainsayers; yet now

they are either found inapt or are forgotten wholly, until, after a paltry show of defence, braggart Philosophy fairly takes to his heels, and leaves us abandoned to the will of old mother Nature. Now, indeed, arrives the tug; and I, for my part, pity the man who, however savagely resolute, does not feel and own her power. The adieus of those one loves are, at best, that is, for the shortest absence, sufficiently unpleasant; but when there lie years, and, to the eye of affection, dangers, in the way of the next meeting, as the old Scotch ballad has it, 'O but it is sair to part!' I should, I confess, were I free to choose, prefer the ignominy of cowardly flight to the greatest triumph, firmness ever yet achieved, and be constrained to hear and respond to that last long 'good bye.'"

#### POETICAL APPEARANCE OF AN ICE-ISLAND IN THE DARK BLUE SEA.

"On the second of August we passed within the immediate atmosphere of a huge iceberg. We had for some time previous been enveloped in fog, which suddenly lifting, showed us this isle of ice, and two other smaller ones.

"The main island, by which we were most attracted, lay about a quarter of a mile to leeward, of dazzling whiteness, and picturesque of form, having at one end a lofty cone-shaped mountain, and at the other an angular bold mound, crowned by what we decided to be an extensive Gothic fortalice or castle, not unworthy the ice king himself, if bent on a summer trip round the gulf stream; between these promontories lay a deep valley, thickly tenanted by tribes of the white gull.

"Three sides of castle hill were regularly scarped, the fourth communicated by a neatly kept slope with the valley, and along this radiated a number of well-trodden paths, all uniting at the castle gate, at once giving evidence of considerable population, and great hospitality on the part of the worthy castellan."

#### FEELINGS AT FIRST APPROACHING THE LAND OF THE NEW WORLD.

"I had often, and with much pleasure, heard intelligent Americans describe the restless anxiety with which they approach the shores of Britain; the almost painful degree of excitement created by the various associations crowding on the imagination, and jostling each other for supremacy, as they looked for the first time on their father-land.

“The veneration with which they picture her ivy-clad towers, and the throb with which they caught the names of places long familiar to memory, and hallowed by historical events, to all of which they felt their claim inherited from their ancestors, whether from the Thames, or Tweed, or Shannon.

“To all of this I have, I say, listened with great pleasure, and with a full sympathy in feelings at once natural and generous; yet can I hardly admit them to possess more forces on their nature to be more exciting, or richer in the material whence Fancy frames her chequered web, than the recollections awakened in a well-stored imagination, by a near approach to the shores of America. Although differing widely, these are to every philosophic mind, especially to a subject of Britain, at least equally stirring.

“When it is first remembered, that on the long line of coast extending from the St. Lawrence to the Gulf of Mexico there was not, in the beginning of the sixteenth century, one European family settled, or a Christian voice that woke the forest with the name of God; and a civilized man from Canada to Florida, who placed his foot upon the soil to call it home. Yet now, within this immense range may be reckoned the mightiest states of the Union; and over its wide circumference are settled great cities, towns aspiring to be cities, and villages fast growing into busy towns, possessing a population, which for wealth, hardly need yield to the oldest countries of Europe, and in the general diffusion of intelligence and education offering indeed to most of these an example worthy of their imitation.

“When it is called to mind that the waters of her vast line of coast, now daily ploughed by thousands of busy prows, were at this same not very distant day, as desert as her swamps, and as unfurrowed, except where the canoe of the scared Indian left its light track behind, when driven from the shelter of some near river:—silent and shadowless, except when the sail of the adventurous explorer flitted slowly over the waves, as he steered his doubtful course filled with the many wonders seen and fancied by his watchful crew, some band of daring spirits, tempted hither in search of gold, or wild adventure, perhaps to perish suddenly by the arrow of the savage, or slowly to wither beneath the influence of the climate—God! what wonderful changes have been wrought here, and what a living marvel is this land! Changes, which it has required the labour of ages to accomplish elsewhere, have been effected by the energy of a few



busy generations, whose toil was begun and carried on amid want and sickness, and a struggle against ignorance and neglect without, as well as a war of extirmination within; a war which may be said to exist even to this day, for yet is the ever-growing frontier from time to time awakened by the night whoop of the savage, and the answering shot of a hardy pioneer.

"Then come the recollections connected with the war of the revolution—the noble declaration of independence, for truly noble it was: no dark compact of a crew of ruffian conspirators, but a generous bond, that that aggrieved country should be freed, given by a band of citizen gentlemen, husbands, fathers, and brothers, to the fulfilment of the which they pledged unto each other their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honour; and having placed their hands to this bold deed, they gave it to their people and the world.

"Their bond is cancelled, and they are dismissed beyond the hearing of praise or censure; yet shall these, the names of their country's fathers, be read and blessed by ages yet to come, and shall stand for ever, each a synonyme for patriot honour."

#### RAIL-ROADS.

"At the period of my first visit to the Schuylkill, the huge piers of of a new bridge, projected by the Columbian Rail-Road Company, were just appearing in different degrees above the gentle river's surface. The smoke of the workmen's fires rising from the wood above, and the numerous attendant barges moored beneath the tall cliff, from which the road was to be thrown, added no little to the effect. I have since seen this viaduct completed, and have been whirled over it in the train of a locomotive; and, although it is a fine work, I cannot but think every lover of the picturesque will mourn the violation of the solitude so lately to be found here.

"I could not refrain picturing to myself the light canoes of the Delaware Indians, as, at no very remote period, they lay rocking beneath the shelter of that very bluff where now were moored a fleet of deep-laden barges; indeed these ideas were constantly forcing themselves, as it were, into my mind as I wandered over the changeful face of this singular land, where the fresh print of the moccasin is followed by the tread of the engineer and his attendants, and the light trail of the red man is effaced by the road of iron: hardly have the echoes ceased to repeat through the woods the Indian's hunter-cry, before this is

followed by the angry rush of the ponderous steam-engine, urged forward, still forward, by the restless pursuer of his fated race.

"Wander whither you will, take any direction, the most frequented or the most secluded, at every and all points do these lines of rail-way intercept your path. Each state, north, south, and west, is eagerly thrusting forth these iron arms, to knit, as it were, in a straiter embrace her neighbours; and I have not a doubt, in a very short time, a man may journey from the St. Lawrence to the Gulf of Mexico, coastwise, with as much facility as he now does from Boston to Washington, a distance of four hundred and fifty miles, which may be at this day performed within forty hours, out of which you pass a night in New York.

"But to leave anticipations and imaginings, which, by the way, is a forbearance hard of practice in a region where all things are on the whirl of speculative change, and where practical results outrun the projections of even the most visionary thorist."

#### REPUBLICAN MANNERS ON BOARD AMERICAN STEAM VESSELS.

"I must not omit to notice supper or tea, for it was both, and an excellent meal it was, served about eight o'clock upon two parallel tables, which ran the whole length of the cabin, at least one hundred and eighty feet; and to which sat down about one hundred persons, of all ranks, the richest merchants, the most eminent statesmen, and the humblest mechanic, who chose to pay for a cabin fare, as most of those persons who travel do. I was seated with an exceeding lady-like and well-bred woman on my left hand, and on my right sat a man who, although decently dressed, was evidently a working operative of the humblest class; yet was there nothing in either his manner or appearance to annoy the most refined female: he asked for what he wanted respectfully, performed any little attention he could courteously, and evinced better breeding and less selfishness than I have witnessed at some public dinners at home, where the admission of such a person would have been deemed derogatory.

"I do not mean by this description to infer a crowded table of this kind is as agreeable as a party whose habits, education, and sympathies, being on a level, render intercourse a matter of mutual pleasure; what I would show is, that in this mingling of classes, which is inevitable in travelling here, there is nothing to disgust or debase man or woman, however exclusive; for it would really be impossible to feed a like multitude, of any rank

or country, with slighter breaches of decency or decorum, or throw persons so wholly dissimilar together with less personal inconvenience either to one class or another.

"I had been accustomed to see this set down as one of the chief nuisances of travelling in this country, and the consequences greatly exaggerated; things must have improved rapidly since, as far as I have hitherto gone. I protest I prefer the steam-boat arrangements here to our own, and would back them to be considered less objectionable by any candid traveller who had fairly tested both."

#### CARGOES OF ICE TO CALCUTTA.

"Where will enterprise find limits! this very season has a shipment of three hundred tons of the congealed waters of this pond of Massachusetts been consigned to Calcutta. Ice floating on the Ganges! How old Ganga would shiver and shake his ears when the first crystal offering is dropped on his hot bosom!"

"Wild as the idea may at first appear of keeping such a commodity for a voyage of probably a hundred days in such latitudes, I am informed the speculator is assured, that with an ordinary run, enough of the cargo may be landed to pay a good freight." Tyrone Power, in a note adds, "This calculation, was more than realized, the loss not exceeding one-fourth on the whole cargo shipped. The grateful epicures of Calcutta made an offering of a splendid cup to the merchant, in return for his spirited speculation, which I believe he has this year, 1835, repeated."

#### HISTORICAL SCITES OF BOSTON.

"On Hancock's Wharf, that tea-party was held which cost Britain ten millions of gold, and rest from the empire one quarter of the globe."

#### RACE COURSE ON LONG ISLAND, NEW YORK.

"Rode to the race-course on Long Island, this being the period of the 'Full Meeting,' as it is termed. The assemblage thin on the first day, appointments of the negro jockeys more picturesque than race-like, ill-fitted jackets, trowsers dirty and loose, or stocking-net pantaloons ditto, but tight, with Wellingtons over and under, according to the taste of the rider; or shoes without stockings, or stockings without shoes, as weight may be required or rejected. They sit well forward on to the withers of the horses; do not seem over steady in their saddles, but cling



like monkeys; their whole slight-of-hand appears to consist of a dead pull; and their mode of running, with their time for lying back or making play, seems to be entirely governed by their masters, whom, on a mile-course, they must frequently pass in heats, and who appear ever on the alert to direct them."

#### RESTLESSNESS OF THE AMERICAN CHARACTER.

"When very near the top of the mountain (one of the Alleghanies) for the ascent is full four miles, I encountered one of those groups, men, women, and children, and waggons, which appear in constant progress towards the 'far-west.' With what apparent indifference, if not positive pleasure, do the people of this country quit their ancient homes, and wander forth in search of new ones, to be again, in turn, deserted if not by themselves, by their restless and enterprising children! The Tartar habit of movement and frequent change, which is, I fancy, natural to man, finds in no country, at the present age, such inviting facilities as are offered in this, nor could a people be found who more fully enjoy them. \* \* \* \* \*

Unconscious agents in the hands of the Almighty, it is to advance the great cause of civilization, whose pioneers they are, that they endure toil for their lives, without the prospect of reaping any one personal advantage which might not have been attained in the first ten years of their labour.

"It is not through ignorance either that they continue in these simple and rude habits of life. There must, however, be a great charm in the unrestrained freedom of this sort of life; since I have frequently met women, who were bred in the north, well educated, and accustomed for years to all the *agreements* of goodly society, who yet assured me that they were happiest when living in the solitude of their plantation, and only felt dull whilst wandering about the country, or recruiting at some public watering-place."

#### COTTON MANUFACTURES.

"The designs of the printed cottons, and the colours, both struck me as being exceedingly good; in texture, however, I did not conceive any of the cloths equal to similar stuffs which I had seen at home in manufacturing towns. One of the partners informed me that they supplied large quantities of goods to the markets, both of India and of South America; the manufacturer's chief draw-back, he said, was found in the cost of labour; indeed, judging by the dress and neat appearance of the

young women employed here, they must be exceedingly well paid; a comparison drawn between them and the same class of *employées* in England would be singularly in favour of the Taunton 'Maids of the Mill.' "

#### YANKEE PEDLARS.

"I noticed that the upper or promenade deck of the *Columbus*, was completely taken up by a double row of flashy-looking covered carts, or tilt waggons, as they are called here. Upon inquiry, I found that these contained the goods, and were indeed the movable stores, or shops, of that much-enduring class, the 'Yankee Pedlars,' just setting forth for their annual winter cruise, amongst the plantations of the south, where, however their keen dealing may be held in awe, they are looked for with lively anxiety, and their arrival greeted as an advent of no little moment.

"They form a hardy and enterprising class, and ought to be well paid for the risks and great labour they undergo, being in fact the mercantile pioneers of the continent; every corner of which they penetrate from the Atlantic to the Pacific, supplying, in their route, the frontiers with little luxuries that else would never find a way there for years to come. They thus keep the chain of civilization entire, binding the necessities, to which it administers, through these its adventurous agents, whose tempting 'notions' constantly create new wants amongst the simple children of the forest and *prairie*.

"Arranged in a half-circle about the bow, on the main deck, I observed the horses of these royal pedlars; they stretched their necks out to examine us with a keenness of look worthy their knowing masters' reputation and their own education."

#### UNHEALTHINESS OF THE SOUTH STATES OF THE UNION FOR A WHITE POPULATION.

"To the negro alone this appears congenial, as the lively look of the chubby little imps that fill every cabin fully indicates. It is impossible not to be struck by the contrast between the looks of these children of the sun, and the degenerate offsets of northern men; I have often observed with feelings of sorrow, the sickly aspect of the children of some road-side storekeepers, or publicans of the white race, as they sit languidly before their parents' door, with sallow parchment skins and lack-lustre eyes, the very emblems of malaria, possessing neither the strength nor the desire to follow those active sports, natural, and in fact ne-

cessary at their age whilst sporting about or near them, might be observed the offspring of their slaves; the elder ones with hardly any covering, pursuing each other, shouting and grinning from ear to ear; the youngsters, quite naked perhaps, rolling on the kitchen floor or creeping about in the dust, like so many black beetles, almost as broad as long. Despite their degraded condition, I have at such times been tempted to exclaim, 'Surely this must here be the most enviable lot.'

"This picture, however, must not be applied to the wealthy portion of the landed proprietors, who either migrate north with each season, or else seek the shelter of the dry, sandy soil of the Pine-barrens, and on their heights breathe health and life whilst below and around, at no great distance, stalk disease and death.

"Amongst this class, on the contrary, I have often been surprised to find children whose elastic forms and ruddy complexions would have been noticeable even in the health-giving air of Britain."

#### OPINION OF THE DAUGHTERS OF AMERICA.

"The young ladies appear possessed of the same naïve, simple, yet perfectly easy manners which characterize their country-women of the North, where indeed they are principally educated and instructed in all those graceful accomplishments which embellish and refine our life. It appears upon a first view strange, that, superior as they are, they do not exercise a greater influence over the youth of the other sex; but this may be ascribed to the fact, that they are brought out before either their judgment or knowledge of the world is sufficiently matured to make them aware of the existence of certain abuses, or of their own power of reforming them. Then again, marrying very young, they commonly quit society, in a great measure, at the moment the influence of their example might be of the greatest service to it."

#### ONE OF THE CURIOSITIES OF NEW ORLEANS.

"At both extremities of the tiers of shipping, but chiefly at the south, lie numberless steam-boats of all sizes; and yet again, flanking these, are fleets of those rude rafts and arks constructed by the dwellers on the hundred waters of the far West; and thence pushed forth, freighted with the produce of their farms, to find, after many days, a safe haven and a sure market here.



"Let it not be forgotten, that many of the primitive-looking transports lying at this point, have performed a drift of three thousand miles; their cargoes discharged, they are immediately disposed of to be broken up; their crews working their way back on board the steamers, to return in the following year with a vessel and a freight, both of which are at this time flourishing in full vegetation in forest and in field.

"The interest with which I looked upon these far-travelled barks, I dare hardly trust myself to declare or to describe; they told me of men and of their increase, who, only for the waters on which they live, would be as little known and quite as uncivilized as the Indian, whose land they have redeemed from the wild beast or more savage hunters, to bid it teem with abundance, and to be a refuge and a home for millions to rejoice in."

#### HOSTS OF IRISH EMIGRANTS EMPLOYED ON THE PUBLIC WORKS.

"One of the greatest works now in progress here, (New Orleans) is the canal planned to connect Lac Pontchartrain with the city. In the month of February, it was completed to within three miles of the lake; and as it was a pleasant ride to the point where the digging was in progress, I, two or three times, visited the scene, after its bearings had been explained by the two intelligent persons under whose guidance I penetrated the swamp.

"I only wish that the wise men at home, who coolly charge the present condition of Ireland upon the inherent laziness of her population, could be transported to this spot, to look upon the hundreds of fine fellows labouring here beneath the sun, that, at this winter season, was at times insufferably fierce, and amidst a pestilential swamp whose exhalations were fœtid to a degree scarcely endurable even for a few moments; wading amongst stumps of trees, mid-deep in black mud, clearing the spaces pumped out by powerful steam-engines; wheeling, digging, hewing, or bearing burdens it made one's shoulders ache to look upon; exposed meantime to every change of temperature, in log huts laid down in the very swamp, on a foundation of newly felled trees, having the water lying stagnant between the floor-logs, whose interstices, together with those of the side walls, are open, pervious alike to sun, wind, or snow. Here they subsist on the coarsest fare, holding life on a tenure as uncertain as does the leader of a forlorn hope; excluded from all the advantages of civilization; often at the mercy of a hard contractor, who

wrings his profits from their blood; and all this for a pittance that merely enables them to exist, with little power to save, or a hope beyond the continuance of the like exertion.

“Such are the labourers I have seen heré, and have still found them civil and courteous, with a ready greeting for the stranger inquiring into their condition, and a quick jest on their own equipment, which is frequently, it must be admitted, of a whimsical kind.

“Here, too, were many poor women with their husbands; and when I contemplated their wasted forms and haggard sickly looks, together with the close swamp, whose stagnant air they were doomed to breathe, whose aspect, changeless and death-like, alone met their eyes, and fancied them, in some hour of leisure, calling to memory the green valley and the pure river, or the rocky glen and sparkling brook of their distant home, with all the warmth of colouring the imaginative spirit of the Irish peasant can so well supply, my heart has swelled and my eyes have filled with tears.

“I cannot hope to inspire the reader with my feelings upon a mere sketch like this; but if I could set the scene of those poor labourers' exile fairly forth, with all the sad accompaniments detailed; could I show the course of the hardy, healthy pair just landed, to seek fortune on those long sighed-for shores, with spirits newly lifted by hope and brighter prospects, from the apathy into which compulsory idleness and consequent recklessness had reduced them at home; and then paint the spirit-sinking felt on a first view of the scene of their future labour; paint the wild revel designed to drown remembrance, and give heart to the new comers; describe the nature of the toil, where exertion is taxed to the uttermost, and the weary frame stimulated by the worst alcohol, supplied by the contractor at a cheap rate, for the purpose of exciting a rivalry of exertion amongst these simple men.

“Next comes disease, either a sweeping pestilence that deals wholesale in its victims, or else a gradual sinking of mind and body; finally, the abode in the hospital, if any comrade is interested enough for the sufferer to bear him to it; else the solitary log-hut and quicker death. Could these things, with their true colours, be set forth in detail before the veriest grinder of the poor that ever drove the peasant to curse and quit the soil of his birth, he would cover his eyes from the light of Heaven, and feel that he yet possessed a heart and human sympathies.

“At such works all over this continent the Irish are the labourers chiefly employed, and the mortality amongst them is enormous; a mortality I feel certain might be vastly lessened by a little consideration being given to their condition by those who employ them. At present they are, where I have seen them working here, worse lodged than the cattle of the field; in fact, the only thought bestowed on them appears to be, by what expedient the greatest quantity of labour may be extracted from them at the cheapest rate to the contractor. I think, however, that a better spirit is in progress among the companies requiring this class of labourers: in fact, it becomes necessary this should be so, since prolific as is the country from whence they are drawn, the supply would in a little time cease to keep pace with the demand, and slave labour cannot be substituted to any extent, being much too expensive; a good slave costs at this time £200. sterling, and to have a thousand such swept off a line of canal in one season, would call for prompt consideration.

“Independent of interest, Christian charity and justice should alike suggest that the labourers ought to be provided with decent quarters, that sufficient medical aid should always be at hand, and, above all, that the brutalizing, accursed practice of extorting extra labour by the stimulus of corn spirit, should be wholly forbidden.

“Let it be remembered that, although rude and ignorant, these men are not insensible to good impressions, or incapable of distinguishing between a kindly and paternal care of their well doing, and the mercenary cold-blooded bargain which exacts the last scrap of flesh it has paid for.”

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*The Treatyse of Tailorie and Taylours.*

*Continued from page 152.*

IN closing my enumeration of such as have shewn themselves, par excellence, sartorial worthies I will mention, lest the cordwainers should cast in our teeth their great orientalist Cary,—that a first class Hebrew scholar, Robert Hill, had handled the shears and worked with his needle at Buckingham; and, might the descendants of this craft be called in aid here, we should have Pepys the autobiographer and journalist, in the time of Charles II., whose father was a master fashioner in London; and Benjamin Robins, who compiled Anson's voyage as it appeared before the public from his lordship's journal and the *Centurion's* log, was the son of a tailor at Bath. But it is time to give a general sketch of the craft in *England*, which has been thus abundant in literary acquirement and martial exploit.

The dignity, if not the intrinsic importance, of a calling, will depend much on the value of the materials or the machinery exercised on it; if we look to the authority of the gleemen in an old song, beginning

“Take thy old cloak about thee;”

Which introduces king Stephen railing at his man of clothes for on overcharge,

“His trews they cost but half a crown;  
He said they were a groat too dear,  
And called the tailor thief and lown.”

In such a state of society we can hardly suppose the cross-legged artificers to have ranked very high in the community. In Henry the third's time, tailors seem to have stood, perhaps we ought rather to say sat, in a different posture: Holingshed at least asserts, on the authority of Adam Merimalt, that Sir John Arundell, who went on an expedition into France in that reign, “had two and fiftie new suits of apparel of cloth of gold or tissue.” This taste for extra-

vagant attire had, we find, a correspondent influence in the condition of the fashioners, who, as has been remarked above, dwelt principally in Cornhill and its neighbourhood, when they began to be distinguished as a separate class from the *frippers*, who sold ready-made and second-hand apparel, as also old household stuff, in Birchin Lane. The repute and wealth of the city tailors went on increasing in such degree, that 21. Edward IV., (1480) they were enrolled, and heraldic bearings assigned them by Sir Thomas Holmes, knight, Clarencieux, king at arms, under the style and title of the merchant tailors and linen-armourers of the city of London; by letters patent from the crown, bearing date 18. Henry VII., they became incorporated as "The art and mystery of merchant taylours of the fraternity of St. John the Baptist."

Coryatt, in his "*Crudities*," preserves an anecdote of Henry the seventh's time, to the effect that—

"Sir Philip Calthorpe sent to a tailor in Norwich cloth enough to make him a gown: the pattern so struck the fancy of one Drakes, a shoe-maker, that, having bought a similar piece for himself, he bade the tailor make it up in the same fashion as the knight's. Sir Philip, being informed of this, directed his tradesman to cut the gown as full of holes as his shears could make; which so purged Drakes of his conceit, that he never aspired to wear a gown of the gentlemen's fashion afterwards."

Early in the reign of James I., the worshipful company of merchant tailors gave a sumptuous entertainment to that monarch and his son prince Charles, at their hall in Threadneedle Street. At the breaking out of the civil war, it was computed that the number of tailors dwelling between Temple Bar and Charing Cross, they had moved gradually westward, amounted to little short of eight thousand; and the remembrance of Charles' condescension at their civic board might have influenced their loyalty in recruiting the regiment of cavalry, known as

Elliot's light-horse, composed to a man of tailors. Lest however our friends the habit-makers forget their just measure in this loyal array, I may add, that the person satirized by Butler, as Ralph the tailor and Sir Hudibras' Squire, was one Pemble, who had really plied that vocation; but becoming a furious roundhead he was chosen one of the committee of sequestrators. A desire to be strictly impartial makes me glance at two other stains on the sartorial escutcheon *id genus*: among the adherents of Perkin Warbeck, whose claims however I am not now desecrating on, occurs the name of Skelton, a tailor; and the rebellion, which, 3. Edward VI., 1549, broke out at Sampford Courtenay, was headed by one of this calling hight Underhill. I shall dismiss my notice of the fraternity of the bodkin and of St. John with observing, that 3. Elizabeth, 1561, Emanuel Lucar, then master of the company, founded the seminary known as Merchant-tailors' School, at a manor house called *the Rose*, and which had belonged to the Duke of Buckingham.

I have already mentioned the name of Samuel Pepys, Esq., F. R. S., as connected by descent with the subject of this disquisition: the antiquarian who would inform himself on the costume of our ancestors, in the time of Charles II., may find a rich treat in Mr. Pepys' respect and veneration for fine attire.

"We cannot help thinking," says the reviewer of his diary, "that this singularly strong propensity was derived by inheritance from his father's shop-board, and that amidst all his grandeur and all his wisdom, the clerk of the acts, for he held an important situation in the navy-office, could not, unhappily, *sink the tailor*. The catalogue of coats, cloaks, breeches, and stockings, entered at large in his diary; the minuteness of the description; the petty swelling of the heart which could record with complacency every piece of gaudy finery he adopted, savours strongly of the *parvenu*. In one place we read, 'put on my new lace-band, and so neat it is,



that I am resolved my great expense shall be lacebands ;' at another time he ' puts on his new scallop which is very fine ;' and again we are called on to admire his ' new shaggy purple gown with gold buttons and loop-line,' or the more sober elegance of ' a black cloth suit, with white linings under all to appear under the breeches.' "

All this, it may be said, is mere personal vanity in a dandy of the times ; but the following extract shews a prudent attention to the cost, no question derived from the good master-fashioner, his father, whose ultimate end in creating fine garments was to make money by them—

" This day I got a little rent in my new fine camlet cloak with the latch of Sir George Carteret's door ; but it is darned up at my tailor's, so that it will be no great blemish to it ; but it troubled me."

Joseph Clark, a posture-master, who flourished about the same date, and died early in the reign of William III., afforded the tailors much more trouble than did the worthy Mr. Pepys in getting his cloak darned. Some of this man's freaks with the professors of the shears are recorded in the journal of Philosophical Transactions for July, 1698. It was a practice with Clark, as we find there, to render the powers of distortion, with which Nature had super-endowed his handsome person, a means of ludicrous, but expensive annoyance to the unlucky wights engaged in clothing him. At one time the fashioner, after having taken the measure of a man strait as a cuirassier, would find that his customer was a little unfortunate in the shape of a hump-back ; returning with the garment altered to this defect, the astonished artisan discovered the excrescence metamorphosed into a trifling disparity in the height of his shoulders ; at one measuring Clark would be excessively corpulent but hollow in the back ; at another, round shouldered, and with his pouch that of " a lean and slippered pantaloon," in short he was, as many a disappointed habit-maker found to his cost, the very Proteus of the human figure.

*Apropos de figure.* The customs of western Europe ill adapt us to admire either the convenience or elegance of the posture in which tailors ply their occupation. In the eye of a Turk or Arab the cross-legged attitude appears neither remarkable nor unseemly; and that their taste is born out by high authority we learn from the fact that this manner of seat has the sanction of the highest order of chivalry: whoever has visited the tomb of a knight-templar of St. John of Jerusalem will recognize this at once in his effigy placed, as all their effigies are, in the sartorial position there.

With the knights-templars our ideas of the profession, if not the practise, of Christianity are nearly associated. I glance from that, briefly and with diffidence, to observe that the subjects of this essay, like every other rank and class in England, have found their lot cast "in evil report and good report" among men for conscience sake; happy if only the sufferers preserved *that* undefiled before Him who trieth spirits! In the list of sufferers for their religious tenets, 6. Henry VIII., 1514, we find a tailor named Richard Hunne: this poor artizan was hung in Lollard's Tower, and his body afterwards burned by the executioner in Smithfield; conscious in his extremity, that he had not suffered martyrdom in vain, but that remuneratio ejus cum Altissimo—his reward was with the Most High.

About a century prior to this, 14. Henry IV., John Badby, also a tailor, was brought to the stake in Smithfield for heresy; the prince, afterwards Henry V., who was present, endeavoured, but without effect, to save the victim's life by advising him to recant: we are told that Richard Courtenay, bishop of Norwich, and at that time chancellor of Oxford, preached a sermon to the recusant.

I feel satisfaction in observing, that the instances of a darker shade, as regards doctrines professed by persons of this calling—as the fanatic Beikels, more commonly known as John of Leyden, the anabap-

tist, and Ludowick Muggleton, a notable schismatic and father of the sect called after his name, both of them tailors, are not within the scope of this treatise, or the province of English antiquities.

To resume these:—I have shewn to what inconvenience the *tailorie* were subject from master Clark, the posture-master, and his waggeries; the following retort, made to an upstart knight of the Thimble, was not, when the circumstances are considered, more severe than these might warrant. Lord Chancellor Talbot kept a Welsh jester, named Rug Pengelling, who was a shrewd fellow, and rented a farm under his master. It happened that the chancellor's bailiff, who had been a tailor, and bore Rug a grudge, levied a distress on his goods for rent, observing, like a churl as he was, "I 'll fit you, sirrah:" then, replied the jester, "it will be the first time in your life that you ever fitted any one."

One anecdote more—it is again from the collection of James Petit Andrews, Esq., and I proceed to close this elaborate lecture with the use and abuse of the tailors and their calling made by play-wrights.

In 1788 a garrettee tailer residing at 127 in the Strand, near Exeter Change, issued a hand-bill, pledging himself to exhibit, among other singular operations on coats, the following tests of his skill. He engaged to show any who would favour him with a call at his attic retreat, "a tolerably decent suit on his own back, made out of two ragged old coats bought in Rosemary Lane for eighteen pence; and a coat that would admit of four changes of fashion, made out of a much smaller-sized ragged old coat and breeches, bought at the same place for two shillings."

Addison observes that "the tailor often contributes to the success of a tragedy more than the poets;" it is lamentable, with this assertion of an impartial critic before us, to view the general ingratitude, not to use a stronger phrase, with which these patrons of the drama have been treated, and that by



their own clients, the play-writers themselves. True, that in a comedy by Shakerley Marmyon, gent. performed before the court at Whitehall, 9. Charles I., (1633) one of the characters addresses his tailor with something approaching deference to the artist's taste, if not to his personal merit:—"I would have you," says the mimic employer, after specifying the kind of cloth he would wear, "would have you, master tailor, determine about the form and the accoutrements, for the fitting of the points and the garters, and the roses, and the colours of them."

Rawlings, chief engraver at the Mint, in the time of Charles I., wrote the "Rebellion," a tragedy, acted nine nights by the king's company of revels: in this play a tailor appears as the hero, and a braggart hero he was, if we may judge at least from his asking, "in what reckoning ought we tailors to be esteemed, men that are the master workmen to correct nature?"

But we stand in need of more than this, more than the obsolete acknowledgings of Shakerley Marmyon and Rawlings the engraver, to countervail the ribald impertinence with which this harmless, and not only so, but reputable and useful class of society, has been assailed from Ben Jonson and Shakspeare down to our own day. In thus accusing Shakspeare, I write, be it understood, spiritu sociali, with a tailor's zeal for the honour of his craft, and let Mr. W—— impugn the motive if he can; but who had thought that in a series so much needing pageantry and the tailor's art as Shakspeare's historic dramas to find, 2 part Henry IV., among Falstaff's recruits, scum, as they are represented there, "Feeble, a woman's tailor?"

In "A Midsummer Night's Dream" he makes sorry apology for the liberty, by admitting that the shop-board could at least rank with, and supply "brain struck heroes" to the stage:—

Robert Starveling, the tailor.

Here, Peter Quince!

You must play Thisbe's mother.

In the "Taming of the Shrew" he breaks out into open invective, through the channel of Petruchio, the hero of the piece; railing at a fashioner who had offended him, this *persona* gives vent to such taunts as—

"Thou thread, thou thimble,  
Thou yard, three quarters, half yard, quarter, nail,  
Thou flea, thou nit."

Such are the quips and quiddities with which the inoffensive habit-makers have been unworthily assailed.

And now this true and veritable sketch of the tailor, —a random fancy clothed and suited into a lecture by the antiquarian resources, himself the best index to them, of a valued friend, lies made up and ready for your adoption or refusal. I have not, it is admitted, in what might be the language of a Stultz, received the vast honour of your obliging commands, but rather, as an old clothesman in Monmouth Street, ventured on producing and puffing off my friperie whether you wanted them or no: happy if you have found, rather otherwise than the poor scholar of Santillane, that *je suis le sùel fripier qui ait de la morale*; I am the only writer who has, faithfully and honestly, treated the biography of the fashioners in a manner becoming its intrinsic importance. I have taken care, it has been my foremost wish and last caution to

"Nothing extenuate  
Or set down ought in malice,"

But, bearing in mind the precept of the moral satirist *expende Hannibalem*, have proceeded to unseal and open the archives of the fraternity of St. John, in a mood, not, as I fear many expected, of flippancy; but impressed with a wish, on behalf of the tailors, to shame ignorance out of her contempt for them; and in justice to myself, to produce a lecture, not heavy as a tailor's goose and flat like his sleeve-board, but resembling, both in its style and matter, those more active implements of our artizan's calling, his shears and needle. In short, I have endeavoured, as far as possible, to *sink the tailor* in the man.

But it is not enough that I may have succeeded in working up the detached antiquarian notices, supplied me as above stated, into a lecture somewhat more worthy of your attention than was perhaps anticipated of it; not enough, unless some instructive moral combine with, and grow out of, the amusement I have essayed to give. The natural dignity of the human mind appears never more plain than when we see its energies directed to objects all too vast and unwieldy, at least in appearance so, for the lot and circumstance wherein it has been by providence cast:—who had thought that, while seated on his humble shop-board, the poor American tailor's mind brooded on a scheme that was to strike the death blow to slavery? Like Ulysses of old he seems to strip himself of his sordid attire, to come forth the asserter and avenger of African freedom. But lest this solitary, and splendid as it is solitary, instance of moral heroism in this too meanly held class, tempt some ambitious tailorling to look down on other crafts not similarly distinguished, I would have him reflect that we are not decreeing, as the council of Constance decreed of episcopacy—

“If any one presume to say that a *tailor* may have his failings let him be accursed”—

Not so: in every class of men there is something to praise and something to blame; just as in every rank and condition of those fair beings that delight, and adorn, and exalt life, there may be something, trifles for us to wink at, and very excellent things to admire.

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## EXTRACTS.

## THE CHURCH-YARD.

## FIRST VOICE.

How frightful the grave ! how deserted and drear !  
 With the howls of the storm-wind the creaks of the bier !  
 And the white bones all clattering together !

## SECOND VOICE.

How peaceful the grave ! its quiet how deep !  
 Its zephyrs breathe calmly, and soft is its sleep,  
 And flow'rets perfume it with ether.

## FIRST VOICE.

There riots the blood-crested worm in the dead,  
 And the yellow skull serves the foul toad for a bed,  
 And snakes in its nettle-weeds hiss.

## SECOND VOICE.

How lovely, how lone the repose of the tomb !  
 No tempests are there :—but the nightingales come  
 And sing their sweet chorus of bliss.

## FIRST VOICE.

The ravens of night flap their wings o'er the grave :—  
 'T is the vulture's abode :—'t is the wolf's dreary cave,  
 Where they tear up the earth with their fangs.

## SECOND VOICE.

There the coney at evening disports with his love,  
 Or rests on the sod ; while the turtles above  
 Repose on the bough that o'erhangs.

## FIRST VOICE.

There darkness and dampness with poisonous breath,  
 And loathsome decay fill the dwelling of death,  
 The trees are all barren and bare !

## SECOND VOICE.

O soft are the breezes that play round the tomb  
 And sweet with the violet's wafted perfume,  
 With lilies and jessamine fair.

## FIRST VOICE.

The pilgrim who reaches this valley of tears,  
Would fain hurry by, and with trembling and fears  
He is launched on the wreck covered river!

## SECOND VOICE.

The traveller outworn with life's pilgrimage dreary,  
Lays down his rude staff like one that is weary,  
And sweetly reposes for ever.

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THE GRAVE OF THE INDIAN CHIEF.

THEY laid the corse of the wild and brave  
On the sweet, fresh earth of the new-day grave,  
On the gentle hill, where wild weeds waved,  
And flowers and grass were flourishing.

They laid within the peaceful bed,  
Close by the Indian Chieftain's head,  
His bow and arrows; and they said  
That he had found new hunting grounds,  
Where beauteous nature only tills  
The willing soil; and where o'er hills,  
And down beside the shady rills,  
The hero roams eternally.

And there fair isles to the westward lie,  
Beneath a golden sunset sky,  
Where youth and beauty never die,  
And song and dance move endlessly.

They told of the feats of his dog and gun,  
They told of the deeds his arm had done,  
They sung of battles lost and won,  
And so they paid his eulogy.

And o'er his arms, and o'er his bones  
They raised a simple pile of stones;  
Which, hallowed by their tears and moans,  
Was all the Indian's monument.

And since the chieftain there has slept  
Full many a winter's wind has swept  
And many an age as softly crept  
Over his humble sépulchre.

## NEW FIELD OF POETRY.

As men advance in intellectual culture, more and more of their well-being must depend upon the tenor of their philosophical speculations. There is an adversity and a propensity not witnessed by the world, and whose theatre is the silent chamber of the student. Wherever human feeling exists, there Poetry will follow. She has, therefore, in these later times, advanced from the field of great actions and high enterprise, and has entered with all her glowing imagery into the haunts of meditation. She has pitched her tent in the solitudes of philosophy. As the warrior had heretofore been fired by the recorded achievements of his predecessors in his tremendous path of ambition; as the lover has hung over the joys and affections of other lovers like himself; so now may the student attend with his own peculiar pleasure to the doubts and tribulations, the toil, the mystery, the elation and the gloom of other men who have also wandered in the pathless regions of meditation, fashioning their cloud-like temples as they went. If Poetry has extended her empire, the critic must, in the same proportion, enlarge his knowledge and his capacity of feeling; and, since she now finds the materials of her power in those deep emotions which attend on the inquiry after truth, it is here also that he must follow her.

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 TO NATURE.

It may indeed be phantasy, when I  
 Essay to draw from all created things  
 Deep, heartfelt, inward joy that closely clings;  
 And trace in leaves and flowers that round me lie  
 Lessons of Love and earnest piety.  
 So let it be; and if the wide world rings  
 In mock of this belief, it brings  
 Nor fear, nor grief, nor vain perplexity.  
 So will I build my altar in the fields,  
 And the blue sky my fretted dome shall be,  
 And the sweet fragrance that the wild flower yields,  
 Shall be the incense I will yield to thee  
 My God! and thou shalt not despise  
 Even me, the priest of this poor sacrifice.



## DIEPPE.

ALTHOUGH at first a fishing-village, Dieppe in the natural process of events became a great maritime town ; and, when Francis I. visited the place, he was, no doubt, surprised to find himself entertained magnificently at the expense of a single individual. The national marine did not exist, and yet this host of a monarch swept the seas with his own ships, and treated as an equal with the other sea-kings of the time.

The Dieppais are even supposed to have been the pioneers of the discoveries of the moderns in Africa ; and, nearly a century before the expedition of Vasco de Gama to India, they had formed settlements in latitudes where no stranger-flag had waved since the days of the Phœnicians. At a later date, Anher and Verazan, two mariners of Dieppe, founded Quebec ; in 1520, the brothers Parmentier discovered the island of Fernambourgh ; and the Dieppais captain, Ribaud, was the first Frenchman who landed in Florida.

The expedition of Ribaud was undertaken under the auspices of the Admiral Coligny ; who, perhaps, flattered himself that his new colonies might, one day, serve as cities of refuge for his Protestant brethren. Philip II. of Spain, however, recollecting that half a century before some Spaniards had disembarked in Florida, claimed the country as his own, sent a fleet to recover it, attacked and beat the colonists, and hung those whom the sword had spared. It may be supposed that this summary process gave a little umbrage to the French king : not at all ; for the Spaniards had taken care to inscribe on the gibbets of his subjects, "*not as Frenchmen, but as heretics.*"

The affair, however, did not rest here. An individual called Dominique de Gourgues brooded over the outrage till his brain began to burn with the enthusiasm which is sometimes called frenzy, and sometimes heroism. He sold his possessions, made proselytes to the cause of vengeance, fitted out an expedition, sailed to Florida, and exterminated the new colonists—writing upon the gibbets of those who did not perish by the sword, "*Not as Spaniards, but as assassins.*" On his return to France, he had very nearly lost his head for this criminal audacity.

In the port of Dieppe there are still occasionally vessels of considerable burthen ; but, with the exception now and then of a timber-ship from the north, or a brigantine or two from New-

foundland, there is in general nothing to be seen but small fishing-vessels, and a police-cutter of the royal marine.

The "petite pêche" is the grand reliance of the inhabitants; and it is divided methodically into its seasons throughout the year. In the beginning of August the Dieppais set out for the herring fishery, on the coast of England near Yarmouth; in the middle of October they continue the same occupation near the shores of their own country, from Havre to Boulogne; at Lent they return to the English side of the channel; and, towards the end of April, their cares are rewarded by abundance of mackerel. Soles, whiting, and some other fish, are taken at any season.

The "lions" of the town are not many. The old chateau, presents some points of picturesque effect—and the Rue Royale is one of the most *characteristic* in France. The daubs of colour by which the principal effect is produced, together with the height and irregularity of the houses, make a strange impression upon the eye of an Englishman. He feels (perhaps for the first time, if he has come direct from Brighton) that the scene is *foreign*, and prepares himself unconsciously for new customs and manners, and the various excitements of foreign travel. The principal articles of trade displayed in the shops of the Rue Royale are little ornamental works in ivory, which travellers are accustomed to praise: we could see nothing remarkable in them.

The church of St. Jacques is a gloomy and venerable edifice, with a good deal to interest the local antiquary. This was, for many a day, the scene of a religious farce, which seems to have taken the place of the still more ancient mysteries. It was called the ceremony of the Confrérie de la Août, and was performed every year on the fifteenth of that month. A young girl of that place—the prettiest and most demure, no doubt, in all Dieppe—sustained the character of the Holy Virgin, and was carried to the church, amidst the lamentations of the inhabitants, laid out in a bier. As the procession entered the door, and passed along the nave, the service of the mass begun; and, when this was about half-way, something was observed to stir on a glory which hung suspended from the vault of the choir, and which now seemed agitated by the lofty swell of the music proclaiming to the worshippers the actual presence of their God.

Two small, white, spectral forms detached themselves from the glory, which now swung free under the vault; and, as they descended in that dim religious light, it was seen that they were

angels—of pasteboard. They hovered above the tomb of the virgin, and straightway the virgin arose—not, alas! the lovely Dieppais, who was scarcely yet fledged for heaven, but a *locum tenens* like herself, a shadow of a shade, formed of silk and paper, that was carried away into the bosom of celestial glory, and delivered into the arms of an old man with a white beard, the representation of God the Father.

At this period of the mystery, the expectation of the people seemed to be wrought up to the very highest. A loud and greedy murmur ran through the crowd, resembling the sound by which the refined audience of an English theatre express their desire that the music should commence. At length another stir took place below; and the holiness of the place and of the spectacle was not enough to repress the genuine plaudits with which was hailed the appearance of a being whose nature we know not, but whose name was *Grimpe-salais*. Awakened from the dead at the intercession of the Virgin, he sprang to his feet, and stared around. Then, as the nature of the miracle broke upon his senses, delivering himself up to transports of joy, he leaped, danced, clapped his hands, and finally climbed up, by the ornaments of the choir, till he reached the glory at the top, where he jumped one moment upon the shoulders of the Eternal Father, and the next peeped down upon the people from between his legs. The holy rapture of the spectators was unbounded. They bellowed with admiration; and the ceremony concluded with shouts of laughter, and cries of “Well done, *Grimpe-salais*!” This singular ceremony, it is said, continued to be performed till the bombardment of Dieppe by the English, in 1694, when the machinery of the piece was burnt.

We have purposely kept out of view till now the establishment of baths, which gives the place altogether another character. Dieppe is not merely a fishing town, such as we have described it, distinguished by an air of the rich simplicity of the olden time, which puts one in mind of the carving of a Gothic cornice, but also at the same moment a resort of amusement, frivolity, and dissipation. The town is not situated at the confluence of a river, the waters of which are sufficient to soften at their meeting those of the ocean. Its shore receives the waves of the channel in all its original strength and bitterness; and invalids flock to it at the proper season in the hope of imbibing a portion of their vigour. The bathing establishment consists of a gallery, three hundred feet long, with a pavillion at either end, one appro-



priated to each of the sexes. There is also a hotel, with hot baths, and, of course, dancing and gaming rooms. The English cut a principal figure among the frequenters of these places; and we are tempted to translate from a little book of travels a dialogue which took place last year in the dancing-rooms, between one of our fair country-women and the author. Our migratory habits are, in fact, a standing *quizz* with the French—and no wonder.

“‘If I may judge, Mademoiselle, by this little soirée, you pass the time here very agreeably.’

“‘Yes; during the bathing season; but in winter Dieppe is very dull.’

“‘Then you have spent the winter here?’

“‘Yes, with seventeen English families; and we were all dreadfully weary.’

“‘Perhaps it is your usual place of abode?’

“‘Excuse me, my sister, and I were brought up at Paris.’

“‘I should have judged so from your manner of speaking; but from Paris you came to Dieppe?’

“‘Excuse me, we spent a year at Fontainebleau.’

“‘Then it was from Fontainebleau’—

“‘Excuse me, the next year we were at St. Germain.’

“‘And now you are at length fixed on the coasts of la Manche.’

“‘Not fixed. Next year we shall probably be in Touraine; from thence we may go to pass the winter at Montpellier, or perhaps Nice; then to Italy, or Switzerland, we cannot yet say where.’

“‘It appears, then, that the continent possesses many attractions for you, Mademoiselle?’

“‘England is so little! one can hardly breathe in it!’”

The worst of it is that, of all the English who spend the best years of their life in traversing the continent from end to end, there is not one in a hundred who is the better for it. It used to be the custom for young men of fortune to travel under the charge of a tutor, whose duty it was to point out to them every thing worthy of observation; and this would be an excellent plan, if proper tutors could be found, or, rather, if the guardians of youth were capable of choosing. For our part, we would have no tutor understand either more or less of the learned languages than is necessary—and absolutely necessary—for a gentleman. An eruditissimus, although a respectable enough *homo*

in himself, is a mere blockhead when brought into contact with the world; and his pupil will infallibly turn out either a pedant or an ignoramus.

The way to choose is to take hold of your man, and set him down at your dinner-table; if he can satisfy his hunger without attracting the attention of your servants; and imbibe his full share of wine without getting tipsy, or making mouths at it—this looks well; then hear him talk, and if he knows what every body is saying, and has some tolerable notions of his own on every subject, which he neither obtrudes nor conceals—then up with him to the drawing-room. If, among the ladies, he is neither a bear nor a puppy; if he neither stares at your wife, nor broods skulkingly over his coffee-cup; if his manner softens unconsciously; if he speaks freely and yet delicately, and listens, when a woman talks, with unaffected attention, and a manly respect—he will almost certainly do. Then try him with the tongues. If he understands little of the vehicle, but much of what he has learned through its means, if he can cite thoughts or passages without remembering books or pages; if he has a taste and a feeling for classical beauty; if he remembers, with youthful delight, the time when antiquity opened a new existence to his soul, and is able to separate that era from the one in which he was flogged by Dr. Parr; if, in fine, he looks upon travelling as a luxury for the heart and mind, rather than as a task for the memory—that is your man!

We remember we were greatly pleased with a passage in one of Mr. Bulwer's admirable novels—perhaps *Pelham*—in which he notices the effect produced upon such a body as the House of Commons by an apposite quotation from a classical author. Nothing can be better expressed, or more pleasing or natural in itself. The audience are all, or almost all, well-educated gentlemen; and the words operate like a talisman in calling up the associations of the golden days of their existence. The admiration which would have been wrested from them in their college days is bestowed unconsciously now that times and scenes are changed; and they look upon the speaker for the moment as a brother and a comrade.

It is just in this way that a young man should travel. No walking library of dulness should be at his side to remind him ever and anon—“thus saith the historian on this point, and thus the poet singeth of such a place:” recollections should gush up involuntary in the hearts of both.

But it is not only to compare the present world with the old that we travel, but to study customs and manners, to inquire into the composition of society, to look into the aspect of nature, and read the physiognomies of men. A companion, therefore, who is not in some respects a man of the world, is of no use.

The Cité de Limes, which we have mentioned, and the Château d'Arques, are only places in the immediate neighbourhood of Dieppe which strangers think themselves obliged to visit.

The château stands on a majestic height, from which the deep gorges of the hills, the woods, and wandering streams, and the ocean lost in the distance, combine to form a picture which the traveller does not readily forget. All around is silence and solitude, which the town of Dieppe, niched in a distant corner of the view, does not seem to interrupt; and the crumbling ruins on which you stand impress upon the scene a character of melancholy and desolation.

The area of these old walls is crowded with historical association. You hear from the subterranean depths of its dungeons the groan, half-guilt, half-physical suffering, of Osmond de Chaumont, the prisoner of our first Henry. The armed shadows of Philip Augustus, and Richard of the Lion Heart, stalk through the gloom; Warwick, Talbot, and the heroes of Charles VII., the heroic libertine reclaimed by love, pass in turn before your mind's eye; and last, not least, the waving plumes of Henri Quatre, the last of the knights, fan your glowing cheek as the shape strides past, pointing to the field of Arques, where he conquered thirty thousand men with half the number, and gave a mortal blow to that enormous hydra, the League.

At the beginning of the last century, the château was still formidable. The outer walls were of thick masonry, flanked by fourteen towers, some round and some square, but even those filled up by the ruins of the upper parapets. In the entrance from Dieppe, there were galleries carried through the interior of the battlemented walls. There were two dungeons, separated by a wall five feet thick, or, rather, a single dungeon divided in this manner, and supporting, by its vault, a platform which commanded all the neighbouring heights. A stair of fifty-two steps led from the dungeon to subterranean prisons six feet high, and four wide; and, as these were immediately under the inner side of the ditch, escape was impossible. The ditch itself was wide, deep, and precipitous; and, being filled with water, formed a defence of the most formidable nature. The place, notwith-



standing, was taken, time about, by Philip Augustus, and his rival, Richard Cœur-de-lion.

The château was built in the eleventh century, by William, Count of Talon, the uncle of the conqueror. The town of Arques had been given to him as an apanage, under the title of a countship; and the son of the frail and beautiful Arlette, a though his father was Duke of Normandy, had, of course, no legal claim. William, however, managed these matters without the aid of the courts. The pen with which he advocated his cause was, like those of recent invention, made of steel; and his parchment was the skin—not of sheep. To conquer Arques was but a trifle to the man who was destined to conquer England.

The château continued for many years in the situation we have described; but, at length, it was given up by the government to individuals who used it as a quarry to furnish stones for their houses. In 1780, an express authority was granted to carry away “the few materials remaining of the château of Arques.” There are still enough left, however, to serve as a point d’appui for the meditations of the traveller, and to plunge his soul into the past, as he stands musing and alone among these mouldering walls. In the evening, more especially, this spot is “haunted ground.” When you see the more distant features of the view becoming gradually more indistinct, till, one by one, they disappear; when the area of the misty deep narrows insensibly, but without destroying the idea of its immensity, and shore and sea mingle and waver, till both are lost; when the far town, with its spires and shipping, and human population, is swallowed up, piece by piece; when, in fine, the circling flood of darkness closes sullen and silent around you, and the feeling of utter loneliness and isolation is complete, then is the time to dream.

What a world—what a universe is the mind of man! It has neither past nor future: it is all present; but its present comprehends both the future and the past. It is history, it is poetry, it is romance. It is filled with the things that have been, the things that be, and the things that never can be, and yet are. This is a riddle, and yet no contradiction; for the idea of the impossible has the very same existence in the mind as the idea of the possible. We recollect history, we imagine romance; and the ideas of both have exactly the same truth. Is it possible that the conceits of Berkeley can have any foundation in reason? But hold!—If the mind *will* have its way, the pen, at least, is under our command; and so one more look into the thick mist which broods over the ruins of Arques, and away.

## REMARKS ON EMIGRATION.

MORE PARTICULARLY APPLICABLE TO THE EASTERN TOWNSHIPS,

LOWER CANADA.

*By William F. Buchan, Late Surgeon to the First Cholera Hospital.  
 Devonport :—Soper and Richards.*

LANDS, like all other commodities, bear a value proportionate to their situation, their intrinsic qualities, and the demand for their produce. The proximity of one district to a good road or navigable river; their adaptability to the raising of wheat or any other article always in demand; and a market where, from the occupations of different persons, agricultural produce is required, will necessarily induce persons who have means to purchase in or near them; while those who are less favoured by prosperity will as naturally seek locations, or if not *seek* them, will be *forced* to take lands or farms at a distance from the former; and, although the qualities of the land be the same in both cases, the one must, from necessity, adapt his land to his *local* situation, as well as his *personal* situation to the land.

We take, for instance, a man coming into Canada with a desire to live, to find subsistence for himself and family—will he find any difficulty? Impediments he may, but they are easily overcome. Has he no means—his labour will enable him to lay by, in a year or two, sufficient to buy a few acres of land, which will, by his exertions, return him the wherewith to subsist; and his spare time will, properly employed, procure him clothes and some *necessary* luxuries. This is an extreme case; but suppose two others placed on farms—one well situated, as regards markets, the other at a distance, let each follow the same plan, let both raise wheat—the one will prosper, while the other becomes impoverished—the one may succeed in making money, although the prices of produce be low—the other will sacrifice his property in the mere *carriage* of his commodity to market. It is by such misapplication of good principles of farming, to circumstances over which we have no controul, that has tended to weaken men's minds as to the relative advantages of the North American Colonies.

What then constitutes the immediate disadvantages to farms situated at a distance from markets? The expense of transport, arising from bad roads, waste of cattle, labour, &c. &c. Could a farmer make his produce *convey itself to market*, all would go well; and this apparent impossibility is what he must effect. In lieu of growing *wheat* to excess, he must raise *cattle*. In lieu of drawing his artificial resources, as manure, &c. from a distance, he must have every thing within his grasp; and little observation is necessary to perceive that grass or its adjuncts, not wheat—the *iron* and not the *gold* of his estate, is the most useful, and most to be depended on.

1st.—A *location*, is to be chosen in regard to one's means. 2d.—Its productions are to be regulated by the facility with which they can be changed into money, or other kinds of produce. 3rd.—By the quantity of labour which we have at command. And 4th.—By the immediate consumption of the produce.

A location is to be considered *general* or *special*. The tide of emigration has, for a great number of years, been settling towards Upper Canada; lands have become, if not scarce, dear, consequently, inaccessible to a great number of emigrants. Bad winters, partial frosts, diseases, all impediments have been overlooked, or attempted to be conquered, until some less hardy and more venturesome, less rich and more calculating persons, turned their attention to the Lower Province, or certain parts of it; where, if the winter was somewhat longer, the roads to market or for transport were continually good; where if it were colder, no *peculiar disease* prevailed; and where, if wheat was not so abundant in its crops, it was equally profitable; and grass, potatoes, peas, &c., more so; where labour was cheaper, the distance shorter from the great exporting markets, and the residents in the neighbourhood were persons originally or native British.

Writing not from interested motives, we can have no object in withholding our reasons, if not for preferring the Upper to the Lower Province, at least to place them on a par as to eligibility for intended



emigrants. A sort of delusion has sprung over the minds of emigrants, a delusion which ignorance or private prejudices, and misrepresentations, have continued to increase, that either there was no south side of the St. Lawrence, or that for useful purposes it was unworthy notice. Facts, however, are stubborn things. Farms, equal to any we have seen in Upper Canada, are to be found there, lands cheap and good, no oppressive laws, nothing wanting but the great desiderata of the Colonies, *money* and *labour*. Crops which amply repay their producers; where all articles of consumption meet with a good and ready demand; and main roads, which, during summer we have seldom seen surpassed in Upper Canada, and during winter, a constant layer of hard snow facilitating the transport of wood, &c., for local and domestic purposes, and grain, &c., for general ones.

We have alluded to a few *general specialties*: 1st.—Winters, marked by the continuance of hard snow on the ground, and the impossibility of following the usual agricultural employment, of ploughing, &c.

The continuance of hard snow on the ground for several weeks will in all probability be thought by some a feature not of the most desirable kind; but when considered in reference to Canadian farming and the personal convenience of the agriculturist, or general trader, its presence and continuance become a matter of great moment. The greater part of the farmer's productions are, at this period, to be transported for sale; his supplies for summer or winter consumption, and his implements, are to be brought back, his timber logs are to be removed (if by land) to the saw-mill, his fire wood to be drawn home from the uncleared land, and lastly the socialities of the season require him to be moving about among his friends; for all these objects a good, even, hard road is an indispensable requisite, not only as a matter of comfort, but as a means of saving an immensity of animal labour.

In the Upper Province, or in great part of it, the winter to be sure is not so lengthy by a few weeks as in the major part of the lower; the degree of cold,

however, is much the same in both. Snow falls about the same time in each, but in the one it freezes, and offers until the very end of winter a hard smooth surface, over which vehicles (sleighs) loaded heavily with produce, &c. are drawn with great facility, with a very small expense of animal labour; while in the Upper Province thaws are frequent, so that the good road, or sleighing ground of to-day, is a mass of mud and puddle in a day or two after; nor is the answer made by the Upper Canadians, that the diminished length of their winter allows them to get their crops earlier out of the ground, so as to allow them an opportunity for fall ploughing, one which is unanswerable. The farmers of the Upper Province are more intelligent in their business than those of the Lower; the latter, with but few exceptions, never sowing wheat in the fall; and this is the only article of which, for forwardness and abundance, the Upper Province may, with justice, claim a superiority. We should be careful, then, in discriminating whether it be not the imperfect system of French Canadian farming, rather than an inability to produce arising from climate or soil.

The object of most emigrants is, or rather should be, the comfort of self and dependants. The peculiarities of climate demand, therefore, to be attended to. Health (a freedom from any serious disease) is, in a distant country, of more importance perhaps than at home. Scarcity of professional aid, and its enormous expense—a loss of one's *bodily* strength (for *mental* energy will not avail so much there) are circumstances of no trifling import, and no candid observer can fail to give the preference, in point of salubrity, to the Lower Province—there, no intermittent fever or ague, no lake remittent fever, manifest themselves. The church-yards, in many of the first-settled districts, and the venerable appearance of a number of the earlier settlers, will satisfy the most scrupulous of its correctness.

We do not mean to assert that Upper Canada is generally unhealthy, but the flats, swamps, &c., with which it abounds, will convince any one that such

diseases are *likely* to occur, should he be sceptical on the *actual* point of their existence.

Leaving then the point of location considered *generally*, and believing that enough has been 'already said to convince any impartial enquirer that the *Lower Province* does possess some qualifications, which, at least, entitle it to our consideration; let us next examine the point of location in the only remaining view, in that of *special* generality.

No doubt, one of the great inducements to emigrating to Upper Canada has been the universality of language which is spoken there, and that this is a very good reason no one we think will deny. Lower Canada, from its origin to the present time, has been altogether, or nearly so, occupied by French or their Canadian descendants, and the French language consequently has been and is now spoken by a vast majority of the inhabitants. With the exception of the greater part of the *Eastern Townships*, the agricultural inhabitants of the remainder may be said to be entirely of French origin, preserving the language, habits, customs, &c. of the original settlers.

These "townships" then would, at first sight, present themselves to the emigrants, and what with the exertions of the British American Land Company whose great purchases from the Government are confined to this district; the enterprize of the Yankees, and the salubrity of the climate, the fertility of the soil, and the varied admixture of hill and dale, they have already acquired a high and, we think, deserved reputation.

Lying on the south side of the St. Lawrence, and joining on the south-east the border line between the United States and Lower Canada, richly wooded, traversed with rivers and lakes, navigable for large boats, &c. through a great part of their course; a soil of various qualities, but generally rich, and remarkable for its *depth*, thriving villages, provisions extremely cheap, and labour always in request—situated at the apex of a triangle, whose base is marked by Sorel (William Henry). Three Rivers, Quebec and Montreal, the great market ports of the Lower Province,



traversed by the great main road communicating with Quebec, &c, and the United States, are circumstances which cannot fail of making these Townships henceforth, not only valuable to speculators in land, but also of primary importance to emigrants.

Without wishing to underrate the value of the Upper Province, we think enough has been said to draw the attention of emigrants to the Lower, or certain parts of it. We have no *interest* in sending emigrants here and there, all we desire is to see them as happy and comfortable as their means will allow them to be—to make them *choose* a location for themselves, from their own personal observation, rather than from the *interested* and *garbled* statements of others, to proceed wildly, and settle hastily, in some spot, where no other advantage is held out, than that numbers have previously located themselves there.

Another object was, to remind the emigrant of the great necessity for using his means to the best advantage, to adapt his labour and productions to suitable objects and markets; to make fortunes is a different affair. In these days, it is something to stand on our own land, and see a certainty of *absenteeism* from pauperism and the workhouse, to increase our means of support as our necessary wants increase, and, above all, to see no prospect of distress in a family after our days are over.

These observations are essentially applicable to persons of small means, persons who from habit, and ill-judged attempts to resemble others placed by fortune in more favoured circumstances, are continually, daily, adding to their troubles—to their own as well as their families' unhappiness. It is no longer safe to give a child a good education, or an *expensive professional education*, and turn him into the wide world to seek his fortune by his own exertions, as was once the case, and with almost certainty of success. In lieu of *professional* and *elegant*, give him a knowledge of the *useful* accomplishments. We should be careful that, in trying to make all or too many eminent in one way, we are not for ever injuring them, or preventing the beneficial results of some necessary

change of their profession or trade. Custom and fashion, in lieu of talents, too often render a professional man successful; and his necessary preliminary, as well as essential education, too frequently elevate the mind to treat with scorn the means necessary to win the confidence or approbation of the public; so that from pride, disgust, or necessity, or all conjoined, men, whose talents and lives should be used and honoured in their native country, seek refuge in the wildernesses of the colonies; and in the circuit of a few miles you may, at times, find a M. A., a M. D., a W. S., &c., chopping wood, or digging potatoes.

There are some other powerful reasons for locating in the "townships," provided that a *prima facie* case in their favour, can be made out, their contiguity to the ordinary landing-places of emigrants, so that a mere trifle can place them, their families, and their baggage, on any part thereof in a few days, in lieu of the tedious, circuitous, expensive, and, worse than all, the varied water and land route to the Upper Province.

We return from a digression, to the consideration of the essential qualities of the "Eastern Townships," believing such district to be the most eligible in Lower Canada.

Its facilities for producing wheat have been generally considered inferior to those of the Upper Province, and such of opinion is probably a true one; but the difference is in great part to be attributed to bad farming and ill management.

The first is neglect of the *change of crops*; impoverishing the soil by endeavouring to get a succession of wheat crops, taking every thing out of the ground without putting anything in, whilst manure is accumulating in the farm-yard from year to year. If any doubt this, let them visit the farm of Colonel Heriot, at Drummondville, the last spot in the country that any English or even native farmer would choose for a location, and see what fair cropping, manuring, &c. have effected. While, if he visit a series of farms lying on the same line, of the same soil, he will find little difficulty in divining whether they be held by a

native or an old countryman, by the strange diversity in the appearance of the crops. In the second it is asserted, from *spring sowing*, by which not only is the progress of the crop retarded, but a consequent inability to pay proper attention to the ground between the cutting the crop, and the commencement of winter. That want of attention, and evil practices, which good farming would render obsolete, are the true causes why farms in the Lower Province do not make such returns as are to be expected, is proved by the appearance here and there (even in unfavoured spots) of as richly cultivated and productive farms as are to be seen at home.

The price of wheat varies from 5s. to 8s. 6d., but the average may be taken at 6s. per bushel of 62lbs. (generally of that weight) although it fetched the extreme price at Sherbrooke, and even a scarcity was felt, during September, 1834. This is somewhat a better prospect for an industrious poor farmer, now at home, than the present price of wheat, and the ruinous rents, which the great landlords exact, merely to keep the peasant under political bondage; and above all, not a particle of it goes towards any such a cormorant as a political parson, or a greedy tithe proctor.

The soil in general of the Eastern Townships is composed of a fine rich sandy loam, remarkably deep, and very easily worked. Barley, in consequence, answers remarkably well; but, strange to say, it is not generally grown; like its predecessor, wheat, it has suffered a general deterioration from a neglect of changing the seed, &c. Its adaptability to the situation, and proper pursuits of Eastern Township farmers, in the rearing and fattening of cattle, especially pigs, which fetch, as pork, a much higher price than any other meat, and the great good it would effect in a moral point of view, as leading the inhabitants to make malt and drink beer, in lieu of the horrid trash called *spirits*, distilled here, and drank to excess for the want of beer or cyder, are circumstances which are only now beginning to attract notice. Lastly, the greater certainty of a full crop than can at all times be raised from Indian corn. Its average price is about 3s. 6d. per bushel (single).



The climate of the Eastern Townships generally allows the growth of Indian corn ; and where care is taken, by choosing a situation not much exposed, from forty to seventy bushels per acre are frequently obtained. The grain can be applied to a variety of uses, as meal, it is far superior to that of oats, and, for fattening pigs, equal or even superior to barley, giving the meat, as it is said, a firmness rarely seen from other kinds of food. The tops, *i. e.* the upper stalk (from five to seven feet high) and leaves, which are usually cut off on a level with the topmost ear, before the grain is quite ripe, are much relished by cows. Sometimes they are stacked, and in some cases the grain is even sown late in summer, and cut without any regard to the ripeness of the ear, as a means for supplying a bulky fodder for winter. The late Mr. Cobbett introduced it into this country, and having accidentally failed, but few have continued the practice.

Pumpkins, a most important production for those who are fond of pies, (in which taste the American colonists rival our neighbours in Cornwall) are, from their great size, facility of growth, and the nutritious matter they contain, of great use in feeding all kinds of farm-stock. The seeds are set in the spaces between the stalks of Indian corn, and the plants creep along the ground without injuring the growth of the other. A crop of corn, with its large dark-green leaves, and the ground bespeckled with pumpkins, of colours varying from a light yellow to a fine scarlet, offers to the eye a picture which nothing can surpass. The meat of cattle fed exclusively on the raw pumpkin, acquires a fine gold colour ; like turnips, however, they must be kept from the frost.

Oats, rye, &c. answer equally well as in England, and average an equal price.

Potatoes are generally an abundant crop, from 200 to 600 bushels per acre. They form the chief support in winter of almost all farm-stock, sold at from 1s. 6d. to 2s. per bushel.

Peas, beans, &c. produce as good crops here as elsewhere.





FACSIMILE OF THE MEDAL OF THE PLYM, TAMAR, LYNHER, AND TAVY  
HUMANE SOCIETY.



# THE SOUTH DEVON MONTHLY MUSEUM.

PLYMOUTH, JUNE 1st., 1836.

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[Vol. VII.

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## THE MEDAL OF THE PLYM, TAMAR, LYNHER, AND TAVY HUMANE SOCIETY.

THE engraving annexed is a facsimile of the beautiful medal, now being prepared for the Plym, Tamar, Lynher, and Tavy Humane Society, to be presented to such individuals as may have saved or attempted to save the lives of persons apparently drowned, or in danger of death from drowning.

The type of enlightened or scientific benevolence is personified as a winged being, with a star on her forehead, in the act of raising a human being from the water; and holding in her right hand the lamp of life, with the flame flickering and uncertain.

The design is from the pencil of our talented townsman, Col. C. H. Smith.

## PROPOSAL TO ESTABLISH A NATURAL HISTORY SOCIETY, AT PLYMOUTH.

IN no country is the study of nature more generally pursued, and in no country is the science of Natural History more creditably, or more effectively followed, than in England. Gratifying and consolatory however as this is, since no other country enjoys better facilities for its elucidation and pursuit, and since our island stands unrivalled as a field for prosecuting the enquiry at home; it is equally true that the circulation afforded to this species of knowledge is at best tardy and imperfect. The imagination can picture to itself an animal body, having parts respectively sound, and good in structure, yet inefficient and inert, by reason of a defective and insufficient circulation. No part or organ of a healthy body is isolated, a communication direct or indirect is maintained between it and every other portion,—the nutriment appropriated by this body is employed for the benefit of every part, external influences or impressions act upon the entire system, there is no partial distribution of pabulum, no monopoly of common privilege or right, the more important or paramount agents exert their powers for the common good, an advantage received by one member is recognised and participated by the rest. The scheme of actions in a sane body should be estimated as a standard of propriety for conducting those things which affect the common lot of men, and which influence the prosperity and happiness of our race: the knowledge acquired by one man, whether accidentally or industriously, should be communicated to the members of society at large, the gift of peculiar intellect bestowed on certain individuals ought not to be restricted in their radiations, the opportunities of acquiring knowledge preeminently enjoyed by some men, ought not to benefit them only or their immediate circle of acquaintances, but the whole world.

What then? How are these objects to be effected? How are detached and stray portions of knowledge to be collected and made use of? In what way can talented men who have hitherto remained in obscurity be tempted to put their abilities to some useful purpose? In what way can the fortunate opportunities of some men be made to profit the whole world? With regard to the generality of the arts and sciences every facility is afforded for the dissemination of improvements, and accessions of knowledge. Institutions and societies having for their objects the cultivation and diffusion of knowledge, are scattered throughout this empire. Among these, such as are termed "Natural History Societies," or holding any other appellation aim at the improvement of this branch of science, maintain a conspicuous rank. Natural History however is unlike every other science in this respect, that it is susceptible of improvement from day to day, and from hour to hour, every one who pays the least attention to it is capable of adding a little to the general stock of information, every spot, seemingly the most desert and unprofitable will yield to the industrious observer, a fund, richer by far than that obtained by an opposite character from a locality teeming with wonders of all kinds. Accordingly ages have passed away without any records remaining to testify or perpetuate the industry of former naturalists, and without any means having been devised to receive and propagate the advantages which might have been derived from the thousands of useful facts known perhaps only to individuals. In this state of affairs it appears requisite that societies dedicating their exertions in an especial manner to the advancement of natural knowledge should be established in all places where a number of persons could be found sufficient to conduct the business of such an institute with effect. Considering the size, importance, and respectability of the town of Plymouth, and its vicinity, and considering still more our peculiarly



fortunate position, and relations for prosecuting advantageously and creditably every sort of investigation connected with this science, it seems strange that it should have been left to such an individual as myself to propose an undertaking of the above named kind. It may be thought by some that we here offer disrespect to the "Plymouth Institution," but let it be remembered that the objects of this and of the proposed society differ widely, and let it also be considered that the regulations of the Plymouth Institution are incompatible with the pecuniary circumstances of the generality of persons, and that the means taken for the cultivation and diffusion of natural knowledge are quite disproportioned to the importance of the subject, and to the ends which in our opinion should be kept in view.

To point out in this paper the whole of our notions concerning the future constitution, regulations, and proceedings of this projected society would be presumptuous and useless, but we shall, in concluding our remarks, offer our ideas of the principles on which the further operations of the society should rest. The number of members should not be restricted, but their admission should be determined by the ballot of the originators. Persons of respectability resident in the neighbourhood should be deemed eligible as honorary, or corresponding members. Meetings of the members should be holden at certain periods with the view of hearing papers read and discussing their contents, or other subjects. The treatises, and important portions of the subsequent discussions to be recorded and preserved, as well as any communications or other writings which may be forwarded to the society. A periodical intercourse should be established with other societies of the like kind, for the purpose of receiving and conveying required information or desired specimens. Charges levied on members should be proportioned only to the bare exigencies of the establishment. A Museum, consisting of gifts or loans to the society

should be instituted and systematized, and admission thereto granted to all persons of respectability. The society should direct its especial attention and exertions to the elucidation of the natural history of the district, and members of all denominations besought to forward their remarks respecting it. It might be likewise proper for the society to propose annually a competition for some prize to be awarded to the best essayist on some subject connected with the natural productions or phenomena of our neighbourhood, so that an illustration and investigation of these may be made paramount in importance. It is high time for our local products to receive that attention which is so justly due to them; it is high time that those natural objects which have, and others which may yet by further research be made subservient to useful purposes, should be taken that notice of which they deserve; it is high time that the latent talents of our townsmen should be drawn forth and benefit the world; it is high time for us to rescue ourselves from the charge of neglecting the privileges and opportunities presented to us. Daily do we see proofs of the truth of this imputation; many of the most rare and curious products of the sea serve as playthings for children, or as decorations for the cottages of the poor, many a desideratum to the ornithologist has been nailed up without ceremony by the gamekeeper amongst his vermin, or perchance may be discovered in the meagre collection of some country squire, or in the garret of some amateur collector, many a rare plant has been collected by the tyro in Botany, and subjected to no further notice, many of the wonders of foreign climes have been brought hither in ships, and after having been gazed at and fingered by a score of fashionables have at last been consigned to the shelves of some curmudgeon-curioso, classed with antiquated China bowls, and a shoe of the Hibernian giant, or such like objects of his acquisitiveness. Of what use is it that museums, the property of private in-

dividuals are to be found in our towns? Such collections may indeed contain the results of much industry and scientific research, but neither the public nor the pages of science can gain aught by them. The proprietors of such depositions are liable to become glutted with self love, and to cancel from their recollections those principles of philanthropy which it is their duty to entertain. Let the community henceforth enjoy the advantages of these things; let the present generation lay the foundation, and posterity raise the superstructure of a knowledge of the natural products of our soil and sea.

PHILOPHYSICUS.

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## SUFFERINGS OF LIEUTENANT D. O'BRIEN., R. N.

*Concluded from page 162.*

NOVEMBER, 1807. I learned I was about nine leagues from Friburgh. Took my leave and proceeded, keeping the high road. In consequence of my bad feet I could advance but very slowly. I passed several small villages, at night I was greatly at a loss how to act, dreading lest the laws of Baden and Wirtemberg might be the same with the French, respecting travellers, which require that they should produce their passports, papers, &c. to the host, and they are then to be taken to the municipality, prior to their being provided with beds. I did not much like travelling in Germany by night, from the inferiority of their police it appeared more than probable that the roads might be infested with foot-pads, robbers, &c., and I was little able in my present situation to make any resistance. One advantage there was, (if it can be termed so) I had little or nothing to be deprived of. After deliberating a long time, I came to a resolution to enter a small poor looking village then before me; a place of that description appeared the best to try the experiment in. At about half-past seven, I got directed to a public house; every thing appeared to favour me. I entered, and asked if I could be provided with a bed? The landlord answered, in very good French, in the affirmative, and supper also, if I wished. I began to be apprehensive of this fellow; however, in order to save appearances as much as possible, I ordered some supper and wine. After making a hearty meal, I insisted on this fellow's taking some wine, and then expressed a wish to go to bed, as I observed I was a little fatigued. He ordered the servant to light me to my room, without any further inquiries. The servant, after giving me a night-cap, retired, and I then secured my chamber door. My feet were in a most shocking condition, not a bit of skin on the greatest part, it literally sticking to the upper leathers of my shoes, which I was under the necessity



of moistening with water, before I could get them off. I then tore a couple of strips from my shirt (which, by the bye, was now greatly reduced) put some candle-grease on, and applied them to the sore places. My feet being thus dressed (notwithstanding in a very inferior way) I took off my clothes, and went to bed. Found it a very good one, though peculiar and strange to me; the custom of this country being to sleep between two feather beds, the largest in general uppermost; however, I had sheets and a counterpane, as in other countries.

Notwithstanding the excruciating pain of my feet, I never in my life felt so happy as at this moment. 'T is true, the pleasant sensations I felt in the morning, after crossing the bridge of Khel, were of such a nature that no pen can describe; but I really thought that the present greatly exceeded them. I found myself now lying on a bed, softer (to me) than down, with a tolerably easy mind, which to me had been of late a very rare thing—after the many nights and days that I had been the sport of the elements, stretched on the bare ground, under the great canopy of heaven, without food or raiment; in a word, to feel the delights I now did, it would have been necessary to have suffered as I had done.

I need not say, that, after offering up my most sincere thanks to Almighty God for his goodness and protection, I fell into a most profound sleep, nor did I once open my eyes until daylight the next morning, when I found my legs exceedingly stiff, and my feet very sore. It was impossible for me to walk, yet I did not like remaining so near the land of tyranny, and the confederation of the Rhine, where I then was, must be too much attached to it. Amidst these thoughts I dressed myself, rubbing the dirt off, and making myself as spruce as possible. At last I got my shoes on, after a great deal of pain and difficulty, then went down stairs, and ordered some breakfast. The landlord was very civil. I observed that I was very stiff in my joints, not having been much accustomed to walking, though I had taken it in my head to perform the journey from Frankfort this last time on foot; was going to Basle, in Switzerland, and wanted to get to Friburgh that evening; should be glad if he would procure me a conveyance: he would send to inquire, he said and added, "he could guess what I was." I asked him "what?" he said "a cloth merchant, travelling to procure customers." I admired his penetration! He was very much pleased at discovering what I was. I paid him my bill, which was pretty moderate. He provided me with a kind of voiture, which could only go with me six leagues; this was exactly what I wished, as there was no place of consequence (that I could learn) in that distance. Had I been obliged to take it on to Friburgh I intended to have made some excuse, and to have stopped at some village nearer.

We soon agreed about the price, and I got into this substitute for a carriage, the proprietor was postillion; it was an open machine, made of twigs, wove together basket fashion. The morning was thick, with a drizzling rain; I borrowed a great coat from the landlord, and off we set; a great change this in my mode of travelling! I had several turnpikes to pay, and I confess I was alarmed, fearing they might ask to look at my passport at some of those places; but I was agreeably disappointed, my honest driver observing to them that I was, "ein Franchose, going to Basle," which proved sufficient for them, and very gratifying to me. At about four, the driver stopped at a public-house in a small village, to refresh his horse; nothing particular occurred here. Some Gerinans however, who were drinking, made several remarks on the strange Frenchman, but the very graceful bow I made at leaving the house, excited a roar of laughter from every one therein, and Franchose! was vociferated throughout.

November, 1807. At about six o' clock we stopped at a very respectable looking village; my conductor made me understand he was going to leave me here, and that I was but three leagues from Friburgh. I discharged the fellow, and went to a genteel tavern; they sent for a man who could speak French, to inform them what I wished to have. A very gentleman-like person made his appearance, I apprehended in the beginning it might be the mayor, but my fears were without foundation, owing to the gentleman's goodness in explaining matters. I got a private apartment, and a good supper, and went to bed, very happy and comfortable at not having been asked any question. In the morning I arose betimes, went through a similar process with respect to my feet, ordered breakfast, when the interpreter attended; he wished to know if I wanted a carriage? I replied, as I had but three leagues I preferred walking. Although my feet were very stiff, yet my finances were low, and I might find it a difficult matter, perhaps, to pass so large a town as Friburgh in a carriage. My breakfast was now ready, coffee, toast, and eggs. This gentleman, who kept me in conversation the whole time, observed, "it is a kind of breakfast, Sir, that Englishmen in general like, they only differ from you in dipping their toast in the coffee," I made answer, that I believed people of all nations liked what was good. I had myself been in England some time, but was fond of a good breakfast prior to visiting that country. The conversation terminated, I settled my account, took my leave of this gentleman, and proceeded on towards the above mentioned town. I frequently repented not confiding to him who and what I was, as he had afforded me so good an opportunity.

About noon I discovered the high spire of the Friburgh steeple; and in the course of a few hours was clear of the town on the other side. As I found myself so successful on the German side, I determined not to go into Switzerland, particularly as my course was to Salzbourg, and from thence to Trieste. About 5 in the afternoon of the next day, I was close to the town of Constance. The lake looked very beautiful, and was a little agitated, as the wind blew pretty strong. Lindau, at the lower end of the lake was the next large town in my direction, and the next day I entered the ferry boat on the lake to cross it; in half an hour I was on the Bavarian side. After passing through several villages on the banks of the lake, at about five, I saw it nearly four or five miles off. I halted at a small village to refresh myself, conjecturing it was too early to pass the town of Lindau, as it appeared a very large one, and it was Sunday, which gave me reason to expect that I should meet several people in the environs. I therefore entered a public-house, and found two women and a man refreshing themselves; from the landlady, who was an old woman, I got some wine, bread, and sausages, and amused the time until nearly seven o' clock. I then supposed it was proper to proceed, paid the old dame, and set out, little suspecting what was about to befall me. I had not advanced many hundred yards, before I discovered several soldiers walking fast behind me. I at first supposed they were afraid of being shut out, I quickened my pace to avoid being overtaken by them. Continued for about three quarters of a league to walk in this manner, until I discovered, on rounding an angle of the road, that I was close to the gate that led to the town, I also saw the town at a considerable distance, on an island, and found this was the bridge gate. The soldiers were close up in the rear, I therefore did not think it prudent to turn back, particularly as I saw my road led on to the left, after leaving the gate on my right hand. I therefore continued onwards, passed the gate, and a sentinel, without being asked a question, and then thought I was clear, but, alas, I was very much mistaken! I was accosted by a man, who, it appeared had followed me from the gate, and asked if I had a passport? in German. I told him I was a

Frenchman, and did not understand his language; he immediately explained in excellent French, that he wished to see my passport. I assured him I had lost the whole of my papers, and most of my money, with several other things, the last evening, in crossing the branch of the lake, my pocket-book having dropped overboard, that I was going to Inspruck, where I had some friends, and thought I could get so far without any trouble, it being only two or three days' journey. The soldiers, on this, advanced from the gate, I supposed through curiosity. He said, "it was further off than I imagined, that it would be inconvenient to continue my march without papers, that it was then late, and the difference of one night would be nothing to me. That on the next morning the commandant of Lindau would give me other papers, and I could proceed without any apprehension." All this was certainly very reasonable, but it did not by any means suit me. I was very thankful for his counsel, but preferred continuing my route, as my affairs required the utmost dispatch. He then said, "I am under the necessity of detaining you;" and he called the soldiers to assist him. I calmly replied, "you need no assistance my good friend—it is putting me a little out of my way, but I am ready to accompany you wherever you please." I was then taken before the commandant, and underwent an examination, the result of which was, that I was lodged in the common town prison, where I was confined for thirteen days, at the expiration of which period I was ordered to prepare for a journey back to France, I set out under an escort of two military men, my right arm and left leg were bound together by a heavy chain, which was secured by a large padlock; the inconvenience of these appendages was however mitigated in a small degree by my travelling in a carriage, which had been provided for the occasion. After several days of wearisome and painful travelling and having been confined in some of the worst dungeons in France, we at last arrived at my destined abode, the fortress of Bitché. It was not many seconds before my old friends and companions, Messrs. Ashworth and Tuthill found means to get to me; I never was more thunderstruck in my life, as I supposed they were (by that time) on their passage, or safe arrived in England. Mr. Baker, of the merchant service, and, in a short time, all the others, (except Lieutenant Essel, who was dashed to pieces lately in endeavouring to get over the walls) came to see me. Messrs. A. and T. had been arrested about two hours after they had parted from me in the wood. It was so suddenly surrounded by soldiers, peasantry, &c., that it was impossible to attempt escaping from them. They never could account for my getting clear.

My confinement in this place was of the most dreadful description, and lasted many months; at last having long meditated an escape I was joined by three others, and succeeded in passing the sentinel without being perceived; by the means of a rope which we had taken care to secure we descended a high wall of the fortress, and afterwards two others, when, after avoiding another sentinel, we were soon on the high road to Strasboursch, on which we kept running as fast as we could for nearly half an hour, then halted, to put on our shoes, which, until then, we had hung round our necks, and also to take a last view of the mansion of tears.

September, 1808. At day break on the 15th, we entered an excellent wood on a mountain's side, close to the high road; got well up, and had a full view the whole day of those who passed underneath, without a possibility of being seen. We saw some of the gend'armes from our late mansion in full gallop towards the Rhine, and were certain they were in pursuit of us, and to give our descriptions, as they advanced, to their brethren, who were quartered in the adjacent villages.



After two or three days more of toilsome walking, we at midnight one night descried the long wished for river, and were on its banks. Each washed himself and rested a few minutes. There was an excellent wood hard by, this we reserved to retreat to, in case of not falling in with a boat that night, and we agreed to proceed on, at least for an hour, towards the northward, which course we commenced, prying into every little creek and nook. The morning was starlight, beautiful and serene, could hear the cocks crowing, dogs barking, &c., on the German side. A beautiful river, about a mile in breadth, not an island to impede the view, which is not a common thing in this river. My God! how we longed to be conveyed across! this anxiety prevented our enjoying the delightful prospect before us. It was certainly a terrestrial paradise; we continued nearly an hour, admiring and advancing, when the Omnipotent Ruler of all human affairs, whose providence had so much favoured us throughout on this attempt to escape, exposed to our view a boat, made fast with a chain to a stake driven into the bank, close to a heap of wood, which I supposed she was to have been loaded with at day-light. We all got in and in about twenty minutes were safely landed on the opposite side, whence we proceeded into the country as fast as possible. We continued our march day after day, through Wirtemberg and Bavaria, having however, much to our regret, been obliged to leave one of our comrades in a village at some distance behind, through illness. After passing over a bridge which connected the Bavarian with the Austrian territories, and passing the sentinels of the former, we were suddenly seized by a guard of Austrians, and by them conveyed before their superior officers. Here, not knowing the disposition of the Austrian government towards the English, we represented ourselves as Americans, but, on finding that they were on friendly terms with each other, we declared ourselves to be Englishmen, and in the course of a few days were politely provided with passports by the commandant.

Having by means of easy stages arrived at Trieste, we, on the 7th of November, embarked on board His Britannic Majesty's ship *L'Unite*, which was then cruising in the bay, and were in a very short space of time clear of the harbour.

On the 29th of March, 1809, I was appointed lieutenant on board His Majesty's ship *Warrior*, in a Court Martial vacancy; I joined her instantly, and on the 31st left for Malta, where I conclude my narrative.

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## THE ISLAND OF JERSEY.

JERSEY, is the largest and most easterly of the islands in St. Michael's Bay, belonging to the dominions of Great Britain. It is situated between Cape La Hague in Normandy, and Cape Frehelles in Brittany, and lies furthur to the south than Guernsey, or any other of the group. It is a well watered and fertile island, producing excellent butter and honey. It is considered as forming parcel of the county of Hants, and in ecclesiastical matters is incorporated with the see of Winchester.

It is environed by a circle of rocks, which either tower to a vast height above the level of the sea, presenting a bold and inaccessible coast, or lying concealed under the surface of the water, form a secret, and therefore more formidable object to the approach of strangers. The danger is much increased by the force with which the Atlantic tide rushes into the bay of St. Michael, rising in many parts to the height of fifty feet, while in the immediate vicinity of the island it is broken into an infinite number of currents, perpetually changing their direction, and hurrying along with the most heady violence. To navigate such seas safely, long experience is requisite.

The height of the cliffs on the northern coast, varies from one hundred to two hundred feet, but the island slopes gradually away to the south, and at the town of St. Helier is nearly level with the sea, hence it has been compared to a wedge, or with more accuracy perhaps to a right-angled triangle, of which the northern cliffs form the perpendicular, the sea the base, and the surface of the island itself the hypotenuse. Its general figure is that of an oblique-angled parallelogram, extending about twelve miles from east to west, and in breadth from north to south averaging about five miles, but nowhere exceeding seven. It contains about forty thousand acres, or sixty and half square miles, with

no less than three hundred and sixty-five inhabitants to each. It has two towns, St. Helier, the capital, and St. Aubin, both situated in the same bay, on the southern coast of the island; several villages, three forts or castles, Fort Regent, Fort Elizabeth, and Fort Orgueil. The parishes are twelve in number, and these are so arranged, that each in some parts communicates with the sea. The surface of Jersey is uneven, being broken by several ranges of mountains, which diverge from the northern chain, and stretch to the south, gradually declining in height along the whole extent. Their sides are often steep and rugged, but are clothed in many parts with thickly planted orchards, which add much to the beauty of the scenery, and at a distance present the appearance of one extensive forest. Between these ridges lie deep and narrow valleys, watered by numerous streams, with which no country is better supplied. An old writer speaks of these as, "dainty hills or rivulets, in which watery commodities, Jersey hath questionless the precedency of Guernsey." The trees are of small size, but abundant in number. The land is subdivided into diminutive fields, and the hedges all around are thickly planted. The trees overhang the roads, which has given rise to a curious custom. At stated times the judge, accompanied by some jurors, the constable, and twelve chief men of the parish, proceed to perambulate the highways. In front of the cavalcade rode the sheriff, bearing his rod of office, the end resting on his saddle bow; if it touched a branch over head the owner of the hedge was fined; if any defect was found in the road itself, the penalty was assessed on the overseer of the district. The climate is exceedingly mild in consequence of the southern situation and aspect of the island, and the temperature being equalized by the vicinity of the sea, frost never continues for any length of time. Snow falls but seldom, and melts immediately; and shrubs, which, in the southern counties of England, require care and shelter, flourish



here luxuriantly in the open air. Even in Guernsey there is a sensible difference of climate ; melons are raised there in hot-beds, but grow profusely in the common gardens of Jersey.

The soil in general is of a light, but prolific quality, and is much improved by the constant application of *vraic*, or sea-wreck, which is carefully gathered at stated periods, and at the vernal equinox, and distributed by the public officers among the inhabitants, whom it serves at once for fuel and manure. A week prior to the cutting season, each constable consults his parish assembly as to the day best suited, the parish meeting having deliberated makes an act in which the day is specified. A meeting of the Lieut.-Governor, or commanding officer for the time being, of the Bailli or Chief-Justice and the twelve jurats (or judges of the Royal Court) is then held in the Royal Court, when this assembly appoints the day fixed upon by the majority of parishes. Women as well as men assist at the cutting of the *vraic*, and even the richest and most respectable of the country gentlemen are seen going in their *négligé* to the work, in which all appear to mingle pleasure with importance.

The land in general is well adapted for most of the ordinary crops, and for the pasturage of cattle, which is somewhat extensive. The pulse and corn are smaller than they are in England, but were formerly raised in sufficient quantity to form an important article of exportation. This has not been the case latterly, and the inhabitants now depend upon other countries for the supply of nearly one half of the grain they consume.

Instead of the labour of the field they devote their attention to the produce of the orchard, and Jersey has long been famous for the quantity and quality of its cyder. Apple trees grow along the hedges as well as in the regular plantations, and it is calculated that upwards of twenty-four thousand hogsheads of cider are produced annually in this little island, it is

the common beverage of the people, and not more than two thousand hogsheads are exported to England.

The quantity of cider exported from the 6th of July, 1834, to the 5th of July, 1835, according to the custom-house returns, amounts to 326,162 imperial gallons, making together 5,436 hogsheads. Potatoes and Apples also form an important part of the exportations to England, the quantity of which is thus given in the returns :—

Potatoes, 1,396 Tons.

Apples, 284,233 Imperial Bushels.

The quantity of Corn exported during the same period has been only 3,306 Imperial quarters. There is also abundance of pears, of which the *chaumontelle* is in highest repute, and is cultivated with much care.

The private gardens produce peaches and apricots, of great size and beauty, with strawberries of superior quality. From the mildness of the climate, and the genial nature of the soil, these fruits are all of the finest flavour ; most of the common forest trees grow in the island, but they are not raised in any considerable numbers, and are generally stunted in growth.

The horses are small, strong, and hardy ; but little attention being paid to the breeding or feeding of them, they are fitter for the yoke than the saddle. The cows are of the Alderney breed, and are much esteemed in England for the quality of their milk and the flavour of their beef. The number of cows and hievers exported to England in the period, from the 6th. July, 1834, to the 5th. July, 1835, amounted to 1,362 heads.

Of noxious animals the weasel and the mole are the principal, and it has been remarked as a curious circumstance, that toads of unusual size are found in Jersey, whilst the air of Guernsey proves at once destructive to them. It contains also abundance of

snakes and lizards, but it is believed that there are no venomous reptiles in the island.

The fish in these seas are plentiful and some of excellent quality:—ray, plaice, turbot, soles, and mullets, and especially congers, which have been known frequently to weigh from forty to fifty pounds. The *ormer* is peculiar to those islands—a fish shaped like a man's ear, and contained in a single oval shell, the inside of which resembles mother-of-pearl, and is frequently manufactured as such. It is cut from the rocks at low water, in great spring tides, and when taken from the shell is beaten to make it tender. To this list, the historian (Falle) with the innocent credulity of his day adds, "the sirene or mermaid, so called because it is said to have the breasts and teats of a woman, but this is not common as the others." There are also plenty of oysters, lobsters, and crabs. These fish are common to Guernsey as well as Jersey. Fish is much more abundant and cheaper in Guernsey than in Jersey, the Jersey market owes much, if not most of its supplies to our neighbours, who therefore find it advantageous to come over here.

The only mineral of importance is the sienitic granite, of which the cliffs are composed; it is quarried to a considerable extent at Mont Mado, and exported to England, where it is applied to the purposes of paving, for which it is found well adapted. In Jersey it is frequently used for ornamenting the houses of the wealthy, or in building. It is of a reddish white colour, and capable of being polished in some degree like marble. Ochre is found, and also tripoli, and there are several chalybeates and ferruginous springs.

The trade of Jersey has been progressing year after year, and is at present in a much more flourishing state than it ever was. In 1734, according to Falle, the population of Jersey amounted to 20,000 souls. By a census taken in 1806, it appears that the population had only increased to 22,855, but by



a census taken in 1831, the population exceeded 36,000. Since that period the number has increased in a ratio beyond all precedent, and the population, it is supposed, now considerably exceeds 40,000. Within the last thirty years, therefore, the population of Jersey has nearly doubled itself, and the inhabitants of St. Helier alone amount, we believe, to nearly 20,000 souls. The *commercial* and agricultural prosperity of the island, *keeps pace with the population*.

Statement of the progressive increase of the Commercial Navy  
of Jersey.

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VESSELS INWARDS, WITH CARGOES.

Years.	Number of Vessels.	Tonnage.
1820	771	40,217
1825	1,025	64,218
1830	1,021	69,084
1834	1,300	85,694

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VESSELS OUTWARDS, WITH CARGOES.

Years.	Number of Vessels.	Tonnage.
1820	811	40,173
1825	1,016	56,514
1830	1,136	63,804
1834	1,155	69,146

By various acts of the legislature, both Jersey and Guernsey were constituted free and neutral ports, even whilst England was at war. This privilege was finally abolished by William III., in 1689.

The inhabitants, during the wars of William and Queen Anne, were much given to privateering. During the late war it was made a grand military depot for Britain, and this greatly increased both the population and the trade of Jersey.

Salt fish is brought in great quantities from Newfoundland, whither a number of fishing vessels are sent in the season, and a large proportion transhipped for the Mediterranean. A trade also is kept up with America, and with almost every nation

in the World. Jersey ships are now to be found in every quarter of the globe. The sienitic granite has already been mentioned, of which about five thousand tons are yearly sent to England. The natives trade under the British flag, of which they enjoy the full privileges.

The Governor is appointed by the sovereign, of whom he is the representative, and his peculiar duty is to attend to the fortresses and military defences of the island. The assembly consists of the Bailiff and twelve jurats, the dean and eleven rectors, and the twelve high constables of the island, aided by His Majesty's attorney and solicitor-general. The Bailli or President of the States is also President of the Royal Court, and is appointed by the king; the twelve jurats are chosen by the people for life; the twelve rectors are appointed by the Lieut. Governor, or commanding officer for the time being; and the twelve constables are chosen by the elective body, one for each parish, their election triennial. The Attorney General and the Solicitor General have each a seat in the assembly, and can take part in the debates, but have no vote.

The importance of education seems to have been sufficiently valued at an early period. Three fellowships are allowed to Guernsey and Jersey alternately; one in each of the following colleges at Oxford; Exeter, Jesus, and Pembroke. Two fellowships are allowed to each of the islands alternately. St. Helier is the principal town. In 1498 a Free School was founded in St. Saviour's parish, for the education of males and females belonging to one half of the island, and another in St. Peter's for the children of the other half.

Some years since two free schools were established in St. Helier by voluntary subscription; the plan succeeded, and was extended, and the blessings of education are now diffusing themselves rapidly over the whole community of Jersey.

St. Helier possesses a public library, instituted at the expense of the Rev. Philip Falle, the historian of the island, and one of the chaplains of king William. It has received some liberal donations from the late Rev. Dr. Dumaresq. The town contains several schools for both sexes, and a number of private teachers in the various branches of education. There are two reading societies, and several private associations. The newspapers published in the island are twelve in number, viz.—On Tuesdays 4 in English, on Wednesdays 1 in French, on Fridays 4 in English, and on Saturdays 3 in French. Total 8 English and 4 French newspapers, which by virtue of the recent post-office regulations may be sent free of postage to all parts of the United Kingdom.

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### THE CONFESSION.

THERE 's somewhat on my breast, father,

There 's somewhat on my breast!

The livelong day I sigh, father,

At night I cannot rest;

I cannot take my rest, father,

Though I would fain do so;

A weary weight oppresseth me,

This weary weight of woe!

'T is not the lack of gold, father,

Nor lack of worldly gear;

My lands are broad and fair to see,

My friends are kind and dear;

My kin are leal and true, father,

They mourn to see my grief;

But, oh! 't is not a kinsman's hand

Can give my heart relief!

'T is not that Janet 's false, father,

'T is not that she 's unkind;

Though busy flutterers swarm around,

I know her constant mind.

'T is not *her* coldness, father,

That chills my labouring breast,

It 's that confounded cucumber

I 've ate and can 't digest.



## ST. HELENA.

St. Helena is the name of an island in the Atlantic ocean, standing entirely detached from any group, and about 1200 miles from the nearest land, on the coast of Southern Africa. It was discovered by the Portuguese in 1501. But it was afterwards possessed by the Dutch, and finally came to our hands about the year 1651, and remained under our dominion, with a short interval, ever since. It presents to the sea, throughout its whole circuit, nothing but an immense wall of perpendicular rock, from 600 to 1200 feet high, like a castle in the midst of the ocean. On entering, however, and ascending by one of the few openings which nature has left, several verdant valleys are found interspersed with the dreary rocks. There are only four openings in the great wall of rock which surrounds St. Helena, by which it can be approached with any facility, and these are all strongly fortified. The climate of St. Helena is not liable to the extremes of heat or cold; but it is moist and liable to strong gusts of wind. The only place in the island which can be called a town is situated in a narrow valley, between several lofty mountains, and the principal plain in the island is called Longwood, which has become celebrated in the annals of European history for having been the prison and grave of Napoleon Bonaparte. The illustrious captive arrived at St. Helena in November, 1815; and he ended his days there on the 5th of May, 1821. His captivity and death offer useful lessons on the mutability of human greatness and human power. The body of the dead emperor is deposited in a mahogany coffin which is placed in three other cases, on the external one is the inscription "General of the French," and by his side lies the sword which he wore at Austerlitz. Captain Mundy, in his "Sketches," has given a very interesting account of the present state of Longwood.

"As we turned through the lodges, the old house appeared at the end of an avenue of scrubby and weather-worn trees. It bears the exterior of a respectable farm-house, but is now fast running to decay. On entering a dirty court-yard, and quitting our horses, we were shown by some idlers into a square building, which once contained the bed-room, sitting-room, and bath of the *empereur des Français*. The partitions and floorings are now thrown down and torn up, and the apartments occupied for six years by the hero before whom kings, emperors and popes had

quailed, are now tenanted by cart-horses ! Passing on I entered a small chamber, with two windows looking towards the north. Between these windows are the marks of a fixed sofa ; on that couch Napoleon died. The apartment is now occupied by a threshing machine. Hence we were conducted onwards to a large room, which formerly contained a billiard-table, and whose front looks out upon a little latticed veranda, where the imperial peripatetic enjoyed the luxury of six paces to and fro—his favourite promenade. The white-washed walls are scored with names of every nation, and the paper of the ceiling has been torn off in strips, as holy relics. Many couplets, chiefly French, extolling and lamenting the departed hero, adorn or disfigure (according to their qualities) the plaster walls.

“The emperor’s once well-kept garden,

‘And still where many a garden-flower grows wild,’

Is now overgrown and choked with weeds. At the end of a walk still exists a small mound, on which it is said the hero of Lodi, Marengo, and Austerlitz, amused himself by erecting a mock battery. The little chunamed tank, in which he fed some fresh-water fish, is quite dried up ; and the mud wall, through a hole in which he reconnoitered the passers-by, is, like the great owner, returned to earth !

“About half an acre round the grave is railed in. At the gate we were received by an old corporal of the St. Helena corps, who has the care of the place. The tomb itself consists of a square stone, about ten feet by seven, surrounded with a plain iron railing. Four or five weeping willows, their stems leaning towards the grave, hang their pensile branches over it. \* \* \* The willows are decaying fast, and one of them rests upon the sharp spears of the railing, which are buried in its trunk—as though it were committing suicide for very grief ? The foliage of the rest is thinned and disfigured by the frequent and almost excusable depredations of visitors. Fresh cuttings, have however, been planted by the governor, who intends, moreover, to set cypresses round the outer fence.”

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## THE DYING FLOWER.

HAVE hope; why shouldst thou not?—the trees  
 Have hope, and not in vain,  
 Stripped by the rough, unfriendly breeze,  
 That spring shall come again.  
 Thou too, within whose secret bud  
 A life hath lurked unseen,  
 Shalt wait till spring revive thy blood,  
 And renovate thy green.

Alas! no stately tree am I,  
 No oak, no forest-king,  
 Whose dreams of winter prophesy  
 A speedy day of spring.  
 A daughter of an humble race,  
 A flower of yearly blow,  
 Of what I was remains no trace  
 Beneath my tomb of snow.

And if thou wert the frailest reed,  
 The weakest herb that grows,  
 Thou need'st not fear, God gave a seed  
 To every thing that blows.  
 Although the winter's stormy strife,  
 A thousand times bestrew  
 The sod with thee, thou canst thy life  
 A thousand times renew.

Yes thousands after me will blow  
 As fair—more fair than I,  
 No end can earth's green virtue know,  
 But each green thing must die.  
 Though they shall share in mine, no share  
 In their life waits for me,  
 Myself have changed—the things that were  
 Are not, nor more may be.

And when the sun shall shine on them,  
 That shines on me so bright,  
 What boots their coloured diadem,  
 To me deep sunk in night?  
 That sun, whose cold and frosty smile  
 Mocks at my honours brief,  
 Seems he not beckoning the while  
 A future Summer's hief?



Alas! why did my leaves incline  
Unto thy faithless ray?  
For while mine eye looked into thine,  
Thou filch'dst my life away.  
Thou shalt not triumph o'er my death,  
My parting leaves I close  
Upon myself—receive my breath  
Not thou that caused my woes.  
—Yet dost thou melt my pride away,  
Change into tears my stone!—  
Receive my fleet life of a day,  
Thou endless one alone!  
Yes, thou hast made my pride to pass,  
Mine ire hast sunn'd away;  
All that I am, all that I was,  
I owe it to thy ray.  
Each zephyr of each balmy morn,  
That made me breathe perfume,  
Each sportive moth on bright wing borne,  
That danced around my bloom.  
Each shining eye that brighter shone  
My magic hues to see,  
These purest joys I owe alone,  
Eternal One, to thee!  
As with thy stars thou didst begirth  
The never-fading blue,  
So didst thou deck thy green of earth  
With bright flowers ever new.  
One breath I have not drawn in vain  
For thee—be it no sigh!  
One look I have for earth's fair plain,  
One for the welkin high.  
Thou world's warm-glowing heart, be spent  
My life's last pulse on thee!  
Receive me, heaven's bright azure tent,  
My green tent breaks with me.  
Hail to thee, Spring, in glory bright!  
Morn with thy thousand dyes,  
Without regret I sink in night,  
Though without hope to rise.

## THE DEATH OF NELSON.

As yet, all prospered ; everything was going on well and leading to a certain victory. Nelson was walking the deck, and, in spite of the quick eyes of the Frenchmen aloft who had shot Adair, they had not distinguished him. He wore that day his every-day dress. Some people have since said that he desired his stars to be placed on his coat ; but they are wrong : on all his coats he had four orders *embroidered*, and Nelson was not a likely man to order them to be *picked out because* he was going into action. The Redoubtable having ceased firing her great guns, was considered to have struck : she had no flag up, nor had she ever hoisted one. I wish I had been alongside of the signal-man—I think he would have shown it for a moment. Nelson desired that the firing should be directed upon the Beaucentaure, and from that moment the firing from the tops of the Redoubtable increased. I thought I had got into a parcel of birds' nests, the balls came whistling about me so fast, and then I thought the Frenchmen had mistaken me for Lord Nelson.

I was standing on the starboard side of the poop, close to the ladder, watching the admiral, for I could not keep my eyes off him, when I saw him fall. I never felt the splinter which a moment afterwards grazed my leg ; I never touched one of the steps of the ladder, for I made but one leap, and I was the first man alongside of him, Hardy was the next.

"I hope it is not mortal," he said.

Nelson had fallen on his face, and I knelt down to lift him up, when he said, "They have done for me at last, Hardy."

"I hope not, my lord," he replied ; and his heart was too full to say more.

"Yes," replied Nelson, "they have shot my backbone through."

Mr. Burke, the purser, and myself, carried him below, and I saw the admiral cover his face with his handkerchief, in order that the crew might not know him. That was of no use, it was along the decks in a minute ; who could keep that a secret what every

one desired should not happen? But the sight which followed was one that few have ever seen! We took him below, and here were the wounded and the dying,—one groaning in agony, the next showing a silent disdain of all pain. Here was one who, feeling the torment of the tourniquet, had loo- it, and was gradually sinking. There was the hasty of temper cursing his fate, and wishing to be revenged. The roar of the guns thundered over our heads; the ship trembled with the continual firing, whilst the loud cheers of the crew, as the enemy showed an ensign only to strike it immediately, lighted up the countenance of the admiral, who would brighten with hope although nearly crushed by pain.

We carried Nelson over heaps of the wounded: a dead silence took place when we got to the cockpit, and every eye was turned towards us to see whom we were bringing. We placed him on a purser's mattress which was spread on the deck, he was immediately stripped, and looked like a skeleton with the skin over it. I always wondered how so weak a frame could inclose so great a heart.—By the side of Nelson was placed young Westphall, he was wounded on the head. I rolled up Nelson's coat and placed it under the youngster, the blood flowed freely, and becoming coagulated, the bullion of the epaulette adhered to the mass. When Westphall was removed after Nelson's death, we were obliged to cut the bullion off, and this, as every relic of Nelson, was deservedly prized. It was claimed by Pascoe, who had it set as a brooch, encircled by the words, "England expects every man will do his duty." Long may Pascoe live to wear it! He was wounded, but he never complained—he bore his pain without a groan, but when he heard Nelson was killed, he burst into tears, and cried like a child.

Beattie came—"It is useless," said Nelson, in a faint tone of voice,—“It is useless, Beattie! you can do nothing for me; I feel it in my back; I feel a gush of blood every moment in my breast. Go, Beattie, go to those to whom you may be useful!”



The doctor stood watching his countenance ; and when the chaplain touched Beattie's arm, and looked at him in the face, as much as to say, " Doctor what is your opinion ? " I overheard the answer, which was only meant for the ears of the captain and the chaplain, " No hope whatever ! "

I ran upon deck. I was burning for some revenge ; and if I could have boarded the top of that cursed ship d—n me if I would not have eaten the Frenchman ! I was on the poop in an instant ; I seized a musket, and I watched the mizen-top of the Redoubtable, from which the fatal shot had been fired. There were still two Frenchmen left aloft—the rest had been killed—and one of those had killed the admiral, Mr. Pollard and Mr. Collingwood, two gallant, young midshipmen, were the only two alive on the poop of the Victory : now I again joined them. I supplied them with cartridges, and loaded my own gun. I saw the man ; for we knew him by his glazed hat, and white frock jacket.—" Be ready," said Pollard : " he will come within sight directly ; he has loaded his musket."—" That 's he ! that 's he ! " we all said at the same moment, and we fired instantly. *His* gun was discharged at the same time,—he fell dead, and I lost my arm ! I was desired to go below ; and I did not stand two calls,—my worst enemy was dead, my best friend was dying. Smarting from the wound, I was going down the poop ladder when a small splinter struck my eye, and caused the most insufferable pain for a short time. Bleeding and almost fainting, I came below.

A tourniquet was instantly applied, and some water given me. I was in the act of drinking it, when one of the men said, " Brace, the admiral is near his end,"—I soon staggered to the midshipmen's berth.

Although the space was kept as clear as possible, in order to give Nelson all the air which could reach him, room was made for me. Every one knew that I had stood by him from the first hour he became a sailor until this last, sad moment ; besides, which, he had inquired for me.

" Who is that ? " said the admiral as he heard the noise in making room for me.

"Brace, my lord," I replied.

"Not wounded, I hope !

"I have lost an eye and an arm, my lord," said I, "and shall better resemble for the future my glorious commander !"

"Brace come nearer," (his voice was getting very weak and indistinct) ; "place your ear close to my mouth ; listen."—He then whispered, "She is provided for ; she can never know what it is to want ; and so far I have done my duty to one whose services to me I can hardly ever requite—Hardy," (the captain inclined his head,) "this is my oldest follower, wounded—unfit any longer to serve his Majesty ; to you I leave it to place him in Greenwich." Whilst he was saying this, I had taken his hand ; and as I kissed it, he felt the tears which dropped upon it.

"Listen to me," he said.—"When you get to England and are discharged, go to Merton, tell her of my last moments—tell her I have left a memorial in her behalf—tell her that even now, when all is shortly to pass away, I thought of her ; that my last prayer was for her—tell her."—At this moment, a loud cheer from the crew of the *Victory* startled him.

"What is that, Hardy ?" he said ; but Hardy was on deck ; he returned about a minute afterwards, when Nelson repeated the question.

"It was the men cheering for the tenth ship of the enemy's line which has struck."

"None of ours have struck, I hope, Hardy ?"

"There's no fear of that, my lord," replied the captain.

"Then I am more easy," the admiral continued. "Hardy, I am a dead man—I am going fast—it will be all over with me soon."

In the mean time, whilst this overwhelming event was taking place, the battle had been nobly fought along the whole line. After Collingwood had raked the *Santa Anna* and ranged up alongside of her, he was nobly seconded by the *Mars*, commanded by Worthy Duff, as he was called—and he merited the name. He, poor fellow ! after fighting like a good officer, was nearly cut in half by a round shot, and

England lost another hero. The Sovereign, after her first flourish with the Santa Anna, fell foul of every ship, Spanish or French, within reach of her guns; whilst the Bellerophon, after breaking the line, got aboard of the Aigle, an eighty-gun ship. The fore-yard of the Bellerophon caught the main-yard of the Frenchman, and a heavy fire was immediately directed upon her from the starboard bow; the larboard bow guns were blazing away into the Monarca, at the same time she was receiving and returning, without much time being lost, the fire of the Bahama, a Spanish eighty-gun ship, which had drifted on the Bellerophon's larboard quarter; whilst a ship, as large as her name was long, the St. Juan Nepomucena, got athwart her stern, and a French eighty-gun ship, the Swiftsure, touched her up on the starboard quarter.

The Bellerophon's men never thought of the odds against them; they fought like English tars—the more they have upon them the stronger they rise.

Several hand-grenades were thrown into the lower deck ports of the Bellerophon, and caused great havoc amongst the men, and had there been a breeze, they must have mustered the sails to see which were missing. The main and mizen top-mast fell over the starboard side; whilst the sails, the main-topsail, and top-gallant sails caught fire. But still they gallantly blazed away, still they were able to show that Collingwood's line could fight under their admiral as well as the Victory's could fight under Nelson. Cheer after cheer followed, as the men saw the results of their bravery, and were convinced that the signal which had been hailed with such pride, "England expects that every man will do his duty," had been most gloriously answered by every man and boy in the fleet:—and if I was to give an account of what Moorsom did, and every other captain throughout the British fleet, why, I should never come to an end. But I mention the Bellerophon, because the Frenchmen became better acquainted with her afterwards.

The action had now been maintained with bravery by the French and the Spaniards for three hours. The



victory was won, ten ships had struck, but the last sad result was yet to take place. It is of no use drawing a picture of what occurred in the midshipmen's berth of the Victory; the greatest admiral England ever produced was now stretched out breathing his last. From time to time, as the service would permit, Hardy came below and reported to the admiral how the day went, and it was when Hardy returned and reported that ten had struck, that Nelson said, "I am growing weaker and weaker, it is impossible I can live, my back-bone is shot through, I have no feeling below my breast, it is all gone;—you know it," he said, as he looked at Beattie. "I know it, I feel something rising in my breast." It was when a partial lull had occurred that the Victory fired her whole larboard broadside at once, it shook the ship from stem to stern, then came a silence again. Nelson said, in a firm tone of voice, "Oh! victory, victory!" and then added, "How dear is life to all men! Hardy," he continued, "send my CARCASS to England." Carcass was the word; it was an odd word to use at such a moment, but I'll swear to it, for it struck me as a cool disdain of death, although he had, not a minute before, declared how sweet was life.

In a few minutes, Hardy, who had been on deck, returned again.

"Fourteen, my lord," he said, "fourteen have struck!" A gleam of animation lighted up lord Nelson's countenance before he died.

"I bargained for twenty!" he said. "What have you done, Hardy?"

The captain answered, "I have sent Lieutenant Hill to Lord Collingwood, to mention you are wounded my lord, and to beg of him to make the requisite signals."

"Not whilst I live!" he said with some energy,— "not whilst I am alive, Hardy, anchor, Hardy, anchor!" And had that order been obeyed in spite of all that has been said, Portsmouth harbour would have had more prizes in Rotten Row.

"God bless you, Hardy!" he murmured. "Kiss me."

It was now fast growing towards the last moment of his life, and although there were many present, yet not a word was spoken.

The eye began to warn us that the hero of the Nile and Trafalgar was fast sinking; it no longer sparkled up as the cheers were heard below, whilst he breathed with great difficulty, and when he spoke, it was in a low and indistinct voice. Once or twice he made an attempt, but the restlessness of his spirit was fast subsiding. The chaplain stood by, and watched the last breathings of this great man. It was then that he spoke again,—ay, and about sins and errors, which even the best of us may commit, for he was too much of a Christian to die without acknowledging them. This done, he again thought of his king, his country,—of *her*. “Remember,” he said, “I leave her and my daughter Horatia as a legacy to my country. I have done my duty to my king, but who shall say I have done my duty to my God!” The last words which he uttered were, “Thank God I have done my duty!” and shortly afterwards the under jaw fell, and Nelson of the Nile was no more! I watched his countenance; I saw the last motion of his lip, I saw the glassy stillness of his eye—the dead cold paleness of his forehead—the fluttering tremor which shook his whole frame; and when Beattie said, and loud enough for all to hear, “He is gone!” I fainted on the table, and was carried away to the cockpit.

BEN BRACE.

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## THE KING.

IN person the King is about the middle height. He can scarcely be said to be corpulent, but his stoutness approaches to it. His shoulders are rather high, and of unusual breadth. His neck has consequently an appearance of being shorter than it is in reality. He walks with a quick but short step. He is not a good walker. I know of no phrase which could more strikingly characterize his mode of walking than to say—"he waddles." The latter is not a very classical term, but in the present case it is peculiarly expressive. His face is round and full. His complexion is something between dark and sallow. What the colour of his hair is, I cannot positively say, as on every occasion on which I have seen him, he had either the crown or a hat on his head. As far as I could form a judgment, it is of a light brown. His features are small, and not very strongly marked, considering his advanced age. His nose is short and broad, rather than otherwise. His forehead is pretty ample both in breadth and height, but has a flatness about it which deprives it of any intellectual expression. His large, light-grey eyes are quick in their movements, and clear and piercing in their glances. His countenance is highly indicative of good nature blended with bluntness. You see nothing either in his appearance or manners that would lead you to infer that he was other than a plain country gentleman. That he is good-hearted, and unaffectedly simple in his demeanour, is a fact of which you are convinced the very first glance you get of him. The beadle of a parish, when clothed in his cloak of office, struts about at the church door with an air of immeasurably greater self-importance than William the Fourth exhibits when he meets in state the Nobles and Commoners of the land. You cannot help thinking that he wishes in his heart he could either dispense with the prescriptive ceremonies he has to go through at the opening and closing of each session, or that, in the overflowing kindness of his soul, he forgets at the time he is the Sovereign of these realms. His every look and movement furnish evidence not to be mistaken, of the man triumphing over the monarch. It is clearly with difficulty that, in the midst of the procession to the throne, he restrains himself from suddenly stepping aside to shake hands with every nobleman he sees around him. As it is—contrary to the usual practice of kings on such occasions—he nods, and evidently says in his own mind, "How do you do?" to every peer he passes. Of his extreme good nature and simplicity of



manners he gave several striking proofs at the opening of the present session. The day was unusually gloomy, which, added to an imperfection in his visual organs consequent on advanced years, and to the darkness of the present House of Lords, especially in the place where the throne is situated,—rendered it impossible for him to read the Royal Speech with facility. Most patiently and good-naturedly did he struggle with the task, often hesitating, sometimes mistaking, and at others correcting himself. On one occasion he stuck altogether, when, after two or three ineffectual efforts to make out the word, he was obliged to give it up, when, turning to Lord Melbourne, who stood on his right hand, and looking him most significantly in the face, he said in a tone sufficiently loud to be audible in all parts of the House, “Eh! what is it?” The infinite good nature and bluntness with which the question was put, would have reconciled the most inveterate republican to monarchy in England, so long as it is embodied in the person of William the Fourth. Lord Melbourne having whispered the obstructing word, the King proceeded to toil through the speech, but by the time he got to about the middle, the Librarian brought him two wax tapers, on which he suddenly paused, and raising his head, and looking at the Lords and Commons, he addressed them on the spur of the moment in a perfectly distinct voice, and without the least embarrassment or the mistake of a single word, in these terms:—

“My Lords and Gentleman,

“I have hitherto not been able, from want of light, to read this speech in the way its importance deserves; but, as lights are now brought me, I will read it again from the commencement, and in a way which, I trust, will command your attention.”

He then again, though evidently fatigued by the difficulty of reading in the first instance, began at the beginning, and read through the speech in a manner which would have done credit to any professor of elocution,—though it was clear he laboured under a slight hoarseness, caused most probably by cold. The sparkling of the diamonds in the crown, owing to the reflection caused by the lighted candles, had a fine effect. Probably this was the first occasion on which a King of England ever read his speech by candle-light, at the opening of his parliament.

Shakspeare lays it down as a maxim—“Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.” In this Shakspeare is wrong. It is, no doubt, true as a general rule, but it does not admit of universal

application. Had Shakspeare lived in the reign of William the Fourth, he would never have penned the observation in the unqualified way in which it stands. He would have seen in the person of our present Sovereign an exception to the rule. *His* head does not lie uneasily. The Crown sits lightly on it. Not that he is indifferent about the welfare of his subjects, far from it, but because he believes that they live under a mild and paternal and enlightened Government, and that, conscious of nothing but the most kindly feelings towards them, he never allows his mind to be haunted for one moment with any suspicion of their loyalty to his person or fidelity to his throne. It is one of the irresistible tendencies of his nature to look on the sunny side of the picture; in this case his unsuspecting disposition will not betray him into any error. The generous confidence he reposes in the friendly feelings of his subjects towards him, is not misplaced. Few monarchs have reigned more in the affections of his subjects than does William the Fourth of England.

What I have said respecting the opening of the present session applies in the main to the opening of every session when the king is personally present. When he is absent, the opening takes place by commission, the Lord Chancellor, or Lord Keeper of the Great Seal, reading his speech from the Woolsack.

## ANECDOTE OF A HIGHWAYMAN.

A CLERGYMAN on his way from London to the parish in which he resided, within twenty miles of the metropolis, as the evening was closing, overtook a traveller on horseback, and as the road had been long notorious for frequent robberies, begged leave to join company, which was agreed to.

The appearance of the stranger, half-suppressed sighs, and a rooted melancholy stamped on his countenance, against which he seemed to be ineffectually struggling, interested the old gentleman in his favour. They conversed on various subjects, and soon dissipated that unsocial reserve, which has sometimes been considered the characteristic mark of an Englishman. Politics, the weather, and the danger of travelling near London at night, with other extemporaneous topics of new acquaintance, were successively the subject of their conversation. "I am surprised," said the ecclesiastic, "that any reasonable being should expose himself to the infamy and destruction which sooner or later always follow the desperate adventures of a highwayman; and my astonishment at the infatuation increases when I recollect several instances of wanderers in this dangerous path, who were men of sound intellect, and previous to the fatal act, of sober life and conversation; they must have known that in this our Christian country, there were inexhaustible resources of pity and relief, in the hands and hearts of the charitable and humane, many of whom make it the business of their lives, to seek for, and assist real distress in any form."

"I agree to the truth of your description *generally speaking*," replied the traveller; "the princely revenues and bulky magnificence of our various public hospitals; the vast subscriptions on every occasion of general calamity or individual distress; the thousands, and tens of thousands, fed, clothed, and instructed; the Gallic fugitives, and the shoals of exiles from every part of the continent, confirm the justice of your panegyrics on British benevolence and hospitality; but there is a species of suffering, which shrinking from public notice, and brooding in silence over its sorrows, often escapes the benignant but rapid glance of modern charity. There are spirits, Sir," continued the stranger, in an elevated tone of voice, his eyes flashing at the moment with ferocious pride, and tortured sensibility, "there are spirits which would rather perish by inches than attempt to waken the generosity, or expose themselves to the neglect or contempt of the



giddy, unthinking part of mankind;—spirits, Sir, which would not hesitate a moment in flying for refuge in instant death, in order to evade the arrows of misfortune, and conclude their own miseries, but who cannot see a wife, a child, or a parent, bereft of the necessaries of life, without resolving at any risk to alleviate their difficulties? There is a species of distress which does not always strike the wealthy, which they cannot often find out, and which prudent men when they do see it often laugh at and revile; they tell the sufferer that he is poor and miserable only because he deserves to be so, that while he has legs to support him and arms able to work, he has no right to expect relief; that it would be injustice and bad policy to bestow on imaginary poverty, refined indolence, and culpable affectation, the meed due only to irretrievable calamity and indigent infirmity. Your appearance, Sir, from the moment you approached me, and your conversation since, have strongly prepossessed me in your favour, and I am resolved, without fear or reserve, to inform you of a secret, which I never meant should have passed my lips; it will account for that anxiety and dejection, which cannot have escaped your observation. I am a wretched being of that class, which, as I have just said, the gay overlook, the prudent censure, and the ignorant despise; I was reduced by a union of folly and misfortune, from ease and affluence, to a total deprivation of the means of existence; I cannot dig; I am ashamed to beg; but this is the least part of my affliction, as one desperate, (I do not say justifiable) step, would at once remove me from the evils I endure, but the pangs of want are aggravated by the bitter reflection, that a beloved wife, an aged parent, and three lovely children are involved in the same ruin. Too proud to appeal to the humanity, I resolved to work upon the fears of mankind, and I have for some time supported my family by force of arms. I confess without scruple that to procure a purse at all events is the business of my present journey — be not alarmed, Sir, at the avowal,” cried the stranger, seeing the clergyman somewhat terrified at his words, “be not alarmed; I would cut off my right hand rather than abuse the confidence you have placed in me. It is on individuals of a very different description that I mean to raise contributions, on the luxurious, the wealthy, and the indolent, who parting with a little loose cash are deprived of only a minute portion of their superfluity which they would otherwise dissipate in folly or vice.”

The divine, somewhat recovered from his embarrassment, now ventured to speak.

"I cannot by any means be prevailed on to agree to your positions, nor can I, as a minister of the gospel, refrain from warning you against the fatal conclusions you draw from them; such is the discriminating sense, such the enlightened philanthropic spirit, and such the persevering benevolence of the times, that I am convinced there is no species of distress, however it may recede from public view, or bury itself in obscurity, that can escape the sharp sighted optics of English humanity. Not content with conferring favours on humble applicants, it is one of the most prominent features of the present day to form societies, for the express purpose of exploring the darkest recesses of human misery; no grievance properly explained and well authenticated, is suffered to go unredressed;—remove all possibility of imposition; and to know calamity in England is to remove it. But allowing for arguments' sake that the case was otherwise, on what principle of religion or right reason, are you authorised, rash and mistaken man, to desert the post at which Providence placed you, and at the first appearance of difficulty or disaster, forgetting duty, interest, friendship, and every social tie, insolently to rush into the presence of your Creator, your hands reeking with your own blood; and murder most foul, vile, and unnatural, branded on your cheeks, in defiance of divine precepts, and in direct violation of that principle, which he has so wisely and so mercifully implanted in your breast." The good man would have proceeded, but his companion seeing, as the moonlight shone through the parting clouds, a post-chaise ascending the hill, thus interrupted him:—

"To know calamity is to relieve it, if I rightly understood you, is one of your positions?"—"It is." "An opportunity for putting to the test the truth of your assertion now offers itself," said the stranger; "the carriage which is coming, is, in fact, what I have several hours been expecting. The owner of it is a rich man, and if my information be correct, has a considerable sum of money with him: I will without exaggeration or reserve explain my situation to him; according to your honourable, but in my mind, romantic and unfounded doctrine, I will endeavour to prevail on his reason to acknowledge the justness of my claims, and try to interest his feeling to relieve my distress."

The trier of this dangerous and unlawful experiment, immediately turned his horse, and descending the hill, in a few min-

utes met the gentleman's carriage. Requesting the driver to stop, he advanced to the door, without any appearance of violence, and, in a gentle tone of voice, thus addressed the person who was in it: "Sir, the urgency of my wants must be an apology for this abrupt application: myself, my wife, and an infant family, are in want of support, our accustomed resources have vanished; you are plentifully supplied with the means, have you the inclination effectually to serve me?"

The gentleman considering what he had said as the commonplace cant of medicant imposture, by which the hearts of the frequenters of London are so naturally, but too indiscriminately hardened, sometimes against the wailings of real misery, yet not able wholly to suppress those feelings which an indiscriminate address had awakened, twisted all his loose silver into a paper, gave it to the petitioner, and ordered the post-boy to drive on. "This trifle, I am sorry to say," replied the illicit collector, "is by no means adequate to the pressure I feel, it will not provide for my family a week. A fifty-pound bank note, which will not be missed in your abundance, would remove all my difficulties, and give me time to apply to a wealthy relation, who lives in another kingdom. If you can prevail on yourself to afford me this timely assistance, I will give you my name and address, to a place, where you will see positive proof that your benevolence has not been imposed on, and I may possibly recover my diligence, and good friends, my customary place in society."

"You are troublesome, ungrateful, and impertinent," said the gentleman, somewhat irritated; "can you suppose I am to be duped by so shallow an artifice, can you expect me to give so serious a sum to a man whose face I never saw before, and probably shall never see again; I will do no such thing, you are mistaken in your man,—post-boy, I insist on it, that you drive on directly." "Let him do it at his peril!" cried the robber, raising his voice and presenting a double-barrelled pistol; "stir not an inch, before we part I must have your money or your life. There is in your portmanteau that which will relieve all my wants, deliver me instantly the key, your pocket-book which I see you have dropped to the bottom of your chaise, must, with its contents be also surrendered. Driver, alight directly, and if you have any regard for your safety, stand steadily at the heads of your horses, throw aside your whip, turn your back to the carriage, and unless you wish for a slug through your head, take



not the least notice of anything that is doing." The key of the portmanteau was produced, the cords and straps divided with a knife, and three hundred guineas, in two yellow canvass bags were conveyed to the pockets of the highwayman. Having amply supplied his pecuniary wants, the marauder did not neglect to take the necessary means for insuring his own safety; cutting pieces from the cord which had secured the baggage, he tied the hands and feet of the gentleman and the post-bóy, placed them in the chaise, then taking the harness from the horses, he let them loose on the heath, remounted, and quickly rejoined the clergyman, to whom he gave a circumstantial account of the whole transaction, declared himself confirmed in his system, spurred his horse, and wishing him a good night, was in a few minutes out of his sight. The old gentleman soon reached his house, reflecting with a heavy heart on the circumstances of the evening; the stranger so obstinately persisting in a theory so opposite to all laws, human and divine, and defending violence by argument, disordered his feelings, and kept him awake more than half the night. Rising early, he walked to the seat of his brother, a magistrate, who resided in a neighbouring village, to whom he related the adventure of the preceding night. They resolved, assisted by a gentleman who presided at one of the public offices, to whom the ecclesiastic immediately wrote, to watch the progress of the unhappy man, whose destruction they saw was certain. It was not long before what they dreaded came to pass; in a few posts they received a letter from their friend in London, informing them, that by means of one of the bank-notes in the pocket-book, the robber had been detected, taken into custody, and conveyed to prison. So vigorous indeed were the means pursued, and so rapid the march of justice, in consequence of the Judges of the Assize being sitting at the moment of the offender's apprehension, that an indictment was prepared, the bill found, and the culprit actually arraigned at the bar, by the time the clergyman was able to reach town. He hurried into court, anxious to be convinced that the prisoner at the bar was the companion of his nocturnal journey, in whose fate he felt himself so strangely interested. Pressing with some difficulty through the crowd he instantly recognised him, and, to add to the sorrow he felt, a verdict of guilty, in consequence of evidence which it was impossible to resist, was pronounced against him, at the moment of entering. The worthy priest was not able to suppress or conceal his emotions at beholding a

young man, of pleasing person and manners, and of a good understanding, who might have been an ornament to his country, the delight and solace of his family, thus cut off in the prime of life, by adhering to a system radically preposterous and unwarrantable. Rushing from the afflicting scene, he relieved himself by a shower of tears. The criminal soon after suffered an ignominious death. But the worthy clergyman did not let his feelings make him forget his duty. He considered virtue as something more than a well-sounded period, or an harmonious flow of words, and recollecting that the deceased had left a mother, widow, and children, he hastened to them, and became a parent to the fatherless, promoting, and largely contributing to a subscription in their favour. In exercising this kind office, he procured further information concerning this unhappy man; he found that he was the son of an industrious and successful mechanic, who had realized a small fortune by frugality and perseverance, but instigated by the vanity or folly of his wife, and perhaps glad to make that an excuse for indulging his own, he had yielded in an unlucky moment to the infatuation of the times. He gave his eldest son a genteel and expensive education, that pernicious weakness in large families of small fortune, he taught him to despise that humble, but honest art, which had raised his family from indigence; the fabrication of some one part of the complex machinery of a watch, in the formation of which human industry is divided into so many separate and distinct branches, while the putting the whole together and superintending its movements constitute another reputable employment. The young man was thus disqualified for treading in the footsteps of his father, which would have led him by the paths of duty and regularity, to health of body, peace of mind, and competency: he became that wretchedest of all beings, an accomplished gentleman without fortune, without any intellectual or material dexterity which would enable him to procure one; a class of men to whom the gaming-table or the road affords a common last resource. He had been taught to spend, and actually had spent, thousands, but had not been initiated in the more mercenary art of earning his dinner. But this was not the whole of the evil; in frivolous or vicious pursuits, he had dissipated a large portion of that property which, at his father's death, ought to have been equally divided among himself, his brothers, and sister. The miserable parent felt, when it was too late, the effects of his mistake, and injudicious partiality. In

the decline of life he was deprived of those little indulgences those sweet reliefs of age and pain to which honest industry is fairly entitled. This fatal error, of which I believe every person who peruses this page can produce numerous instances, embittered the old man's declining days with unavailing repentance, and hurried his son into a disgraceful death.

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## LORD BROUGHAM.

LORD Brougham never studies his speeches beforehand. This is evident from the allusions which he makes to every thing of importance which transpires in the House respecting the question before it. These allusions are not slight or few, but often form the very staple of his speeches. Yet, though an extempore speaker, he never betrays the least difficulty, or shows the slightest symptoms of being at loss, as to how he should proceed. His mind is so fertile; his resources in argument, illustration, sarcasm, denunciation, invective, abuse, are so ample, that the only difficulty he feels is, to select the best matter which presents itself, and to know when he ought to stop. The readiness and fertility of his mind often lead him to overlay the side of the question which he espouses, with arguments and illustrations. He is never at a loss for words, they flow on him as copiously as do his ideas, they seem to come, like Shakspeare's spirits, from the vasty deep,—without being called.

But though the noble Lord does not prepare his speeches beforehand, he does, on some great and particular occasions, carefully study some parts of them. In such a case his taste is remarkably fastidious. It is almost impossible for him to please himself with any thing he does. A singular instance of this was afforded in his speech on the conclusion of Queen Caroline's trial. The peroration of that speech, which is, undoubtedly, one of the most splendid specimens of eloquence which modern times can produce, was written and re-written no fewer than fourteen times.



His voice possesses great flexibility. In its more usual tones there is something approaching to harshness, but in all his important speeches he varies it to such an extent as to touch on almost every conceivable key. In its lower tones it is soft and sweet, and often when pitched on a higher key, it has much of music in its intonations. Few men have an equal command over their voice. He raises and lowers it at pleasure. In his more indignant moods, it has uncommon power and compass, and admirably suits the bold, impetuous character of his manner and eloquence.

His gesture is as varied as his voice. On ordinary subjects he is calm and gentle in his manner, but when he becomes excited—on which occasions, as before mentioned, he throws his whole soul into his speeches, his action becomes violent in no ordinary degree. His arms are put into such requisition, that it were very unsafe for any noble lord to be, as the phrase is, within arm's length of him. He has no favorite system or fashion, if either term be a correct one, of gesture.

I have said that his speeches never cost him a mental effort, neither does the delivery seem to require any physical exertion. I never saw him, even after his longest and most energetically delivered speeches, exhibiting symptoms of exhaustion, I have seen him sit down, after the delivery of speeches which occupied the attention of the House for three or four hours, during which time he may be said to have been speaking in a voice of thunder, and with a corresponding violence of action, and yet appear as fresh and vigorous in body as well as in mind as when he rose to address their lordships. Speaking seems, in a physical as well as mental sense, to be a sort of pastime to him, it certainly is not a task.

*mes. h. Commis.* CONCLUSION OF VOLUME THE SEVENTH.

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